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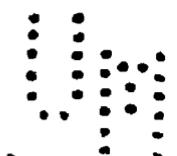


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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF 
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,
AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.'

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The Monthly Packet.

JANUARY, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MISS MOHUN came back in the dark after a long day, for once in her life quite jaded, and explaining that the health officer and the landlord had been by no means agreed, and that nothing could be done till Sir Jasper came home and decided whether to retain the house or not.

All that she was clear about, and which she had telegraphed to Aden, was that there must be no going back to Silverfold for the present, and she was prepared to begin lodging-hunting as soon as she received an answer.

'And how have you got on?' she asked, thinking all looked rather blank.

'We haven't been to see Fly,' broke out Valetta, 'though she went out on the beach, and Mysie must not stay out after dark, for fear she should cough.'

'Mysie says they are afraid of excitement,' said Gillian gloomily.

'Then you have seen nothing of the others?'

'Yes, I have seen Victoria,' said Aunt Adeline, with a meaning smile.

Miss Mohun went up to take off her things, and Gillian followed her, shutting the door with ominous carefulness, and colouring all over.

'Aunt Jane, I ought to tell you. A dreadful thing has happened!'

'Indeed, my dear! What?'

'I have had a valentine.'

'Oh!' repressing a certain inclination to laugh at the bathos from the look of horror and shame in the girl's eyes.

'It is from that miserable Alexis! Oh, I know I brought it on myself, and I have been so wretched, and so ashamed all day.'

'Was it so very shocking! Let me see——'

‘Oh! I sent it back at once by the post, in an envelope, saying, “Sent by mistake.”’

‘But what was it like? Surely it was not one of the common shop things?’

‘Oh no; there was rather a pretty outline of a nymph or muse, or something of that sort, at the top—drawn, I mean—and verses written below, something about my showing a lodestar of hope, but I barely glanced at it. I hated it too much.’

‘I am sorry you were in such a hurry,’ said Aunt Jane. ‘No doubt it was a shock; but I am afraid you have given more pain than it quite deserved.’

‘It was so impertinent!’ cried Gillian, in astonished, shame-stricken indignation.

‘So it seems to you,’ said her aunt, ‘and it was very bad taste; but you should remember that this poor lad has grown up in a stratum of society where he may have come to regard this as a suitable opportunity of evincing his gratitude, and perhaps it may be very hard upon him to have this work of his treated as an insult.’

‘But you would not have had me keep it and tolerate it?’ exclaimed Gillian.

‘I can hardly tell without having seen it, but you might have done the thing more civilly, through his sister, or have let me give it back to him. However, it is too late now; I will make a point of seeing Kalliope to-morrow, but in the meantime, you really need not be so horribly disgusted and ashamed.’

‘I thought he was quite a different sort!’

‘Perhaps, after all, your thoughts were not wrong; and he only fancied, poor boy, that he had found a pretty way of thanking you.’

This did not greatly comfort Gillian, who might prefer feeling that she was insulted rather than cruelly unkind, and might like to blame Alexis rather than herself. And, indeed, in any case, she had sense enough to perceive that this very unacceptable compliment was the consequence of her own act of independence of more experienced heads.

The next person Miss Mohun met was Fergus, lugging upstairs, step by step, a monstrous lump of stone, into which he required her to look, and behold a fascinating crevice full of glittering spar.

‘Where did you get that, Fergus?’

‘Up off the cliff over the quarry.’

‘Are you sure that you may have it?’

‘Oh, yes; White said I might. It’s so jolly, auntie. Frank Stebbing is gone away to the other shop in the Appenines, where the old boss lives. What splendiferous specimens he must have the run of! Our Stebbing says ’tis because Kally White makes eyes at him; but any way, White has got to do his work while he’s away, and go all the rounds to see that things are right, so I go after him, and he lets me have just what I like—such jolly crystals.’

‘I am sure I hope it is all right.’

‘Oh, yes, I always ask him, as you told me; but he is awfully slow and mopy and down in the mouth to-day. Stebbing says he is sweet upon Gill; but I told him that couldn’t be, White knew better. A general’s daughter, indeed! and Will remembers his father a serjeant.’

‘It is very foolish, Fergus. Say no more about it, for it is not nice talk about your sister.’

‘I’ll lick any one who does,’ said Fergus, bumping his stone up another step.

Poor Aunt Jane! There was more to fall on her, as soon as the door was finally shut on the two rooms communicating with one another which the sisters called their own. Mrs. Mount’s manipulations of Miss Adeline’s rich brown hair were endured with some impatience, while Miss Mohun, leant back in her chair in her shawl-patterned dressing-gown, watching with a sort of curious wonder and foreboding the restlessness that proved that something was in store, and meantime somewhat lazily brushing out her own thinner darker locks.

‘You are tired, Miss Jane,’ said the old servant, using the pet name in private moments. ‘You had better let me do your hair.’

‘No, thank you, Fanny, I have very nearly done,’ she said, marking the signs of eagerness on her sister’s part. ‘Oh! by the bye, did that hot bottle go down to Lilian Giles?’

‘Yes, ma’am, Mrs. Giles came up for it.’

‘Did she say whether Lily was well enough to see Miss Gillian.’

Mrs. Mount coughed a peculiar cough that her mistresses well knew to signify that she *could* tell them something they would not like to hear, if they chose to ask her, and it was the younger who put the question—

‘Fanny, did she say anything?’

‘Well, Miss Ada, I told her she must be mistaken, but she stuck to it, though she said she never would have breathed a word, if Miss Gillian had not come back again, but she thought you should know it.’

‘Know what?’ demanded Jane.

‘Well, Miss Jane, she should say ’tis the talk that Miss Gillian—when you have thought her reading to the poor girl, has been running down to the works—and ’tis only the ignorance of them that will talk, but they say it is to meet a young man. She says, Mrs. Giles do, that she never would have noticed such talk, but that the young lady did always seem in a hurry, only just reading a chapter, and never stopping to talk to poor Lily after it; and she has seen her herself going down towards the works, instead of towards home, ma’am. And she said she could not bear that reading to her girl should be made a colour for such doings.’

‘Certainly not, if it were as she supposes,’ said Miss Mohun,

sitting very upright, and beating her own head vigorously with a very prickly brush, 'but you may tell her, Fanny, that I know all about it, and that her friend is Miss White, who you remember spent an evening here.'

Fanny's good-humoured face cleared up. 'Yes, ma'am, I told her that I was quite sure that Miss Gillian would not go for to do anything wrong, and that it could be easily explained; but people has tongues, you see.'

'You were quite right to tell us, Fanny. Good-night.'

'People has tongues!' repeated Adeline, when that excellent person had disappeared. 'Yes, indeed, they have. But, Jenny, do you really mean to say that you know all about this?'

'Yes, I believe so.'

'Oh! I wish you had been at home to-day when Victoria came in. It really is a serious business.'

'Victoria! What has she to do with it? I should have thought her Marchioness-ship quite out of the region of gossip, though for that matter, grandees like it quite as much as other people.'

'Don't, Jane, you know it does concern her through companionship for Phyllis, and she was very kind.'

'Oh, yes, I can see her sailing in, magnificently kind from her elevation. But how in the world did she manage to pick up all this in the time?' said poor Jane, tired and pestered into the sharpness of her early youth.

'Dear Jenny, I wish I had said nothing to-night. Do wait till you are rested.'

'I am not in the least tired, and if I were, do you think I could sleep with this half told?'

'You said you knew.'

'Then it is only about Gillian being so silly as to go down to Miss White's office at the works to look over the boy's Greek exercises.'

'You don't mean that you allowed it!'

'No; Gillian's impulsiveness, just like her mother's, began it, as a little assertion of modern independence, but while she was away that little step from brook to river brought her to the sense that she had been a goose, and had used me rather unfairly, and so she came and confessed it all to me on the way home from the station the first morning after her return. She says she had written it all to her mother from the first.'

'I wonder Lily did not telegraph to put a stop to it.'

'Do you suppose any mother, our poor old Lily especially, can marry a couple of daughters without being slightly frantic? Ten to one she never realised that this precious pupil was bigger than Fergus. But do tell me what my Lady had heard, and how she heard it.'

'You remember that her governess, Miss Elbury, has connections in the place.'

“The most excellent creature in the world.” Oh, yes, and she spent Sunday with them. So that was the conductor.’

‘I can hardly say that Miss Elbury was to be blamed, considering that she had heard the proposal about Valetta! It seems that that High School class mistress, Miss Mellon, who had the poor child under her, is her cousin.’

‘Oh dear!’

‘It is exactly what I was afraid of when we decided on keeping Valetta at home, Miss Mellon told all the Cæsar story in plainly the worst light for poor Val, and naturally deduced from her removal that she was the most to blame.’

‘Whereas it was Miss Mellon herself! But nobody could expect Victoria to see that, and no doubt she is quite justified in not wishing for the child in her schoolroom! But after all, Valetta is only a child, it won’t hurt her to have this natural recoil of consequences, and her mother will be at home in three weeks’ time. It signifies much more about Gillian. Did I understand you that the gossip about her had reached those august ears?’

‘Oh, yes, Jane, and it is ever so much worse. That horrid Miss Mellon seems to have told Miss Elbury that Gillian has a passion for low company, that she is always running after the Whites at the works, and has secret meetings with the young man in the garden on Sunday, while his sister carries on her underhand flirtation with another youth, Frank Stebbing I suppose. It really was too preposterous, and Victoria said she had no doubt from the first that there was exaggeration, and had told Miss Elbury so; but still she thought Gillian must have been to blame. She was very nice about it, and listened to all my explanation most kindly, as to Gillian’s interest in the Whites, and its having been only the sister that she met, but plainly she is not half convinced. I heard something about a letter being left for Gillian, and really, I don’t know whether there may not be more discoveries to come. I never felt before the force of our dear father’s saying, *apropos* of Rotherwood himself, that no one knows what it is to lose a father except those who have the care of his children.’

‘Whatever Gillian did was innocent and ladylike, and nothing to be ashamed of,’ said Aunt Jane stoutly; ‘of that I am sure. But I should like to be equally sure that she has not turned the head of that poor foolish young man, without in the least knowing what she was about. You should have seen her state of mind at his sending her a valentine, which she returned to him, perfectly ferociously, at once; and that was all the correspondence somebody seems to have smelt out.’

‘A valentine! Gillian must have behaved very ill to have brought that upon herself! Oh, dear! I wish she had never come here; I wish Lily could have stayed at home, instead of scattering her children about the world. The Rotherwoods will never get over it.’

‘That’s the least part of the grievance, in my eyes,’ said her sister. ‘It won’t make a fraction of difference to the dear old cousin Rotherwood, and as to my Lady, it is always a liking from the teeth outwards.’

‘How can you say so! I am sure she has always been most cordial.’

‘Most correct, if you please. Oh, did she say anything about Mysie?’

‘She said nothing but good of Mysie; called her delightful, and perfectly good and trustworthy,—said they could never have got so well through Phyllis’s illness without her, and that they only wished to keep her altogether.’

‘I dare say, to be humble companion to my little lady, out of the way of her wicked sisters.’

‘Jane!’

‘My dear, I don’t think I can stand any more defence of her just now! No, she is an admirable woman, I know. That’s enough. I really must go to bed, and consider which is to be faced first, she or Kalliope.’

It was lucky that Miss Mohun could exist without much sleep, for she was far too much worried for any length of slumber to visit her that night, though she was afoot as early as usual. She thought it best to tell Gillian that Lady Rotherwood had heard some foolish reports, and that she was going to try to clear them up, and she extracted an explicit account as to what the extent of her intercourse with the Whites had been, which was given willingly, Gillian being in a very humble frame, and convinced that she had acted foolishly. It surprised her likewise that Aunt Adeline, whom she had liked the best, and thought the most good-natured, was so much more angry with her than Aunt Jane, who, as she felt, forgave her thoroughly, and was only anxious to help her out of the scrape she had made for herself.

Miss Mohun thought her best time for seeing Kalliope would be in the dinner-hour, and started accordingly in the direction of the marble works. Not far from them she met that young person walking quickly with one of her little brothers.

‘I was coming to see you,’ Miss Mohun said. ‘I did not know that you went home in the middle of the day.’

‘My mother has been so unwell of late, that I do not like to be entirely out of reach all day,’ returned Kalliope, who certainly looked worn and sorrowful; ‘so I manage to run home, though it is but for a quarter of an hour.’

‘I will not delay you, I will walk with you,’ and when Petros had been dismissed, ‘I am afraid my niece has not been quite the friend to you that she intended.’

‘Oh, Miss Mohun, do you know all about it? It is such a relief! I have felt so guilty towards you, and yet I did not know what to do.’

‘I have never thought that the concealment was your fault,’ said Jane.

‘I did think at first that you knew,’ said Kalliope; ‘and when I found that was not the case, I suppose I should have insisted on your being told; but I could not bear to seem ungrateful, and my brother took such extreme delight in his lessons, and Miss Merrifield’s kindness, that—that I could not bear to do what might prevent them. And now, poor fellow, it shows how wrong it was, since he has ventured on that unfortunate act of presumption, which has so offended her. Oh, Miss Mohun, he is quite broken-hearted.’

‘I am afraid Gillian was very discourteous. I was out, or it should not have been done so unkindly. Indeed, in the shock, Gillian did not recollect that she might be giving pain.’

‘Yes, yes! Poor Alexis! He has not had any opportunity of understanding how different things are in your class of life, and he thought it would show his gratitude and—and—— Oh, he is so miserable!’ and she was forced to stop to wipe away her tears.

‘Poor fellow! But it was one of those young men’s mistakes that are got over and outgrown, so you need not grieve over it so much, my dear. My brother-in-law is on his way home, and I know he means to see what can be done for Alexis, for your father’s sake.’

‘Oh, Miss Mohun, how good you are! I thought you could never forgive us. And people do say such shocking things.’

‘I know they do, and therefore I am going to ask you to tell me exactly what intercourse there has been with Gillian.’

Kalliope did so, and Miss Mohun was struck with the complete accordance of the two accounts, and likewise by the total absence of all attempt at self-justification on Miss White’s part. If she had in any way been weak, it had been against her will, and her position had been an exceedingly difficult one. She spoke in as guarded a manner as possible; but to such acute and experienced ears as those of her auditor, it was impossible not to perceive that, while Gillian had been absolutely simple, and unconscious of all but a kind act of patronage, the youth’s imagination had taken fire, and he had become her ardent worshipper; with calf-love, no doubt, but with a distant, humble adoration, which had, whether fortunately or unfortunately, for once found expression in the valentine so summarily rejected. The drawing and the composition had been the work of many days, and so much against his sister’s protest that it had been sent without her knowledge, after she had thought it given up. She had only extracted the confession through his uncontrollable despair, which made him almost unfit to attend to his increased work, perhaps by his southern nature exaggerated.

‘The stronger at first, the sooner over,’ thought Miss Mohun; but she knew that consolation betraying her comprehension would not be safe.

One further discovery she made, namely, that on Sunday, Alexis, foolish lad, had been so wildly impatient at their having had no notice from Gillian since her return, that he had gone to the garden to explain, as he said, his sister's non-appearance there, since she was detained by her mother's illness. It was the only time he had ever been there and he had met no one, but Miss Mohun felt a sinking of heart at the foreboding that the *mauvaises langues* would get hold of it.

The only thing to be decided on was that there must be a suspension of intercourse, at any rate, till Lady Merrifield's arrival; not in unkindness, but as best for all. And, indeed, Kalliope had no time to spare from her mother, whose bloated appearance, poor woman, was the effect of long-standing disease.

The daughter's heart was very full of her, and evidently it would have been a comfort to discuss her condition with this kind friend; but no more delay was possible; and Miss Mohun had to speed home, in a quandary how much or how little about Alexis's hopeless passion should be communicated to its object, and finally deciding that Gillian had better only be informed that he had been greatly mortified by the rude manner of rejection, but that the act itself proved that she must abstain from all renewal of the intercourse till her parents should return.

But that was not all the worry of the day. Miss Mohun had still to confront Lady Rotherwood; and, going as soon as the early dinner was over, found the Marchioness resting after an inspection of houses in Rockquay. She did not like hotels, she said, and she thought the top of the cliff too bleak for Phyllis, so that they must move nearer the sea if the place agreed with her at all, which was doubtful. Miss Mohun was pretty well convinced that the true objection was the neighbourhood of Beechcroft Cottage. She said she had come to give some explanation of what had been said to her sister yesterday.

'Oh! my dear Jane, Adeline told me all about it yesterday. I am very sorry for you to have had such a charge; but what could you expect of girls cast about as they have been, always with a marching regiment?'

'I do not think Mysie has given you any reason to think her ill brought up.'

'A little uncouth at first; but that was all. Oh, no! Mysie is a dear little girl. I should be very glad to have her with Phyllis altogether, and so would Rotherwood. But she was very young when Sir Jasper retired.'

'And Valetta was younger. Poor little girl! She was naughty; but I do not think she understood the harm of what she was doing.'

Lady Rotherwood smiled.

'Perhaps not; but she must have been deeply involved, since she was the one amongst all the guilty to be expelled.'

'Oh, Victoria! Was that what you heard?'

'Miss Elbury heard it from the governess she was under. Surely

she was the only one not permitted to go up for the examination and removed.'

'True, but that was our doing—no decree of the High School. Her own governess is free now, and her mother on her way, and we thought she had better not begin another term. Yes, Victoria, I quite see that you might doubt her fitness to be much with Phyllis. I am not asking for that, I shall try to get her own governess to come at once, but for the child's sake and her mother's I should like to get this cleared up. May I see Miss Elbury?'

'Certainly; but I do not think you will find that she has exaggerated, though of course her informant may have done so.'

Miss Elbury was of the older generation of governesses, motherly, kind, but rather prim and precise, the accomplished element being supplied with diplomaed foreigners, who, since Lady Phyllis's failure in health, had been dispensed with. She was a good and sensible woman, as Jane could see, in spite of the annoyance her report had occasioned, and it was impossible not to assent when she said she had felt obliged, under the circumstances, to mention to Lady Rotherwood what her cousin had told her.

'About both my nieces,' said Jane. 'Yes, I quite understand. But, though of course the little one's affair is the least important, we had better get to the bottom of that first, and I should like to tell you what really happened.'

She told her story, and how Valetta had been tempted and then bullied into going beyond the first peeps, and finding she did not produce the impression she wished, she begged Miss Elbury to talk it over with the head-mistress. It was all in the telling. Miss Elbury's young cousin, Miss Mellon, had been brought under rebuke, and into great danger of dismissal through Valetta Merrifield's lapse; and it was no wonder that she had warned her kinswoman against 'the horrid little deceitful thing,' who had done so much harm to the whole class. 'Miss Mohun was running about over the whole place, but not knowing what went on in her own house!' And as to Miss White, Miss Elbury mentioned at last, though with some reluctance, that it was believed that she had been on the point of a private marriage, and of going to Italy with young Stebbing, when her machinations were detected, and he was forced to set off without her.

With this in her mind, the governess could not be expected to accept as satisfactory what was not entire confutation or contradiction, and Miss Mohun saw that, politely as she was listened to, it was all only treated as excuse, since there could be no denial of Gillian's folly, and it was only a question of degree.

And provoking as it was, the disappointment might work well for Valetta. The allegations against Gillian were a far more serious affair, but much more of these could be absolutely disproved and contradicted, in fact, all that Miss Mohun herself thought very serious,

i.e. the flirtation element, was shown to be absolutely false, both as regarded Gillian and Kalliope, but it was quite another thing to convince people who knew none of the parties, when there was the residuum of truth undeniable, that there had been secret meetings not only with the girl, but the youth. To acquit Gillian of all but modern independence and imprudent philanthropy, was not easy to any one who did not understand her character; and though Lady Rotherwood said nothing more in the form of censure, it was evident that she was unconvinced that Gillian was not a fast and flighty girl, and that she did not desire more contact than was necessary.

No doubt she wished herself further off! Lord Rotherwood, she said, was coming down in a day or two, when he could get away, and then they should decide whether to take a house, or to go abroad, which, after all, might be the best thing for Phyllis.

'He will make all the difference,' said Miss Adeline, when the unsatisfactory conversation was reported to her.

'I don't know! But even if he did, and I don't think he will, I won't have Valetta waiting for his decision and admitted on sufferance.'

'Shall you send her back to school?'

'No. Poor Miss Vincent is free, and quite ready to come here. Fergus shall go and sleep among his fossils in the lumber-room, and I will write to her at once. She will be much better here than waiting at Silverton, though the Hacketts are very kind to her.'

'Yes, it will be better to be independent. But all this is very unfortunate. However, Victoria will see for herself what the children are. She has asked me to take a drive with her to-morrow if it is not too cold.'

'Oh, yes, she is not going to make an estrangement. You need not fear that, Ada. She does not think it your fault.'

Aunt Jane pondered a little as to what to say to the two girls, and finally resolved that Valetta had better be told that she was not to do lessons with Fly, as her behaviour had made Lady Rotherwood doubt whether she was a good companion. Valetta stamped and cried, and said it was very hard and cross when she had been so sorry and every one had forgiven her; but Gillian joined heartily with Aunt Jane in trying to make the child understand that consequences often come in spite of pardon and repentance. To Gillian herself, Aunt Jane said as little as possible, not liking even to give the veriest hint of the foolish gossip, or of the extent of poor Alexis White's admiration; for it was enough for the girl to know that concealment had brought her under a cloud, and she was chiefly concerned as to how her mother would look on it. She had something of Aunt Jane's impatience of patronage, and perhaps thought it snobbish to seem concerned at the great lady's displeasure.

Mysie was free to run in and out to her sisters, but was still to do her lessons with Miss Elbury, and Fly took up more of her time

than the sisters liked. Neither she nor Fly were formally told why their castles vanished into empty air, but there certainly was a continual disappointment and fret on both sides, which Fly could not bear as well as when she was in high health, and poor Mysie's loving heart often found it hard to decide between her urgent claims and those of Valetta!

But was not mamma coming? and papa? Would not all be well then? Yes, hearts might bound at the thought. But where was Gillian's great thing?

Miss Vincent's coming was really like a beginning of home, in spite of her mourning and depressed look. It was a great consolation to the lonely woman to find how all her pupils flew at her, with infinite delight. She had taken pains to bring a report of all the animals for Valetta, and she duly admired all Fergus's geological specimens, and even undertook to print labels for them.

Mysie would have liked to begin lessons again with her, but this would have been hard on Fly, and, besides, her mother had committed her to the Rotherwoods, and it was better still to leave her with them.

The aunts were ready with any amount of kindness and sympathy for the governess's bereavement, and her presence was a considerable relief in the various perplexities.

Even Lady Rotherwood and Miss Elbury had been convinced, and by no means unwillingly, that Gillian had been less indiscreet than had been their first impression; but she had been a young lady of the period in her independence, and was therefore to be dreaded. No more garden trystes would have been possible under any circumstances, for the house and garden were in full preparation for the master, who was to meet Lord Rotherwood to consult about the proposed water-works and other designs for the benefit of the town where they were the chief landowners.

(To be continued.)

ANGELA : A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART I.

‘Rejoice! that man is hurled
From change to change—
His soul’s wings never furled!’—*R. Browning.*

CHAPTER I.

‘And thou . . . wert in thy measure dear—
And so I owe thee honour, and the tear
Of friendship, and would all thy worth allow.’—*Cowper.*

It was an old house of grave aspect. Earlier proprietors of æsthetic tendencies, and with a love of nature, had done all they could in the way of cultivating beauty to soften the angles. Yellow jasmine climbed up the grey walls, Virginian creeper clustered about the piers and buttresses, delicate clematis framed the drawing-room windows, and a creamy magnolia, with shiny green leaves, smothered the stable gateway. Still, do what they would, the fact remained: it was a house with a grave countenance. Sometimes the face of the human being within seems to be stamped upon the walls without; certainly it might be so with Mohun Court, for behind the grey walls and the severe turrets there lived a grave man behind an inner wall of reserve. A stranger, passing Mohun Court, and asking who lived there, would receive for answer—shortly enough given, as if it were no pleasant subject to be dwelt upon—

‘Mr. Merton. We don’t think much o’ the loikes o’ *he* ;’ or ‘Lives like a snail in a shell. A hermit, a philosopher, a scholar! But no neighbour—scarcely a man.’

From the library of that philosopher was written, one summer day, this letter—

‘DEAR VYVYAN,—

‘If the world can spare you, leave London press and society fascinations for a few days, and give up those days to your old master. In the years that have gone by since we met face to face, you may have found the “*summum bonum*” of existence. To me, all is still vanity—a world of shadows, saving this place and my little Angela. Come and see her, and judge of her for yourself. If you are still susceptible to beauty in every form, Angela and Mohun Court will charm you. Early spring is putting forth all its fascinations in the child;—early summer is throwing a glamour of glory

over the place. With all old remembrances still fresh in my heart, believe me,

‘Yours most faithfully,

‘ROGER MERTON.’

At the open window there appeared suddenly a small face with lustrous brown eyes, staring in sorrow and astonishment, as the clear childish treble rang through the wainscoted room.

‘Uncle Roger, my white rabbit—the ill one—my dearest pet of all—is dead! I can’t bear to see it lying there so still, with its ears all limp! I am so miserable, Uncle Roger!’

The tall figure did not rise from the writing-table; he only raised his face to meet hers, with a rare tenderness in the deep-set eyes, as he uttered words that were strange enough to say to a child of eight years old—

‘My darling, what were we saying about fortitude last night?’

‘Had you ever a pet white rabbit with a very soft, dear little nose, Uncle Roger? I don’t believe you ever had. So you don’t know what it’s like when one dies.’

‘My little girl, I knew all about it a long time ago.’

‘All about white rabbits!’ exclaimed Angela, astonished out of her tears. ‘Did you, Uncle Roger?’

But he was turning away now to a bulky volume, one of many at his side, and Angela interpreted that movement with a true instinct, as a wish, unuttered, for solitude and stillness. Slowly and almost on tiptoe she turned her steps down the terrace-walk until, rounding an angle of the house, she stood in a gay Italian garden, at a window smiling in flowers and draped in fresh muslin curtains.

‘Mrs. Raisins,’ said Angela, over the window-ledge, ‘my *pettest* rabbit of all is dead, and Uncle Roger says I must learn forty *something*—what I told you last night; and how *can* I?’

Mrs. Raisins sat in her arm-chair. Twenty pots of strawberry jam had just been covered and tied down; her face was benign; her form was comfortable; ‘something attempted, something done, had earned a night’s repose,’ which, however, she was taking at 4.30 P.M., by the deep oak-wainscoted bow-window, when Angela appeared on the scene.

‘How *can* I learn that forty *something*?’—she reiterated, as she stood there in her white frock and broad sash, pushing the soft brown hair out of her eyes, with her elbows leaning on the window-ledge.

Mrs. Raisins, because she had been caught napping, naturally wished to appear wide awake; therefore she made a random shot.—‘Forty thieves, do you mean, my dear?’ she said, beaming upon Angela with that benevolent smile worn by good-tempered people when they are only half awake.—‘Was it the story of Ali Baba?’

‘You were asleep! I am so sorry!’—and the pleading penitence, that crept over Angela’s face, might have softened the hardest heart; whereas, in this instance it moved Mrs. Raisins—whose heart was

always more or less in a state of liquefaction—into a condition of abject apology.

‘My dear little love,’ she said, rustling forward in her chair and smoothing her apron, ‘it was the heat and the jam got the better of me. Sleeping in the middle of the day never suits me; and I daresay my cap is all crooked. So your poor little rabbit is dead, my darling.’

‘I remember now what it was—what I told you last night Uncle Roger told me I ought to have—’ and as she spoke, with a tremble about her mouth and a wistfulness about her tearful eyes, Angela looked straight past the old woman’s black silk shoulders and white cap at the opposite wall, where, over an old-fashioned bureau whose brass handles shone in the afternoon sunlight, there hung an old-fashioned sampler, elaborately worked in cross-stitch, and framed. Angela knew that sampler by heart, and her eyes rested on it now mechanically;—on the alphabet worked twice over, large and small,—on a row of figures up to ten,—on a strange design intended for a churchyard, below which was the crowning glory, described by Mrs. Raisins as—

‘The text from my grandfather’s very own tomb, Miss Angela, that lies in that very churchyard—

“I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad.

“Jane Hobbs, aged 11 years,” that was my mother, my dear; and she had a beautiful finger for her needle.’

In that way had Angela first been made acquainted with this venerable specimen of art-needlework, and through that same form of words did Mrs. Raisins even now often take her, when Angela would as often make the same comment—

‘I think I should have liked your mother if she had had a nicer name. I wish the churchyard didn’t look so like a toy; and I s’pose I shall understand the words one of these days?’

But her spirit of criticism in no way lessened her admiration and veneration, and so the old sampler had become an essential part of her childish worship and affections, like the beloved china dogs on some nursery mantel-shelves. What piece of sculpture in later days has ever taken their place in the hearts that never outgrow a conservatism for old associations?

‘It was fortitude,’ went on Angela, ‘but I do wish Uncle Roger would say easy things sometimes. He says it means being strong and brave when we are unhappy. But then when my pet rabbit dies—how can I be?’

She gave it up as hopeless.

Mrs. Raisins, now quite awake to the realities of life, laid a gentle hand on the little dark head, then bounced up out of her chair, and began to open cupboard doors and put away her jam, as she exclaimed—

‘It’s all very well for your Uncle Roger to talk like that, my dear!

‘Them as *talks*, don’t *do*. It’s not everybody that can be a dried mummy. To them as can, he may talk of fortitood. But a little girl of flesh and blood—I say, *she wants* flesh and blood!’

‘If you mean me, Mrs. Raisins, I don’t want anything but you and Uncle Roger and my animals, and I’ve told you so a hundred times!’—the soft brown eyes were flashing now, the hands moving restlessly,—small delicate hands with taper fingers.—‘Of course there *are* other things, other people; of course there are knights somewhere, like King Arthur’s knights; and there are beautiful ladies somewhere, who are always kind to little children—like mother, only not so lovely; and little children too, I s’pose—*somewhere*—though I never see them.’—She was looking puzzled now, and Mr. Raisins was shaking her head over her store-cupboard shelves; not deploring a deficiency in her jams, but the dreary future of a ‘dried mummy’s great-niece.’ ‘And perhaps if I *did* see them,’ went on Angela, ‘I shouldn’t mind so much when the swallow goes and the winter comes, and I shouldn’t be so sorry that my rabbit is dead.—I must go now and see about the funeral.’

Mrs. Raisins was left alone with her preserves, still shaking her head over the existing order of things; whilst Angela tripped away on to the terrace once more, across the lawn, and up a flight of stone steps leading to a sort of wilderness where her dumb companions lived.

Dumb they were, but none the less dear for that. Angela stepped into the charmed circle that spelt the word friendship for her, and looked round upon them all.

In the large hutch before her were two white rabbits—three there had been yesterday—four guinea-pigs in an adjoining hutch; on the open door of a wicker-cage hanging on the branch of a tree, perched a tame magpie that flew fussily on to her shoulder as soon as it caught sight of her, and rubbed its glossy head against her cheek. Lying on the ground was the dead rabbit. Angela stooped, with the magpie still on her shoulder, and tenderly lifting the furry favourite laid it in an improvised coffin—a deal box once devoted to soap by Mrs. Raisins. She sniffed the faded scent critically, and then, as the tears rushed into her eyes, she caressed the long ears, murmuring—

‘She won’t mind it as she did that day when I had eau-de-cologne on my fingers, because she can’t smell now.’

With a crash through the bushes, a magnificent black-and-tan collie here bounded on to the scene, and planted himself at her side after touching the dead rabbit with the tip of his nose. There was no fear of violence; old friendship and careful education were too strong for primitive instinct, and he sat like a model collie, with a hand that he loved resting on his head, as he looked up into his mistress’s face with half-closed and contented eyes, and tongue lolling from his laughing jaws.

‘I want to speak to you all,’ began Angela. ‘You see dear Guinevere is dead. She was my dearest friend—after you, Lance,’ (the dog gave one wag of his tail as a sign that he appreciated this reservation made in his favour). ‘I used to tell her everything—her and you, Lance. She never quarrelled for carrots and lettuces whilst I was talking, but used to listen and kiss me with her dear little nose. And I find that you two fat white things are not a bit sorry; when I showed you her dear little dead body, you only poked your noses out for food, and gobbled it all up as soon as you had it; and so you have no hearts. Mrs. Raisins says things with no hearts might as well be *wedgeables*. So I shan’t talk to you two, Fluff and Pinkie, as I did to dear Guinevere. As to you,’ she continued, turning to the guinea pigs, ‘Uncle Roger says the understanding of guinea-pigs went away with their tails, and I think he’s right; for though you did squeak *very* much when I said to you “Guinevere is dead,” still, I found out you were only thinking of your food, and friends who can forget friends as long as they have something to eat are *wicked*. So you need not think I shall talk to *you* as I did to her.’—Then the little person, who had made this strange oration to dumb beasts credited by her with an undue amount of intelligence and character, turned her flushed, eager face to the bird on her shoulder, and said as she laid a caressing hand on its claws: ‘Touchstone! I don’t think you care *very* much, but you are not unkind and you make me laugh—not now, oh! no! not now—it’s no use!’ for the magpie was raising itself on tip-claws, flapping its wings, and craning its neck towards the hatches, as it uttered sounds that might have been wholesale condemnation of all brutes devoid of intellect and feeling.—‘You are my dearest friend, Lance,’ she said, as she took the dog’s loving face between her tiny hands, and, gazing down into the depths of his upturned and now wide-open eyes, she stooped still lower, and kissed his broad, smooth head; then, standing erect once more and dashing away some persistent tears with the back of her hand, she looked round upon them all, and added: ‘The funeral will be to-morrow, here, at six o’clock—of Guinevere—before my tea.’

Tenderly she covered up the sad little coffin, and then slowly walked back towards the house, with Lance at her heels.

It was in vain that evening for Mrs. Raisins to suggest games—games which were generally so fascinating to Angela, so exhausting to her elder companion. For, as a matter of fact, that good woman made herself young on every possible occasion for the sake of her little mistress, who, in her opinion, was growing old before her time.

Hide-and-seek in the galleries was a frequent pastime; that was plain sailing to Mrs. Raisins as compared with scenes from ‘King Arthur,’ or from Kingsley’s ‘Heroes.’ To personate Guinevere had once been Angela’s idea; but how could she, when Mrs. Raisins would always stoutly refuse to be anything but what she called ‘a female’? So it had devolved upon Angela to encase herself in the

nearest approach to knightly armour—tea-tray, dish-covers, and anything else that had a ring of metal about it; but when she, as King Arthur, had to address Mrs. Raisins, as Guinevere, in the words, ‘Queenliest of women!’ her powers of imagination gave away, dish-cover and tea-trays collapsed in one peal of laughter, whilst poor Guinevere moaned out—

‘My dear, if you could just make this apron you’ve pinned round my head and face a little looser! And what is it I’ve got to say to you? Is it “Your Royal Highness” or “My dear master”?’

In the same way, it was most difficult to conceive that an Andromeda could ever have been of Mrs. Raisins’ build, and yet Angela was quite sure that the rôle of Perseus would not fit her better.

‘It is only so that I may have something to fly to, don’t you see?’ Angela had said hopefully at first.

‘Yes, my dearie,’ panted that obliging sexagenarian; ‘and I shan’t have to be here long, shall I?’ for she was bound by two antimacassars to the curtain-hooks against the window. Then Perseus had winged his saving flight; but Andromeda spoilt the whole by crying out, ‘Bless me! who’d have thought of your coming, sir!’

After that, what remained but for Mrs. Raisins to be the sea-monster, which was not less trying to her, as it involved an all-fours arrangement; and Angela must be Andromeda, content with a Perseus existing in her imagination, but so forcible an imagination was it that once or twice the poor old dragon raised her head from the floor, and looking behind her, exclaimed—

‘If I didn’t think, Miss Angela dear, that you saw somebody really a-coming in at the door!’

But this evening there were no games. Tea was ready in one of a suite of rooms—all Angela’s. There was her summer bedroom, and her winter bedroom; the Blue room, where the tea-table was now awaiting her, and which was furnished and decorated *à la luxe*—‘too extravagant even for my dear little miss,’ Mrs. Raisins used to say. From its painted walls and Liberty hangings, its pictures and its pottery, opened out another large room, comfortable and plainly furnished, once Angela’s nursery, now Mrs. Raisins’ workroom. Dolls had never been any satisfaction to Angela since babyhood; living animals, soft warm things that would respond to a caress, were so infinitely superior. It must be a *life* to satisfy Angela; and to-day she had known for the first time how *death* can come in and change the face of things; not only that, but it had shown her the character of the survivors in such a painful light, that she was on the point of believing Lance and Touchstone to be the only pets worth cherishing.

Mrs. Raisins watched her solicitously as she pushed away her cup and saucer from her, and after eating one piece of bread-and-butter

with her strawberries, said she wanted 'no more'; she was going down to Uncle Roger.

She found him where she knew she should find him—in the library, and he was doing what his housekeeper had done before tea—napping. Angela stole in on tiptoe, and creeping down to a footstool beside him, laid her head on his knee. When he awoke at her touch, she said softly—

'Don't move, Uncle Roger; let me be here—quite still—for a little while. I think I will mourn thirty days for Guinevere, as the children of Israel used to mourn.'

He stroked the little dark head silently.

'My rabbit-hutches look so different without her,' she said, after a few minutes. 'I don't like things dying; I don't like changes!'

'It is a stern law, my darling, that change is inevitable,' he murmured. 'I mean, that it *must* be so; it cannot be otherwise. But you shall have another rabbit in Guinevere's place next week.'

She said not another word. But when he had left her, on dinner being announced, she still sat there; and when she heard the dining-room door safely shut, she laid her head on the arm of the chair and sobbed out—

'No other can *ever* be the same! How *can* Uncle Roger think so?'

For the same reason that he did not see the un-childlike self-control which she exercised all the evening; walking up and down the terrace with him whilst he smoked, pouring out his coffee for him as usual, playing at draughts with him, till nine o'clock sent her upstairs to bed. There Mrs. Raisins came to her, and was asked this question—

'What becomes of the souls of dead animals?'

'My dear, they *have* none!' was the prompt reply.

'I don't believe that, and I never shall!' answered Angela indignantly. 'I know I would rather meet my rabbit in heaven than that cook of Uncle Roger's, who never would make me a cake for Sunday, and always would go to chapel because the seats were more *comfabler* than church!'

'Miss Angela dear, that isn't good of you.'

'I *can't* be good when my Guinevere is dead! How *can* I?'

'My dear, I wish you'd ask somebody else your questions. God can make us all good if we ask Him.'

'And He knows everything, you always say,' replied Angela gravely, with her bright eyes fixed on the old woman's face bent over her; 'and so He knows how I loved Guinevere, and He won't expect me to be good before my days of mourning are ended, because He knows how hard it is. And now good-night, Mrs. Raisins.'

'Good-night, my precious!' was followed by an explosive puff at the candle and a hasty retreat to the workroom, where Mrs. Raisins was soon afterwards discovered by the housemaid, wiping her eyes, to whom she expressed herself as follows—

‘If Master goes on with this way of bringing up Miss Angela, with ne’er a playmate but me and her animals, he’ll drive the poor child to be *that* clever, she’ll get quite silly! I’ve heard of such things in my time. Why, hark to her talking to her rabbits and her dog! I can’t think where she gets it all from. And *you* can’t think no more than I can, Eliza, so it’s no use your casting about for an answer. But I doubt her growing up to be a woman.’

(*To be continued.*)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHEVALIER.

'She should never have looked at me, if she meant I should not love her.'—*Browning.*

A WEEK had passed since the fête, and Mr. Layton and Agnes Morrison were sitting in the gardens at the Hall, talking over that affair, and many others. Mr. Layton, like many other people, found Miss Morrison very pleasant to talk to; and she for her part just warmed a little, for him, out of the cold friendliness which she showed to most of the world.

Day was supposed to be sitting with them; but at present she was only represented by a heap of tangled knitting at the corner of the seat. At a little distance, in the middle of a small grass-plot just screened from them by a clump of rhododendrons, was a little basin lined with stone, and fed with water by a pipe from the house. Here Dick imagined himself to be about to construct a fountain, and Day, after being once or twice appealed to, had found an irresistible attraction in the work, and was in it heart and soul.

It was not her fault that she was 'a grown-up young lady.' She could not help it, though the figure that leaned contemplatively by the side of the little basin might have served a painter for a model of slender, half-developed womanhood. She was honestly absorbed in Dick and his work, as if she had been Dick's brother, and even Mr. Layton's conversation seemed less absorbing than the fascinating little tangle of lead and india-rubber tubing, with which her slim fingers were busy.

'Sigh no more, ladies; ladies, sigh no more!
Men were deceivers ever.'

So she sang by snatches, in careless fashion, while Dick came and went, busy and important: and the song was broken by much serious consultation, squabbling, contradiction, and laughter.

'Happy young creatures!' said Mr. Layton, with half a sigh, after listening for a moment to the musical ripple. 'They make one feel very old!'

'Most people never were so young as that,' answered Agnes. She smiled as she spoke, but her smile was sadder than his sigh.

'Nay!' he said. 'I think it is only that we forget so soon. Surely

we have all been in Arcadia, each in our day. If it were not for the recollection of that we should not feel so old.'

'Perhaps not! But the time we spend there seems so short, compared with the rest of it.'

'That depends upon why and how we leave it,' began Mr. Layton; and then broke off suddenly as a snatch of song floated across the bushes again—

'The craft of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy.'

'Is not that it?' said Agnes Morrison, in low tones that conveyed a hint of more passion than she usually permitted herself to reveal. '“The craft of men” in one shape or other,—is not that what usually shows us the way out of Arcadia?'

'Nay! surely,' began Mr. Layton with a smile; and then stopped again, as if stung by a sudden recollection. The smile faded from his face, and his lips drew sharply together. For a moment he looked straight before him, with eyes that saw,—not the sunny garden of the present,—but the closing gates of Arcadia, closed behind him by a fair, slender hand.

Then he turned to finish his half-uttered speech, and their eyes met. One instant they looked at one another curiously, as if they would have said 'What? You too?' Then Mr. Layton forgot what he had been about to say, and let a long pause follow, which his companion did not care to break. She felt that she had betrayed herself, and to a woman of her character the knowledge should have been painful; but it was not. The most reserved feel at times a pleasure in knowing that they are seen through and understood. Only, there must not be too many words about it.

'Then sigh not so, but let them go!'

sang the sweet voice with a laughing ripple in it; and Mr. Layton said within himself 'Most excellent advice, if one could but follow it. But what is a man's burden in such a case, compared with a woman's? What spirit and strength they have, these gentle, fragile creatures! I wonder if Miss Austen was right when she said that they remember and regret longer than we do?'

Mr. Layton's keen incisive speech was gentler than usual when he spoke again; and as they discussed various trifling matters, he did not trip Miss Morrison up and show her the errors in her judgment, as he was perhaps rather too fond of doing.

They were deep in conversation when a step drew near across the grass, and looking up they saw Maurice Claughton.

He came up to them, but even while he greeted them his eyes were roaming here and there in quest of the third member of their party. There was an unusual silence on the farther side of the rhododendrons, and Agnes would not betray the young people. She kept silence, a

little maliciously; and presently Maurice sat down upon the grass at their feet, looking hopefully at Dagmar's knitting. He recognised that somewhat unfortunate piece of work, and saw in it a sign that she might soon return.

‘I have had callers,’ he said presently. ‘Old Mr. Pointer and his son. What an egregious goose that young man is!’

‘He is not wise, certainly,’ said Agnes, her eyes twinkling. ‘Was he more than usually foolish this afternoon?’

‘If possible,’ said Maurice, with a little toss of the chin. ‘He was kind enough to give me his opinion of all our neighbours, apropos, I suppose, of the gathering last week. If there is one thing that annoys me more than another, it is the way in which young idiots like that condescend to admire young ladies—ladies whose little shoes they are not worthy to touch.’

He tore up a leaf and threw it from him with some violence, and Agnes gave Mr. Layton a laughing look from under her long eyelashes.

‘I am sure any young lady would be much honoured by Mr. Pointer's notice,’ she said, wickedly. ‘Her charms must indeed be striking before he would find them out. And he, though not charming, has many solid attractions.’

Maurice sat up, and looked at her inquiringly.

‘You like to talk as if you were very worldly, Miss Morrison,’ he answered after a moment, ‘but I think it does not come from your heart. I have known very few worldly women in my life, and they usually talked the most high-flown sentiment.’

Agnes smiled. The boyish, simple fashion in which he made his little remarks upon women, amused her very much—in the rich young Englishman who had been courted in every capital in Europe.

‘Those must have been dangerous sirens indeed,’ said Mr. Layton, in a tone the lightness of which seemed a little forced.

‘They were,’ said Maurice, his face suddenly darkening. ‘I knew a man once, who loved such a woman, to his sorrow. I have been reading Tennyson's poems lately for the first time, and I found one of them that told his story as if the poet had known him. “Lady Clare Vere de Vere” it was called, I think.’

‘Was he a friend of yours?’ asked Agnes, sympathetically.

‘No; I never had but one friend. But I knew him, as one knows many men. He killed himself at last, for love of her. I think he did it in the hope of making her care; but she did not care much, even then. She was as cold as snow, and she argued that it was no fault of hers.’

‘I rather agree with her there,’ said Mr. Langton, a little contentiously. ‘I consider that he took a very mean and cowardly method of working upon her feelings. Suicide is always shuffling and cowardly; the last desperate resource of a mind too weak to face the future.’

‘I begin to agree with you,’ answered Maurice, looking away over the sunny slopes of the garden. ‘But I did not always think so. I was brought up amongst those who thought it a natural and praiseworthy thing to do; an honourable way of getting out of difficulties otherwise insurmountable. And it was rather good to think that there was always that refuge, whatever happened.’

He spoke very slowly, and as if half to himself, and his face was very dark and earnest.

‘Never think so!’ said Mr. Layton eagerly. ‘It is an unworthy temptation, believe me; arising, in nine cases out of ten, not from despair, but from indolence. Men know that they might do better—that they ought to do better. But the struggle is too terrible, and they think to escape it by one bold stroke, and have done.’

‘It has been the last hope of men who had nothing else to hope for,’ began Maurice gloomily; but in the midst of his speech his countenance cleared suddenly. A burst of talk and laughter broke out behind the rhododendrons, fresh and musical as a ‘charm’ of birds. Dick and Day had come back from some foraging expedition, and had fallen to their work with renewed vigour, enlivening it in their usual fashion.

The young man’s eyes brightened, and he shamelessly abandoned all pretence of interest in the conversation. He was just about to make some excuse for hurrying to the other side of that tantalising screen, when the Squire made his appearance.

‘Hallo, Maurice. I didn’t expect to find you here,’ he began. ‘You’ve had visitors this afternoon; they came straight on here afterwards.’

He disrespectfully pushed Dagmar’s knitting off the seat on to the grass, and took the vacant place.

‘And why, in the name of Fortune, did you make difficulties over letting old Pointer have that land he wants?’ went on Mr. Tyndal, in that friendly, fatherly way which condoned the occasional freedom of his remarks.

‘I did not want him to have it,’ answered Maurice indifferently, taking up the insulted piece of work, and disentangling the wool with deft brown fingers.

‘But it’s just what every one’s been wanting—to sell that bit. An outlying piece of land, too small to let by itself, and poor stuff at that. Running up like a wedge into old Pointer’s property, too. He told me what he’s offering you for it. More than it’s worth, though I would not tell *him* so. He’d never give it if it wasn’t for the shooting.’

The Squire fired off these sentences like so many guns, but Maurice sat provokingly impassive.

‘I do not want to sell. I shall not sell any of my land,’ he said, after a moment, smiling, and not troubling himself to look up.

‘But why not? Surely you must see that in this case it would be to your advantage?’

‘Perhaps. But I do not wish it,’ answered the young man in the same tone. He had just let one of the stitches drop in Dagmar’s knitting, and was far more anxious to pick it up properly than to consider his interests as a landed proprietor.

Mr. Tyndal looked at him with good-humoured exasperation, and shook his head.

‘Well, well!’ he said. ‘Do you know what state the farmhouse and buildings are in, belonging to that Woodside property? You’ll have to spend about as much as Pointer would give you for it in rebuilding and repairs, before another year is out.’

‘Oh, I will have all that put to rights,’ answered Maurice cheerfully. ‘I mean to have no more dilapidations on the estate. Everything shall be put in order.’

‘Talking of putting things to rights,’ said the Squire, with his usual happy knack of saying the wrong thing, ‘how is it you’ve been so behindhand, Layton? I thought you were so keen after a lot of alterations up yonder. I expected you’d have had a new chancel out of our friend here, by this time. It’s his business, and not mine, as I’ve often told you.’

For once the Squire was aware, the moment he had spoken, that he had, so to speak, put his foot in it.

Mr. Layton said nothing, but looked as nearly discomposed as he was ever known to look. And Maurice, lifting his head, glanced sharply from one to the other with his lips set.

‘Mr. Layton does not wish for my help in church-work,’ he said, constrainedly. ‘And he is quite right. I am one of those who have no part in such matters. I was brought up as a heathen, I confess. Strange! isn’t it?—that one who has so seldom seen the inside of a church should find part of one belonging to him?’

He laughed, a little harshly, as he spoke, and rose lightly up without any leave-taking, and disappeared round the rhododendrons. But if those whom he left behind felt any distress at the idea of his having been offended, they might have been relieved a moment after by hearing his voice, gayest among the gay, chaffing Dick, and very mildly remonstrating with Day, for their wild notions of hydrostatics.

Mr. Tyndal looked at Mr. Layton in surprise.

‘Why, what’s all this?’ he asked. ‘Has the lad been doing anything that I never heard of? Do you mean to say that he offered help for the church, and you wouldn’t have it?’

‘Mr. Claughton proposed making some alterations, but I do not encourage the idea,’ said Mr. Layton reluctantly.

‘But why? Do you know anything to his discredit—any reason why he shouldn’t do something for the church?’

‘No, I know nothing,’ said the Vicar eagerly. ‘I have no reason to say that I can guess or think anything. In refusing his offer, I

merely followed a whim of my own, which perhaps I had no right to follow. I must beg of you not to attach any importance to it.'

'But that was a very strong measure,' said Mr. Tyndal, who had grown very fond of his ex-ward. 'I don't wonder if the lad was hurt. You had no right to refuse him, let me tell you, unless you really knew of something,—and something worse than common.'

'Let us say no more about it,' answered Mr. Layton, looking distressed. 'If I find that I am wrong, I shall be only too glad to ask Mr. Claughton's pardon for having wronged him in thought. Indeed, I am so far from feeling sure of what I think, that I feel we are wronging him even by talking of it. Let it rest; and time will show all things.'

The Squire would hardly have been willing to let it rest even so, but that his niece Agnes came to Mr. Layton's help. She knew well her uncle's delightful inconsequentiality, and by a well-timed question or two contrived to set him off for the present upon another tack, a service for which the Vicar felt truly grateful.

Meantime Maurice had helped to put to rights the future fountain, and had beguiled Dick and Day down through the plantation to the border of the Court lands. There was a pond, upon which were water-lilies and a punt; and Maurice declared his intention of making a lily flower in the little basin of the fountain, though he should have to transplant the entire contents of the pond to achieve it.

Such an adventure was precisely to Dagmar's taste, and she looked on with great delight while Maurice and Dick splashed and shouted and made themselves as wet as a couple of water-spaniels, and filled the punt with long slimy roots.

Maurice had declined to allow her to risk her life in the crazy old boat, so she roamed round the margin of the pond in the level yellow sunlight, filling her hands with tall reeds and water-grass, and murmuring her most doleful songs, as was her wont when she was particularly happy.

Presently the boat came back to land; nothing but Maurice's strong hand and rapid interposition having saved Dick, two or three times over, from an intimate acquaintance with the black mud at the bottom of the pond.

Dick loaded himself with what looked like a bundle of muddy snakes, and rushed on ahead; and Maurice and Dagmar followed, Maurice carrying more carefully the one or two more likely-looking roots which were still graced with a flower or two. The dressing-bell at the Court clanged out on the hill behind them, but he took no notice, as they two sauntered up through the green alleys together, imagining themselves to be talking about lilies, and branching off as widely from the subject as Mr. Ruskin does in that most beautiful book of his which takes its title from lilies in conjunction with the mystic sesame.

Oh, pleasant talks in the low evening light! blissful anticipations

wild theories, dreamy speculations, low sweet laughter! These are the hours when we are in Paradise,—all unaware of it, till afterwards; hours that two may remember, through long happy years, together; or that one may remember, through longer years, alone.

They had nearly reached the Hall, when Mr. Tyndal met and joined them. Maurice's wrongs, received from Mr. Layton, were still rankling in his kindly breast; and he was even more friendly and fatherly than usual, as if to make amends. He would have the young man come in to dinner, and, as they entered the hall together, he laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and darkly intimated that parsons were sometimes crotchety, and that too much attention must not be paid to what they said.

Dagmar turned, with her foot on the first step of the stair, her soft flushed cheek and shining eyes glancing over the long slanting grey-green lines of the water-grass she held.

'If you mean Mr. Layton in particular amongst parsons in general, I can assure you that he is *not* crotchety. And every word he says is true, and worthy of being attended to.'

Her father only laughed in answer, and she laughed also, and went up the stairs, waving her green plumes and softly chanting—

'Up the airy mountain, and down the rushy glen,
We canna gang a-hunting, for fear of little men,
Wee folk, good folk, trooping a-thegither.'

'Mr. Layton would be pleased to know that he had such a champion,' said her proud father, still laughing; and Maurice answered, with unusual gravity—

'He would indeed.'

But the next moment Dagmar came flying down again to beg one of the lilies that had been broken off to put in her hair; and the young man's gravity vanished again as he selected one of the flowers with fingers that almost trembled with eagerness, and received in return a very important and confidential commission concerning the welfare of Plato, the owl.

That was a very pleasant dinner, but it was the last Maurice had at the Hall for many a day. He seemed to be up to his ears in business, looking after the estate, riding here and there, as if in a great hurry, and bent, not only on having everything put to rights, but on having it done more quickly than anything had ever been done in that peaceable slow-going county before.

The family at the Hall saw nothing of him, except at church, where he was always to be seen on a Sunday morning, his dark head towering above the moreen curtains of the Court pew, and his eyes fixed, all through the sermon, upon Mr. Layton.

The Vicar was heartily rejoiced to see him there, having feared that the unfortunate proposal, which had been made and refused, might have driven him from church altogether. Moreover, he could not divest himself of the idea,—when, during his sermon, he met the

intent gaze of those luminous eyes,—that a keen though unpractised intelligence was facing a problem never hitherto brought before it.

‘It is what I have always wished, to have an educated heathen to deal with,’ said Mr. Layton reflectively, to himself. ‘I would give a good deal to know *how* ignorant he really is; but it would not be safe to try to find out.’

Mr. Tyndal was far from feeling as well satisfied with his ex-ward’s proceedings. He could not help fearing that Maurice was somehow unsettled, and he was dreadfully disturbed when the young man professed his unwillingness to become a justice of the peace, and declined the good offices of several kind friends in the country, who would willingly have mentioned his name to the Lord-Lieutenant.

‘I see how it is,’ groaned Mr. Tyndal to his wife. ‘The lad has been knocking about so long that no wonder he finds it hard to settle down. He’ll be off again one of these days, and goodness knows when we shall ever see him back again! Why couldn’t that punctilious idiot Layton let him occupy himself with church restoration? or anything else that would give him an interest in his native place?’

Mrs. Tyndal gently suggested that Maurice seemed to be taking more interest in his estate than he had ever done; but the Squire only shook his head gloomily.

‘It’s my belief that he’s just setting things to rights, before he takes himself off,’ he sighed. ‘He was at me the last time I saw him to know who was heir-at-law to the estate, failing himself, and bothering about considering *his* interests and not cutting down any timber. I told him it was only that starched old prig Henry Wallingford, who has more money already than he knows what to do with. But such talk doesn’t sound much like a man who intends to settle down—and—marry.’

Mr. Tyndal glanced guiltily at his wife as he uttered the last word; but she, though she knew well enough what he meant, would not help him out or pursue the subject any further.

Meanwhile the object of all this thought and care went on his own way with his wonted cheerful obstinacy; and what that way was he told to no one. Maurice Claughton was very unreserved, up to a certain point; but beyond that point no sphinx could have been more mysterious or impenetrable.

It was a lovely day, and Maurice and his good bay horse, the Chevalier, found themselves, in the middle of the afternoon, on one of the long ridges that shut in the valley where lay the Court and the Hall. Before him, at the head of the valley, lay wide spaces of untracked moorland, untracked save for a green ride here and there, opal-tinted in the hazy afternoon sunlight. The road on which he was riding led to a rude grey-stone farm house, with its small out-buildings, and there ended; but through the farmyard one could gain the moor beyond, where a winding green track led away into space.

Suddenly, as Maurice rode slowly up to the farm gate, the

Chevalier lifted his head and whinnied an equine greeting. Two saddle horses were tied to the gate, near the 'upping stock' of rough grey stone; and Maurice recognised at once the Squire's stout grey cob, and Dagmar's little bay mare.

Hastily dismounting, and tying the Chevalier at a safe distance, Maurice was about to enter the house, when some instinct made him turn and glance across the farm-yard.

There, a little way along the rough cart-track, seated on a grey boulder that stood up among the bracken and heather, was the figure that just now interested the young owner of the Court far more than the tenants he had come to see.

He turned his back upon the house, carefully opened the crazy gate, and went with a noiseless step across the heather to where that figure sat, like a lovely statue, in its close-clinging folds of heavy cloth, relieved against the blue misty distance of moor and fell.

Dagmar was so far her mother's own daughter that it was very difficult to take her by surprise. When Maurice appeared by her side, as if he had sprung out of the heather, she made no exclamation and asked no meaningless questions.

'I thought it was my father,' she said, withdrawing her clear dark eyes from the landscape, and letting them rest on him for an instant. 'I wanted some one to enjoy this view with me. Look!'

She waved her little gauntleted hand towards the wide expanse of moorland, tending slowly downwards for a mile or so, then up again for another mile, and so on, in long undulating lines, bending softly one with another. The soft wind blew freshly, as if from the sea, and the plover wheeling here and there might stand very well for sea-gulls. There might be felt too something of the mysterious charm of the sea, the feeling of loneliness and wonder, of being cut off, upon that side, from all known latitudes, environed only by unknown solitudes and fairy-lands forlorn!

Maurice looked obediently, but as soon as he dared he took his eyes from the landscape and bent them upon what interested him more. Dagmar Tyndal, in one of Wolmerhausen's best riding-habits, with her hair closely plaited beneath her trim little felt hat, was a very different person from Day, running about the Hall gardens in a tumbled print gown, with one of Dick's straw hats perched above the thick loose coils that each sun-ray edged with gold. But Maurice had arrived at that stage in which the last phase seemed always the loveliest, and if she did not read his heart in his eyes it was only because her own was so full of other things.

'Have you been here often?' he asked, sitting on the heather at her feet.

'Often enough to know it well, but not often enough to have grown accustomed to it,' she answered. 'Each time it seems to me as though I had never really seen it before. It is my land of mystery and romance, the background of half the stories I care for most.'

‘I understand,’ said Maurice. ‘When I was a boy I have had the same fancies concerning a piece of forest-land near to where we were then living. I have seen half the world since then, but not all the wonders in it have seemed to me so full of wonder as one turn in the rough road that led through that bit of forest, a place where the view was shut off by a steep face of rock and a dark overhanging pine. I never saw that spot, in any dream, waking or sleeping, without the fancy that *some one* was just coming round that rock whom I would give years of my life to see.’

‘I know! That is my feeling,’ cried Dagmar, with glowing eyes. ‘My last hero is always riding over this moor, coming out of Elfin Land.’

She laughed a little, as if in scorn of her own fancies, but she looked eagerly out over the moor, as if looking for the gleam of the fairy-knight’s silver armour and the flash of his shield.

‘Who rides over it now?’ asked Maurice gently.

‘Just now it is the Scottish Border. Not that I ever saw the Border, but I am sure it is not unlike this. And Scotts and Graemes, Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, are riding and running, chasing one another back and forward over this Debatable Land. They have great fun up here, and life is very interesting in spite of the occasional tragedy,—in spite of Fair Helen of Kirkconnell lying dead in her lover’s arms, and poor Christie Graeme killing his true friend and brother in arms, and dying after by his own hand.

‘Is he your last hero? Tell me all about him,’ said the young man. Her voice was music, whether the subject was particularly interesting or not.

‘I will—if you will tell me after *who* it was who was to come round that corner in the rocky path you spoke of!’

Dagmar gave him one keen swift glance as she spoke, and then relapsed into dreaminess, holding her little silver-mounted whip across her knees, and looking away again towards the horizon.

‘Well!’ said Maurice after a moment, since she showed no inclination to begin.

‘Oh! it is a simple story enough,’ she answered dreamily. ‘They were dear friends, these two poor lads, Graeme and Bewick, and their two rough old fathers made a match for them to fight one another,—pitted them against each other like two dogs. And Christie Graeme, being driven to it for fear of his father’s curse, goes out to fight his friend, vowing in his heart to come home no more. They meet, and talk it over in the friendliest fashion, but the poor boys see no other way out of it—

“Oh, hold thy tongue now, brother Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be.
If thou’rt a man, as I’m sure thou art,
Come over the dyke, and fight with me.”

So they fight, and at last Bewick falls, and Graeme in despair asks

him if he is mortally wounded. But he only answers by praying his friend to escape, before the Bewicks raise the country against him. And Christie Graeme, guessing the truth from this, sets his sword upright in a little hillock and throws himself upon it, and so dies by his friend's side. Then comes out old Sir Robert Bewick, and tries to congratulate his son on being the survivor; but Bewick only answers—

“‘(Of your prideful talking let me be,
You might have drunken your wine in peace,
And have let me and my brother be.’”

So the two friends are buried in one grave, “baith wide and deep,” and the two selfish old fathers lament over their loss,—as well they may!’

‘A most moving tale,’ answered Maurice after a moment. ‘But it need not have ended quite so sadly.’

‘It is true!’ said Dagmar, in a slightly offended tone.

‘Still less need it have ended so sadly,’ he persisted. ‘Surely he need not have killed himself after killing his friend? There must have been some one belonging to him besides his grim old father,—some betrothed maiden, perhaps, for whose sake it should still have been worth while to live.’

‘I don’t know,’ said Dagmar, slowly and reflectively. ‘One would not recommend suicide, I suppose. But it seems to me that the story would have ended much more sadly if he had gone on living, after that. If *I* had been his betrothed maiden——’

‘Well?’ asked Maurice. He sat a little more upright as he spoke and looked away; but the tone of that one word was more earnest than suited the rest of the conversation, and his hands were clenched together on his thick hunting crop.

‘Well?’ she repeated, with a slight visionary blush, ‘I should have cared for him, I suppose, as much as other maidens in the same circumstances do. But—I think—I would never have spoken to him again, if he had come back to me from that fight safe and well.’

She spoke with the crystal-clear hard judgment of youth, of one who had no idea of the strength and weakness of real love.

But to her companion the words were simply hers; not to be judged or argued about, but to be accepted humbly. If she had been looking at him she might have seen that he flinched at them as if some one had struck him a blow. But she was not looking, and when he spoke, a moment after, his voice had regained its contemplative, half-indifferent tone.

‘Surely,’ he said, ‘you are too severe. Friendship, even though it be ended with a tragedy like that, is not everything. There is love, and all the wide fair world, and “that sweet habit of living.” Need a man throw all these away because he has lost, through his own fault, the man he loved best in the world?’

‘Nay! if he lives on because he thinks it right, that is another thing. But if it be for the sake of the pleasure still to be found in life, I would rather he should say with Horatio—

“‘I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here is still some poison left.”’

Maurice turned suddenly round, with lips pressed tight and eyes that looked strangely in earnest for such a vague semi-philosophical conversation.

‘Do you really mean what you say?’ he asked, looking straight into her eyes. And in one moment Dagmar would have come down out of her heroics, and confessed that she was not sure whether she meant it all, or half of it; when the farmyard gate fell to with a clatter, and the Squire came striding towards them.

‘Come, Missy!’ he cried. ‘Are you tired of waiting? Must have thought I was never coming. Why! Maurice, are you here? Then you’ve been company for each other. Well! come along now. I’m tired of waiting, if you’re not.’

‘Don’t wait for me,’ said Maurice. ‘I have business with these people up here before I can leave.’

They had crossed the farmyard together, and he was helping Dagmar to settle herself on the bay mare as he spoke.

‘Oh! don’t go in there now,’ said Mr. Tyndal, in his headlong fashion. ‘I’ve been trying to square matters there for you, and I think I’ve done it. Come along with us, and hear what I’ve settled before you do anything further.’

The Squire was too full of his subject to notice the ominous lifting of Maurice’s eyebrows. But the young man mounted without further demur, and rode beside him down the lane, while Mr. Tyndal plunged at once *in medias res*.

‘It’s a ruinous affair, that lease of theirs. Calthrop and I never ought to have been talked into consenting to it. And since the man’s illness they can’t possibly keep things going. I’ve been thinking a great deal about it, and since we happened to be up this way, I thought I’d just call in and see them about it,—knowing them so well, and all the circumstances——’

He paused. Maurice looked depressed and a little sulky, and he said not a word.

‘They might be more willing to speak openly to me, I thought,’ went on the Squire apologetically. ‘And I think that if they are dealt with liberally they will be willing to give up the lease. I had some trouble to talk them into it,—they and theirs have been there for seventy years, they say,—but I think they see now that it will be to their interest as well as yours——’

Still silence. Mr. Tyndal began to look a little uncomfortable.

‘I thought I would tell you,—before you saw them,—how far I had paved the way for you.’

‘I do not wish them to give up the lease. I was on my way this afternoon to tell them so,’ said Maurice at last.

‘But!—Do not wish it! Why! Maurice, you must be dreaming. Calthrop and I have been ashamed of ourselves ever since we renewed that lease.’

‘It was renewed, and there is an end of it. I do not wish for any changes.’

It was not often that Maurice allowed his obstinacy to take such a dogged tone; but Mr. Tyndal hardly recognised the new quality.

‘Well!’ he said, ‘there’s bound to be some change now. They will be quite prepared for it, after what I said.’

‘I will ride back now, and tell them that there is no need for them to trouble themselves about it. I wish the lease to run on.’

‘You’ll not be behaving very well to me if you do,’ cried the Squire, never the most reasonable of men, and least of all reasonable when put out. ‘I did not concern myself with your affairs for my own profit; nor did I expect to have my words contradicted before they were well out of my mouth.’

‘Mr. Tyndal,’ said the young man haughtily, ‘is the Moor Hay Farm upon your lands, or upon mine?’

‘Upon yours, undoubtedly,’ said the Squire, with deep offence. ‘But you seem to forget that your estate has had the benefit of my influence and experience, equally with my own, for more than twenty years.’

Dagmar knew that when her father came to using fine language he was very angry indeed. Hitherto she had been looking away, pretending not to notice the disagreement, but now she gave the bay mare a cut of the whip and a twitch of the rein that made her swerve sharply round and canon against her father’s cob. Both the men turned instantly towards her, and with her eyes she said to Maurice, ‘Go!’

It was the first time she had ever consciously used her power as a woman, and a beautiful one. The effect was so instantaneous that it almost startled her. Maurice checked the words that were evidently hovering on his lips, gave them one of the stately sweeping bows that they had hardly seen since his first arrival, wheeled his horse round, and rode back up the lane.

Dagmar and her father rode home in silence; Mr. Tyndal still fuming and nursing his wrongs till he could pour them out into his wife’s sympathising ears; and Day thinking to herself that after all there was some compensation for the trouble of growing up in finding a glance thus promptly obeyed.

Telling one’s wrongs to Mrs. Tyndal was rather like banging a feather pillow,—it let off the steam and hurt nobody.

She always listened and sympathised, but by the time she had done so, the wrongs had generally dwindled into insignificance, and the offender’s fault looked less enormous.

Mr. Tyndal was always at least as placable as he was easily irritated, and he soon came to admit that he had been in the wrong, and that he was too slow to realise that Maurice was now a man, who must manage his own affairs in his own fashion.

He was quite ready to let bygones be bygones, and to meet Maurice in the friendliest fashion. But Maurice was not to be met. He seemed to have disappeared from all his accustomed haunts, and a note which Mrs Tyndal sent up, asking him to dinner, produced only a note in return, couched in his very politest foreign idiom, but pleading a previous engagement, of a kind which might well be merely an excuse.

So matters went on for another week, and then the Squire came suddenly into the drawing-room one day, and flung himself into an easy-chair in an access of mingled vexation and regret.

‘Well!’ he said, ‘it’s all up now. Calthrop tells me that Maurice has been with him to-day, making arrangements to go abroad again. He is quite determined, Calthrop says, and means to be away for an indefinite time.’

‘But where is he going, and when?’ asked Mrs. Tyndal gently.

‘Oh! goodness knows! To Timbuctoo, I dare say. And he talks of being off in a fortnight’s time, and laughed in Calthrop’s face when he suggested that he would need a little longer time to have things in order.’

‘He certainly ought to have told you of his intentions first,’ said she, with unusual decision.

‘He is angry with me still, I suppose. Young men are so touchy now-a-days; one had need to be careful what one says to them. But he needn’t have made so much of a hasty word. And I—that thought it was the next best thing to having a son of my own——’

Mr. Tyndal’s voice died away into disconsolate mutterings, and his wife’s soft eyes filled suddenly with tears. The bright boy, Dick, was dear to them, and their beautiful daughter was the very pride and joy of their hearts; but neither of them had ever quite got over their grief for the boy-baby;—the only one they had ever had—who had been born twelve months before Dagmar, and who had lived but half a day.

In the midst of the regretful pause Dagmar came into the room, and her father told her at once of Maurice’s threatened departure, while her mother watched her, a little anxiously, the while. She pursed up her pretty lips, and shook her head.

‘I hope he is not going away in a pet,’ she said. ‘It will be rather stupid of him, if he does. But perhaps he will not go, after all; or if he goes he will soon come back!’

Away she went, singing very cheerfully—

‘My hounds may a’ rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal-lands,
For here again will I never be.’

But in her heart she thought 'Perhaps if I said one word he would not go at all! How strange men are! If I could go and wander about the world wherever I chose, I would not stop at home because of a girl. But men are different.'

Dagmar was perfectly right, more right even than she knew. A word from her was driving Maurice Claughton abroad; and another word from her would have kept him at home. Moreover, he had no intention whatever of going abroad without giving her the opportunity of saying that word.

But the Fates, smiling ironically at him and his plans, stepped in at the last moment and disarranged them all.

Dagmar had paid more than one visit to the little invalid, the gardener's daughter at Shardbrook, since that day when she and Maurice had been there together, and circumstances had elicited his strange fancy for doctoring.

She had found out, on one of her visits, that Maurice had called there again, to enquire after the child and to press her seeing a doctor: and that his contrivance had not only relieved her wonderfully, but had been approved—not to say imitated—by the doctor whom they had at last called in. Sometimes his look and tone on that occasion haunted Dagmar.

'I could hardly set up a surgery at the Court,' he had said, with a bitter laugh. Could it be that he could not be happy without the work he loved, and that he was going to throw off the trammels of money and position and find work for himself in some rough corner of the globe? Dagmar could not quite make this theory fit in with all the facts of the case, but she found it an interesting subject.

She thought of it a great deal one sunny summer afternoon, about a week before the time talked of for Maurice's departure, as she was riding to Shardbrook, on her way to visit little Janie.

As she had passed the place where the Chevalier had appeared over the high stiff hedge, she had involuntarily looked up, as if in expectation. But no one came, and she was not sorry. It was quite as agreeable to her to think about Maurice Claughton as to talk to him. He merely took the place of Christie Graeme, or Earl Percy, or Edom o' Gordon: and she no more wished to see him than she expected to see any of those visionary heroes.

There is always something startling in the sound of any one running, unless it be only the patter of children's hurrying feet. Dagmar instinctively drew rein, startled, as she heard, just as she rode slowly into Shardbrook village, the tread of a man running fast in heavy boots.

He was coming round the corner from Simpson's cottage, and in a moment he came in sight. It was Simpson himself, crimson-faced, and out of breath with running.

He slackened speed as he caught sight of them, and came panting to Dagmar's bridle-rein.

‘You’ll have heard, then, Miss Tyndal? I’m sure I’m thankful to see you. We’ve taken him to our house, being the nearest, but there’s none of us knows what to do. I was just running to Mr. Pointer’s to get some one to ride for the doctor. But you’ll perhaps let John go, now?’

Dagmar’s mare, Gipsy, was not fond of standing, and she moved on impatiently while Simpson was speaking, while he turned back, not unwillingly. Two or three steps more brought them in sight of the cottage. The garden gate stood open, and beside it and round the door half-a-dozen men were lingering, as if doubtful what to do, yet loath to go away.

For once in her life Dagmar was really frightened, too frightened to ask any questions. She pulled up at the gate, slipped off before any one had time to come to her assistance, dropped the rein without looking to see whether the groom or Simpson had hold of it, and passed quickly up the little garden.

The first thing that met her eyes as she opened the door, which was on the latch, was Janie’s little bed, and Janie’s little pale face, full of excitement, on the pillow.

The next was Maurice Claughton, stretched out flat on the floor, his dark hair and rough riding suit dripping with water, his face white and set, with closed eyes.

For a moment Dagmar’s heart stood still, and so did she, and in that moment Mrs. Simpson came forward, with a face of anxious importance.

‘Oh! Miss Day. I’m glad you’ve come,—but I wish it was your Ma. We don’t know what to do. It was the horse missed his footing on the bank, where it was steep, and fell back on to Mr. Claughton into the brook. Simpson was passing, with two or three more, and they got him out and carried him here on a hurdle.’

‘Where was it?’ asked Dagmar, finding her voice at last.

‘Down by the Leasowes. It was a long way for them to bring him, but there’s no place nearer; and he must have suffered terrible. “Lay me down on the floor,” he said, “and don’t put anything under my head.” And then he fainted dead away. I’m afraid he’s hurt very bad.’

‘Don’t talk nonsense, and frighten Miss Tyndal,’ said a voice, rather faintly, from the floor. ‘See! you may give me a pillow, now. Ah! thanks,’—as Dagmar came quickly forward to help, with hands more deft and gentle than Mrs. Simpson’s, and Janie eagerly volunteered the loan of one of her pillows. ‘Some water, if you please.’

‘I think you’ve had enough of water, sir,’ said Mrs. Simpson grimly. ‘Here’s a drop of brandy one of them’s just brought. That’ll do you more good.’

‘Very well,’ said Maurice meekly. ‘You see you were right, Miss Tyndal, and the Chevalier and I have come to grief. I hope he’s not much the worse for it, poor fellow.’

‘Never mind him just now,’ cried Dagmar impatiently. ‘Can you tell us what we ought to do for you?’

‘Well, I suppose I ought to get home as soon as possible, and see a doctor. I’ve broken my right arm, and I believe there’s a rib or two gone as well. You needn’t look so horrified, indeed! Ribs—some ribs, that is—are of very little consequence. It is unpleasant for the time, that is all.’

Dagmar turned quickly away, and was at the bottom of the garden almost before he had done speaking.

‘John!’ she cried breathlessly, ‘leave Gipsy with one of these men, and ride back as quick as possible. Go first to Dr. Merivale’s, and send him here as fast as he can come. Then go on home and send the carriage, and ask my father to come, if you can find him. Stay! you had better go to Mr. Pointer’s on your way, and tell them Mr. Claughton has met with an accident, and ask them if they will lend their carriage, to save time.’

‘Mr. Pointer’s carriage is pretty sure to be out, Miss Day,’ answered the sedate and elderly groom. ‘But I’ll have ours here before very long, you may be sure. And if the Doctor’s out, as he surely will be, I’ll leave word for him to come to the Hall as quick as may be.’

John set off at a sharp trot, while Dagmar went slowly back into the house, longing to do something, but chilled by unaccustomed shyness.

‘Does it hurt you much?’ little Janie was saying, as the young lady crossed the threshold.

‘Pretty well,’ answered Maurice, with a faint smile. ‘Not so very much, as long as they let me alone. Not so much as your leg used to hurt you sometimes, little one.’

‘Ah! but my leg never hurts so bad as that now,’ said Janie wisely. ‘The Doctor’s put me a heavier weight on than the one you put. It’s standing there by the door again now. Would it make your arm better? Miss Day would tie it on for you.’

‘You mustn’t make me laugh, Janie,’ answered Maurice, smiling, but with an odd little twist of the lips. ‘I’m sure Miss Day would do anything she could to make either of us better. Shall we ask her to come and sit round by the door, where we can both of us look at her?’

‘I can see her where she is now,’ returned Janie promptly. ‘But *wouldn’t* it make your arm better if it was pulled?’

‘I’m afraid not,’ said the young man, with a half laugh that ended in that queer hard catch of the breath that betrays when men would like to groan, but will not. ‘But tell Miss Day that she is not fair to me. I ought to have my share of looking too.’

Dagmar moved quietly to the corner by the door.

‘I wish,’ she said, with a half-imploring look, ‘that you would tell me something I could really do for you, instead of talking nonsense.’

‘Do I talk nonsense?’ he answered, devouring her face with eyes in which physical pain and a kind of glad exaltation were strangely mingled. ‘Never mind if I do. I dare say the brandy has got into my head. It is the first I have tasted in England, and it is so bad it may well have remarkable effects.’

‘I am sure you are hurting yourself in trying to talk so much,’ answered Dagmar quietly. She looked round for some one to help her, but Mrs. Simpson seemed to consider that her responsibility had come to an end now that the young lady had appeared on the scene, and was simply standing with her hands under her apron, waiting to be told what to do. The men had withdrawn from the door, and were grouped round the gate, Gipsy in the midst of them, tossing her head and pawing the ground with an impatient hoof.

‘I must talk!’ retorted Maurice. ‘My fall has got into my head, if the brandy has not. I thought I was going abroad, next week. Adam and Eve had not a week’s notice before they were turned out of Paradise, had they?’

‘I really don’t know; I think not,’ answered Dagmar, speaking rather at random, and wishing that she could do something, or that Mrs. Simpson would not stand there like an inquisitive statue.

‘Well, you see, I had. A week! No, three weeks! That merely made matters worse, I think. And the angel commissioned to turn me out had no—— Well! perhaps I shall not have to go abroad now, after all.’

‘We shall all be very glad of that; my father especially,’ she answered sedately. ‘But surely you had better be quiet until the Doctor comes?’

‘Your father? Ah, there was something wrong there! I have to ask his pardon, I remember. I wish you would come a little nearer,’ he went on, half petulantly, with a sudden shiver. ‘This pain is making me so dizzy I can hardly see you. Will you tell the *haus-Frau* that she may give me a little more of that execrable brandy?’

Dagmar dropped at once her little shyness and her girlish dignity, and from that moment was no more embarrassed than if she had been her own mother.

‘How cold you are!’ she said, kneeling on the stones beside him, and administering a spoonful of brandy with judicial gravity. ‘No wonder! You are lying in your wet clothes, just in a draught. Mrs. Simpson, will you kindly shut the door, and bring us a rug or a blanket?’

The good woman did as she was bid, and Dagmar folded the blanket over her patient with such light feather-touches that he almost laughed.

‘I have not broken *all* my bones,’ he said, ungratefully. ‘And if I had, such hands as those could hardly hurt me.’

‘It is very bad for you to be lying on these cold stones,’ said Dagmar, with a motherly air that sat so exquisitely upon her that

Maurice had much ado to refrain from telling her his opinion of it. 'I wish the carriage would come.'

'I *don't*,' he answered, with a look that gave point to the words. Then, as if fearing he had betrayed too much, he added hastily, 'I may be excused for being in no hurry to move. It must come, sooner or later, but it will be a bad quarter of an hour when it comes.'

'But your arm,' she said, looking at it as it lay helpless by his side, with a sort of fascination. 'The longer it waits the worse it will be to set, won't it?'

'Perhaps. If we were in the backwoods, now, as I have been, with no doctor within fifty miles, I would tell you how to do it, and with a little help from my other hand it might be done. You would have courage. I can see that. It is a tempting idea! But we will not provoke Dr. Merivale by any rash interference with his practice.'

He smiled as he spoke, but shivered again. His shirt had been unfastened at the neck, displaying a little more than usual of a sun-browned shapely throat. He put up his left hand to it, and felt about a little; then let it drop, with a sudden sharp contraction of the brows.

'I must have lost it in the brook,' he murmured, almost inaudibly. 'Well! if I can go and look for it some day, it may be found. If only no one else finds it——'

'I will fasten it for you,' said Dagmar, composedly. 'But there is not much good in that—it is all so wet. Did you think you had lost your stud? It is here, quite safe.'

'That is well,' he answered. 'Is it the onyx your father gave me at Christmas? We had not quarrelled then. Do you think he will forgive me? I don't know what made me behave so badly,—but I had never the best of tempers.'

'My father would forgive a worse offence than that,' she answered warmly. 'And I heard him own to my mother afterwards that he was too apt to interfere in your concerns as if they were his own.'

'I ought to have been only too thankful to him for being so kind as to take an interest in them,' said Maurice remorsefully. 'But something had made me touchy that afternoon. I had begun to realise that I must turn my back on my English Paradise, and I was half crazy.'

'My father would only be grieved to know that you were grieving yourself about it.'

'Well! the poor old Chevalier has overturned all my plans. I wonder where he is, and what they have done with him? Perhaps my ex-gardener will forgive and forget, and go and find out for me.'

'I will ask him,' said Dagmar. She was just rising when Maurice caught her habit with his left hand.

'Don't go!' he said impulsively. Then—'I beg your pardon.'

Miss Day allows us some privileges when we can't move, doesn't she, little one? We don't want her to go, do we?'

'Mother will go,' said Janie, rather grandly. 'You've had Miss Day ever since she came, this time; but I don't mind, because your arm hurts so. She can talk to me next time.'

Dagmar turned her head, blushing ever so slightly, and hastily explained to Mrs. Simpson what was wanted. The good woman went to speak to her husband, who was just outside, and Day sat still where she was, on a little stool that had been Janie's, just between the foot of Janie's bed and the hem of the blanket that she had tucked over her patient.

'You would not talk to Mr. Claughton at all the first time he came to see you, Janie,' said she, stroking the child's thin hand.

'I was frightened of him then,' answered Janie promptly. She was fast learning, in truth, that absence of shyness that mortal illness often brings to quick-witted children. 'He's been to see me lots of times since then, and I don't mind him now. He brought me this,' and she produced a gaily-coloured picture-book from under her pillow.

'Kindchen! that was not to be spoken about,' murmured Maurice reprovingly.

'I know!' said Janie, unabashed, and making the most of the attention which Miss Day seemed at last disposed to yield to her. 'I am to tell him what I would like best in the world, and then he will write it down; and perhaps Sant—Santa Claus—will bring it me! Did I say it right that time?'

'Quite right!' he answered, with the same quick catch of the breath. Then he added rapidly, in French, 'If anything should happen—if I should not be here—would you, in your goodness, remember and keep my promise for me?'

'I will!' answered Dagmar, with an anxious eye upon her patient's face. Without waiting to be asked this time she filled the spoon again with the brandy that stood exhaling its powerful odour in a tea-cup on the table, and knelt down and administered it with an air of decision that admitted of no discussion or resistance.

'When you write to Santa Claus, Mr. Maurice, shall you ask him to bring *you* anything? What should you like best in the world?'

'You should say "Mr. Claughton," Janie,' said her mother, who had come back and was standing over the group with an important air.

'He told me to call him Mr. Maurice,' answered the child a little rebelliously. 'What *should* you like best, Mr. Maurice?'

Maurice was looking at the lovely face that bent down over him, with a look that could hardly be mistaken, even by one who had thought so much more of the beauty of La Belle Isoud and Elaine the Fair than of her own comeliness.

'I want two things, little one,' he answered slowly. 'One is sweet

enough to content me all my days. And the other is short and sharp, and I should need nothing after. But I cannot have both, and perhaps Santa Claus will not bring me either.'

'Janie!' said Dagmar gently, 'I think you had better talk to *me* now—softly in my ear;— and let Mr. Claughton rest. Show me your pictures.'

She bent forward, and Janie spread open her book—a translation from the German, with the quaintest illustrations—in huge delight. Perhaps Dagmar's attention was a little disturbed by the unusual circumstances, but she knew children and their ways too well not to make all the appropriate remarks of wonder and admiration.

But her eyes wandered anxiously from the pictures to her patient, lying motionless at her feet with closed eyes and lips compressed; and to the turn of the lane which was visible from the little window.

'Here's the carriage, Miss Day,' said Simpson at last, opening the door. 'And here's the doctor, too, for which I am truly thankful.'

So was Dagmar, though she said nothing. She rose, and looked out of the window as if her impatient eyes could hasten the newcomers, and in a moment her father and Doctor Merivale both alighted at the gate.

The Doctor, a kindly-looking grey-haired man, went straight to Maurice's side, without stopping to ask any questions. But the Squire stood still on the threshold, in dismay. He had evidently not realised that there was so much amiss as Maurice's face and attitude betrayed.

'I'll tell you what is wrong in a moment,' said Maurice, rather impatiently, before the Doctor had had time to speak a word. 'Just make Mr. Tyndal come here to me first.'

The Squire drew near, eager and distressed.

'My dear lad! What is it, and how did it happen?'

'I want to beg your pardon!' said the young man. His eyes were shining, and a little colour was beginning to burn in either cheek. 'I behaved atrociously the last time we met——'

'Say nothing about it,' entreated the Squire. 'I'm an old fool, and it was all my fault. Don't think of it, *now*——'

'There was more than that,' said Maurice, a little confusedly. 'But I forgot,—you don't know about that,—and I can't explain. Doctor! I have broken my arm: and if you think you had better set it before you move me, I am ready now. Only send the Squire away, along with Miss Tyndal. He is too tender-hearted to stand this kind of thing. You and I, who have been in the hospitals, think little of a simple fracture.'

'You had better go!' said Dr. Merivale in an undertone. 'Mr. Claughton must be allowed his own way just now. Try if you can get a board or two to lay across the seats of the carriage. And send me in the most responsible-looking of those men out there.'

Dagmar slipped her hand under her father's arm, and drew him

out. He was more than unwilling to go; but he was one of those hale and hearty men who have a holy awe of doctors, and generally do implicitly as they are told.

‘Are you nervous?’ asked the Doctor quietly, with his fingers on Maurice’s wrist, when he had finished his hasty examination and sent Mrs. Simpson away to hunt for something that might serve for splints and bandages. ‘It is a simple fracture, as you say, and will easily be reduced. Your side must be very painful, but as far as I can judge it will be nothing serious.’

‘No! I am not nervous,’ answered the young man, with a strange look, at once defiant and appealing. ‘But there is more wrong than lies within your scope. I tell you,—and I know what I am talking about,—the kindest thing you could do for me would be to give me an anæsthetic while you set my arm: and give me just a little too much, so that I should never feel pain more!’

‘My dear Mr. Claughton!’

‘Oh! you need not look shocked. I know you would not do it,’ he answered, turning a little sullen. ‘And you need not be afraid of my doing it for myself. They have left me not even that way, now.’

‘You will be kind enough not to talk any more,’ said Dr. Merivale with much decision. ‘I should like to get you home before you have worked yourself into a fever: so for my credit’s sake you will perhaps keep as quiet as you can. Here is Mrs. Simpson, with her stores of old linen;—and now I can promise you that this business will not be a long one.’

Dagmar and her father were waiting outside in much anxiety; the Squire questioning and cross-questioning his daughter as to the cause of the accident—continually on the point of triumphing in his own superior judgment in having warned Maurice against such reckless riding, and as often checking himself with the reflection that it was not kind even to think of such things now.

The Doctor opened the cottage door at last, though not before Mr. Tyndal had worked himself into a great state of anxiety and impatience. He inspected the arrangements that had been made in the carriage, and then allowed the Squire to go back into the house with him, and help in carrying out their patient. Maurice bore the pain of the transit, and of the getting into the carriage, with much fortitude; but he made a considerable delay afterwards by insisting on having it explained to him how Dagmar was to get home, and what had become of her groom,—who was waiting with his mistress’s horse and his own just a few paces off. Then he must needs renew his inquiries about the Chevalier, and have him brought up to the carriage window, that he might be satisfied with his own eyes that his favourite was not much the worse.

All these whims the Doctor yielded to, with his hand on the young man’s pulse; evidently anxious to have as little delay as possible, but still more anxious not to thwart him.

They drove off at last, and then began an argument—far more animated than Dr. Merivale approved—as to whither Maurice should be taken.

He was very anxious to go to his own house, and this the Squire would not hear of, insisting upon it that the Hall was not only nearer but more convenient, and better for him in every respect. The Doctor was on Mr. Tyndal's side, knowing something of Mrs. Tyndal's perfections in a sick room, and doubting much as to the qualifications of any of the servants up at the Court. Nevertheless Maurice's decision might have carried the day against them both, but that he fainted away in the midst of the discussion, just before they reached the turn that led down to the Hall, and thus left them at liberty to do with him as they thought best. It is needless to say that they chose the road to the Hall, where Mrs. Tyndal had everything in readiness to receive them. She would not have been taken by surprise in any case, but John's arrival in haste to fetch the carriage had given her an hour's notice, and with that she could do marvels. Her gentle heart could not possibly feel pleasure in what brought pain to others, but she could not but feel a certain exhilaration at the prospect of work so congenial to her—work which she could do so well and so gladly.

Dagmar was on the point of mounting to ride home, wondering, in her inexperience, why she felt so tired and shaken, when Mrs. Simpson followed her out into the garden, carrying something in her hand.

'Oh,' she said, 'with being put about so I quite forgot this. Perhaps you'd take care of it, Miss Day?'

It was a large locket, flat and smooth, of dead gold, with a thick gold chain.

'It was round Mr. Claughton's neck,' the woman explained. 'I took it off when I was trying to bring him to, and I forgot it afterwards.'

'I'll take care of it,' said Dagmar, weighing it thoughtfully in her hand. She did not like to trust it in the saddle pocket, and the tiny breast-pocket where she carried her handkerchief would hold nothing more. After hesitating a moment she loosened her collar, fastened the chain round her neck, and let the locket slip down and nestle against the warm whiteness of her bosom. Chain and all was hidden when she had refastened her collar, but she felt the locket swaying with every heart-beat all the way home.

When Dr. Merivale had seen his patient safely into bed he went away to another place where his services were urgently required, pledging himself to come back and dine and see Maurice comfortable for the night.

A trained nurse had been written for by the last post, but after his second visit the Doctor came down with his gravest and most inscrutable face, and asked leave to send a telegram. He spoke to Mrs.

Tyndal, rather than to her husband: aware perhaps that her anxiety would take a less troublesome form than his. Moreover he gave her no time to ask any questions, but went back to his patient's room directly he had made her understand what was wanted.

'Now,' he said quietly, 'you seem to have some knowledge of our profession. Just tell me what *you* think is the cause of this state of things?'

'I ought to know all about it,' answered the young man rather airily. 'I have had it twice. It is what they call jungle fever in India,—swamp fever in California, where I took it. I had it there rather slightly, and once more severely since. When you have once had it, a thorough chill may always bring it on again.'

'Humph,' said the Doctor. 'And you were lying in your wet clothes for more than an hour on that stone floor. Why in the world did you let them leave you like that?'

'I was too faint to think of it at first. And afterwards it seemed to me that it did not matter.'

'Matter! Well, the less said the better. But I should have thought you had known too much to be so foolish.'

Maurice's eyes were already far brighter than the Doctor liked to see them, and at this speech they flashed brighter still.

'Nay!' he cried. 'I did not do it on purpose. But it may have fallen out as well as if I had. . . Ah! you need not remonstrate. It is your duty perhaps to take that point of view,—but if you knew,—if you could understand! It would be such a good way!—*tout simple*,—such an easy end to it all!'

'I think you are talking very wildly,' said the Doctor in a repressive tone. 'You are over-exciting yourself, and saying what you may by-and-by be sorry for having said.'

'You mean if I live,' said the young man, with a peculiar smile. 'But I believe you think, as I do, that all these complications make it rather unlikely.'

'It is *you* who are making it unlikely,' said the other, still repressively. 'You must really exercise more self-control.'

'Ay! while I can. But you remind me—— The last time I believe I talked a good deal when I was off my head—every night, that was. It did not matter then, for I was amongst people who neither understood me, nor would have cared if they had. But now, I must not talk. You must stop that, at all risks.'

'You know that you are asking me to do a foolish and unjustifiable thing. You are with people now who would not care to surprise a secret, and who would scorn to repeat it.'

'I know! But I would rather die many deaths than say—what I might say. You must help me—or I warn you I shall find means to help myself.'

'You will not need to do anything of the sort,' said Dr. Merivale, soothingly. 'I believe that French and German are more familiar to

you than English, are they not? If you talk at all, unconsciously, it will not be in English probably. And if not, there is no one here who will be able to follow you, even if they wished to do so.'

'Ah!' sighed Maurice, drawing a long breath of relief. 'I had not thought of that. You are a wise man, Doctor!'

'Then for pity's sake mind what I say, and keep yourself quiet. There! give me your wrist again for a moment.'

Maurice laid his head back upon his pillow, and shut his eyes, with a look of more rest than he had shown as yet since the accident.

But in another moment the rapid pulse that throbbed beneath the Doctor's fingers gave such a bound that he instinctively uttered a low ejaculation, half soothing, half remonstrance, as one does to a startled horse. He asked no questions, however. Though an elderly man, his ears were as quick as ever, and although he would not compare them to the unnaturally quickened organs of his excitable patient, he trusted to them to inform him in a moment of the cause of the disturbance there.

A light step, soft as a snowflake, went down the passage and past the door; and the Doctor, murmuring something about wishing to speak to somebody, went hastily out and shut the door behind him. He had no wish whatever to speak to any one—he only wanted to see who it was.

It was Dagmar, dressed for dinner in a simple, rather childish, white gown; going slowly and somewhat wearily downstairs.

Her face was pale, and a little troubled, and her hair was twisted up anyhow, after her ride. But she was growing past that stage at which dress makes all the difference—blooming out into the true severely simple beauty which nothing can disguise.

Dr. Merivale was not so old a man as not to know a lovely woman when he saw her. But he shook his head, as over the banisters he watched that lithe figure gliding down.

'*That's* it, is it?' he said to himself. 'I did not know you had developed into a coquette, my little lady. But I hope you have not been playing any tricks with him; for if you have, I think he will die!'

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS ON THE CONVERSION AND APOSTLESHIP OF S. PAUL.

THE Conversion of S. Paul! we have been familiar with that 'wonderful' event from our childhood; we have meditated upon it year by year; but, looking at it as we do through a vista of many centuries, do we realise what it was to the infant Church?

We think of S. Paul as the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who did more than any other to spread the knowledge of the Gospel. The first Christians knew him as Saul the persecutor, the most bitter, furious and relentless opponent that they had yet known. Saul had 'consented,' given his 'voice' or vote, probably as a member of the Sanhedrin, with those who clamoured for the death of Stephen. He had listened unconvinced to the Deacon's wonderful defence; he had gazed seemingly unmoved on his face, though it was as it were 'the face of an angel;' he had watched him as he looked 'up steadfastly into heaven,' had heard his testimony, given in the face of death, to the vision sent to strengthen him, and his prayer for his murderers, and finally had seen him patiently suffer and fall 'asleep.'

Surely, if ever he were to be converted, this was the most likely occasion. But it had been all apparently in vain, and he had remained a pitiless spectator to the close of the tragedy. So far from being softened, indeed, he seemed, like some wild beast which has tasted blood, to be only infuriated by the scene he had witnessed; for in the hot persecution which ensued, he was conspicuous for his blood-thirsty zeal; 'he made havoc of the Church,' hunting the Christians out even in their homes, and, in his exceeding madness against them, going out of his way to procure fresh victims.

The last thing known of him in Jerusalem was that he had set out for Damascus, armed with authority from the chief priests to arrest any Christians whom he might find there. And then came a strange report that the virulent persecutor was transformed into a convert. They might well ask themselves whether his conversion were genuine, or whether it were not more likely some deep device of Satan to deceive them. True, he was said to be making open confession of his new faith and preaching boldly at Damascus; but Damascus was not Jerusalem, and he might be a wolf in sheep's clothing trying to make his way into the fold, the better to destroy the flock.

He was said to have had a marvellous vision vouchsafed to him; but what proof was there that the Lord had indeed appeared to him? Absolutely none! - The men who were with him had seen no one; they affirmed that they had all been stricken to the earth by a flash of light brighter than the noonday sun, and they had heard some

sound, which they called a 'voice;' but they had not heard the words * which he professed to have heard, neither had they 'seen the Lord' as he professed to have done.

There was nothing but his own unsupported assertion to go upon, except the after testimony of Ananias; and might not he have been deceived in Saul, as Philip had been in Simon Magus? Then, too, his preaching at Damascus had soon come to an abrupt termination, and the new convert had disappeared for a time altogether.

Was it wonderful, then, that when he showed himself at Jerusalem after three years' absence, and in his new character 'assayed to join himself to the disciples,' they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple.

It must have been a bitter trial, but he did not think it strange; he accepted their mistrust as his due. Barnabas, indeed, the 'son of consolation,' had pity on him, and discernment to see that he was sincere, and he 'took him and brought him to the apostles,' and for fifteen days, while he abode with S. Peter, 'he was with them, coming in and going out'; but the hostility of the disciples, born first of doubt, and afterwards intensified by sectarian jealousy, lasted not only throughout his life, but even for many a year after!

'While I prayed in the temple,' said S. Paul, years after, referring to this time, 'I was in a trance, and saw Him saying unto me, Make haste and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning Me. And I said, Lord they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on Thee; and when the blood of Thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death.'

That death had not been lost upon Saul. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and perhaps the first answer to S. Stephen's prayer for his murderers was the conversion of Saul. One fancies, too, that, even at the time, Saul was more moved than he chose to show; the Deacon's defence evidently made a lasting impression upon him, for its very words and phrases were present to him when he wrote his epistles; and was not the vehemence with which he entered upon the excitement of persecution, due to a perhaps unconscious desire to stifle doubts and misgivings? People are never more apparently determined than when they are really wavering, and probably neither falls nor conversions are actually as sudden as they may appear to be.

But if it was hard to the Hebrew Christians to believe in the genuineness of Saul's conversion, what must it have been to hear of him as an apostle?

Intensely narrow-minded and exclusive as they were, wrapped up in a fanatical devotion to the law, to Jerusalem, and to the Temple, the Jews found it very difficult to believe that God could or would do anything except through them. They were satisfied that no prophet

* Acts ix. 7; xxii. 9. See John xii. 28, 29.

could arise even out of Galilee; and one of the best of them was fain to ask doubtfully, 'Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?'

They 'limited the Holy One of Israel,' as their forefathers had done in the wilderness, and they could not, many of them, shake off their prejudice, even when they became Christians.

Stephen the Deacon, in his 'apology,' had pointed out, in a series of typical pictures, that the covenant and promises were *before* the law; sacrifice and law *before* the Temple; and that God was not bound and limited to *any one of them*. Palestine was indeed the Holy Land, and Jerusalem the place that He had chosen to put His name there, but He was the 'God of Glory,' the Sovereign, above all His ordinances; and that glory was not limited to any place. It had been revealed in Mesopotamia, in Charran, in Egypt, in the wilderness, as well as in Judæa, and it might be again. It was a very hard lesson to them to learn; and it was this narrow-minded spirit which gave rise to the first controversy in the Church, the question, not whether the Gentiles could become disciples, but whether they could do so without submitting to circumcision and binding themselves to keep the law. To this also may perhaps in part be traced that hostility to S. Paul, of which Dean Milman speaks in his 'Latin Christianity.'

It is not difficult to imagine some of the questions which the Hebrew Christians would be likely to raise when they heard that the man whom they had mistrusted even as a convert, was actually claiming to be an apostle. They had had no reason in the first place to suppose that there were to be any more apostles than the first twelve. No one had been called to fill the place of James, the brother of John. The first twelve had been called by the Lord Himself when on earth; and Matthias had been chosen by lot, to fill the place of the traitor; but this had been done at Jerusalem, and through the eleven, probably by direction of the Lord, and the choice had been ratified, on the day of Pentecost, by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him equally with the rest.

But why was another apostle wanted when eleven of the twelve were still remaining? And if he were, why was not one chosen from those who, like Matthias, had companied with them 'all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them?' Saul could not 'be a witness of His resurrection,' of which so great a point had been made in the case of Matthias, for he had only seen Him in vision. But, above all, if he were to be called to the apostleship—and perhaps they would hardly have denied to the Head of the Church the power and right to call another if He chose—why was it not done at Jerusalem, the seat of the apostles, and why was it not done through them as before? Surely the Lord Whom they served would at least not have left them in ignorance of what He was about to do, in a matter of such great importance; and surely also the new apostle himself would have hastened to Jerusalem, at the first opportunity, to obtain their recognition, instead of waiting several years before showing himself.

One can well fancy how questions such as these may have perplexed some of those at Jerusalem. And S. Paul, aware of the opposition made to his claims, is careful in many parts of his Epistles to insist that he did not owe his apostleship in any way to man. How could he, when 'the less is blessed of the greater,' and apostles are 'set first,' in the Church?

'By Whom we have received grace and apostleship,' 'called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ, through the will of God' 'an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God,' are some of the words in which he speaks of his title to the ministry;* and in the epistle to Galatians he is more explicit still, and asserts that he is an Apostle 'not of men neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father,' going on to show that he had received even the Gospel itself by special independent revelation.

Though calling himself 'the chief of sinners,' 'the least of the apostles,' 'not meet to be called an apostle,' he nevertheless insisted that in office he 'was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles;' and the 'seal of his apostleship' were the Churches which he had founded, the disciples who through him had received the gift of the Holy Ghost. And his fellow-apostles had no difficulty in receiving him. Endued with the Holy Ghost themselves, 'they saw,' he says, 'that the Gospel of the uncircumcision was committed unto me,' and 'they perceived the grace that was given unto me'—'*the grace*,'—nothing is said about signs and wonders! but 'He that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in' S. Paul 'toward the Gentiles.'

Still the opposition to him did not die out, even after this visit to Jerusalem. He had gone up to consult the apostles and elders upon questions which were disturbing the Church at Antioch with regard to the Jewish law, which certain men from Judæa insisted must be observed; and though the matter was clearly settled in that first council of the Church, the Judaizing party continued to oppose him, and to disturb the Churches which he planted. The Galatians had been corrupted by these teachers and, as a consequence, set against the Apostle, when he wrote to them his epistle, and defended his Apostolic authority; the Colossian Church (ii. 16) was in danger from the Judaizers, as the Philippian seems to have been (iii. 2-5), and, as doubtless was the case, also with that party at Corinth which claimed to be 'of Cephas.' Certainly the Corinthians wavered in their allegiance, though to S. Paul they owed their very existence as a Church; for in both epistles he is constrained, much against his will, to assert his authority and to defend his character and ministry (1 Cor. iv. ix.; 2 Cor. x. xi. xii. xiii.); to them he speaks of himself as one 'born out of due time,' born too soon, as if they were not ready for him, whatever he may precisely have meant by it.

* Romans i. 5; 1 Cor. i. 1; 2 Cor. i. 1; Eph. i. 1.

The Judaizing opinions combated by S. Paul in his epistle to the Romans, says Dean Milman, maintained their ground for above a century or more after the apostle's death; and in the 'Clementina,' a work written probably by a Greek living at Rome, there is 'a bitter hatred to S. Paul, which betrays itself in brief, covert, sarcastic allusions, not to be mistaken in its object or aim.' 'Its whole purpose is to assert a Petrine, Judaizing, an anti-Pauline Christianity.' Hints, and even more than hints, are thrown out of antagonism between S. Peter and S. Paul; and the work is evidently representative, not of course of the apostles, but of a not insignificant party in Rome, and bears witness to a strong divergence of opinion as to the relative rank and dignity of the two apostles, on the part of their respective followers.

At the close of his life, S. Paul wrote to Timothy, 'This thou knowest, that all they which are in Asia be turned away from me'; 'Demas hath forsaken me,' 'only Luke is with me,' 'at my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me; I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.'

Those who refused S. Paul persuaded themselves, no doubt, that they were thereby honouring S. Peter, S. James, S. John, and the rest, whose apostleship was so much more satisfactory to them. There was no doubt as to *their* call; they had been chosen by the Lord when upon the earth; they had known Him so long and intimately that their testimony to His resurrection carried weight; they had seen Him during forty days afterwards, and had heard Him speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; they had been 'eye-witnesses of His majesty'; they could say 'That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life . . . that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you'; they had been present in the upper room on that last night, and had received the command, 'Do this in remembrance of Me'; they had eaten and drunk with Him after He rose from the dead; they had seen Him ascend into Heaven; they had waited ten days for the 'Promise of the Father,' and had received it together at Jerusalem, at the Feast of Pentecost, on the day which thenceforth was regarded as the Church's birthday.

What had S. Paul to point to in comparison?

And yet, in refusing one, did they not really refuse all?

Wellnigh the last glimpse we have of the last remaining apostle, S. John, shows him to us lamenting, 'I wrote unto the Church; but Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not.'

S. G.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XLIH.

JEWISH FASTS.

Susan. The next service in our books is the Communion, the Ash-Wednesday service. I fancy we shall find a great deal to say about it, for we have not gone into the subject of fasting at all, and I do not know where you will begin.

Aunt Anne. Perhaps we had better start from the Scriptural authority for keeping fasts of penitence.

S. I think in the original Law as given to Moses there was only one fast, upon the Day of Atonement; but that was not at the same time as our Lent, was it?

A. No; it was on the 10th day of the 7th month, just before the Feast of Tabernacles.

S. The 7th month from the Passover brought it much nearer to our Advent fast, but it was only one day.

A. Yes, but that was most strictly observed; there was no food or drink taken till sunset, except by the sick, and children under twelve years old. For a week before the great day, the high priest resided entirely in one of the chambers of the Temple, and twice underwent the ceremony of sprinkling with water and the ashes of the red heifer in case he should unwittingly have contracted any legal defilement. This was a traditional custom, but you know what is probably an allusion to it.

S. 'The ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh.' Yes, that occurs in the chapter which shows the meaning of the Day of Atonement (Heb. ix. 13).

A. All that week, the High Priest performed the offices of the ordinary priest in course, so that he might be as it were in practice when he had to kill the sacrifice; and throughout the previous night he kept vigil, reading or listening to the Scripture. After the regular morning offering of the lamb on the great day, he took off his beautiful golden garments and put on the plain linen ones of the inferior priests, washed in a laver especially intended for his use, and then proceeded to make the sin offering for himself, before he could begin to atone for the people. A bullock was standing between the porch and the altar. On its brow the High Priest laid both hands confessing, 'Ah, JEHOVAH, I have committed iniquity, I have transgressed, I have sinned, I and my house. Oh, Thou JEHOVAH, I entreat Thee, cover over the iniquities, the transgressions and the sins which I have committed, transgressed,

and sinned before Thee, I and my house, even as it is written in the Law of Moses. Thy servant. For on that day will he cover over for you to make you clean from all your transgressions; before *Jehovah* ye shall be cleansed.'

S. Where does that come from?

A. The reference in this book, 'The Temple and its Services,' is to Deut. xxxii. 3. 'I will publish the name of the Lord,' really *JEHOVAH*. And the Jews regarded it as an authority for the ten mentions of that sacred Name which took place on that day. It was, however, latterly the custom to pronounce it as low as possible, lest it should be used for magical purposes, and to drown the sound with music.

S. I have heard that no one knows how it ought to be pronounced, thus agreeing with Amos's prophecy that they would say, 'Hold thee still, for we may not make mention of the name of the Lord.' But Moses says nothing there about covering (chap. vi. 10).

A. As propitiation. When S. John wrote, 'It is the propitiation for our sins,' he showed the complete covering for which the priest prayed. But you find the idea in Psalm xxxii. 1: 'Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven and whose sin is *covered*,' and this seems to me to be the promise referred to.

S. That was for the cleansing of the High Priest who was to offer.

A. Next followed the presenting of the two goats, which were made to stand facing the Sanctuary in the court of the priests, which being raised by steps was in full view. There was an urn containing two gold lots, one inscribed 'La (for) *JEHOVAH*,' the other 'La Azazel.'

S. Does Azazel mean the scapegoat?

A. Our older translation makes it so, following the tradition; but the Revised Version leaves the word Azazel, with 'dismissal' in the margin. The Hebrew word means removing, putting wholly aside, or carrying wholly away. The two together were to make up a type which one could not do, like the birds at the cleansing of leprosy, one slain, the other set free. The lots were drawn by the High Priest putting both hands into the urn, and then putting the lots on the brow of the goats without looking at them. Then the Priest tied a tongue-shaped piece of scarlet cloth round the horns of For Azazel and a similar one round the neck of the other. He turned Azazel round so as to face the people, and then, going to the bullock, confessed over it the flagrant sins of the priesthood in the same words as before. He killed the bullock and caught its blood in a vessel, which was left in the care of an attendant priest, while the High Priest, bearing the censer and the incense, entered within the veil into the Holy of Holies, the smoke from the censer going up so as to make it possible for him to endure the brightness on the Mercy Seat. There he prayed for the people who waited outside, uttering his prayer aloud, and coming out fetched the bowl of bullock's blood and sprinkled it seven times in the Holy of Holies, then the bowl of goat's blood, which was in like manner seven times sprinkled, and two more sprinklings followed of

each, then of both mixed, forty-three sprinklings with blood altogether. This was to cleanse the Holy of Holies and the Altar from defilement through the sin of the worshippers.

S. (Almost all things are by the Law purged with blood, Heb. ix. 23), but there is something that always puzzles me there. Why should the 'patterns' of these things need purifying? Surely the real Mercy Seat needed no cleansing.

A. The Revised Version clears up that difficulty in accordance with Bishop Wordsworth's note.

S. 'It was necessary therefore that the copies of the things in the heavens should be cleansed with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these' (Heb. ix. 23). I see! What was cleansed with bullock's blood was the copy of the Heavenly Throne and Mercy Seat. But these heavenly things are spoken of as cleansed.

A. I think it means that the real reconciliation and Atonement, the approach of man to God, needed not a typical rite, but a real efficacious sacrifice. The bringing the blood into the sanctuary was the type of half the Remission. Then followed the taking away. The High Priest came forth, laid both hands on the Azazel's head and confessed. 'Ah! JEHOVAH, they have committed iniquity, they have transgressed, they have sinned. Thy people, the house of Israel. Oh! Thou JEHOVAH, come over, I entreat Thee, upon their iniquities, their transgressions and their sins which they have wickedly committed, transgressed and sinned before Thee. Thy people, the house of Israel, as it is written in the law of Moses, Thy servant, saying, For on that day shall it be covered over for you, to make you clean from all your sins, before JEHOVAH ye shall be cleansed.' Then the goat was led by the priests through the eastern gate to a bridge spanning the valley to Mount Olivet, and committed to a person who was to lead him to a land not inhabited, and turn him loose; while the carcasses of the other goat and of the bullock were sent to be burnt outside the city.

S. As in the last chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews it is marked that our Lord suffered without the gate, for all the world, not for the Jews only.

A. After this the High Priest washed, and, putting off his linen garments, resumed his beautiful ones to make his further offerings. You may see how that part of the type is as it were carried forward in the vision of Zechariah in the 3rd chapter.

S. Joshua the High Priest having his filthy garments taken away, and being clothed in change of raiment and the fair mitre, when the words are said, 'Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee.' Yes, that is the type of our blessed Lord returning to His glory, when He had died unto sin once. The creatures slain and the High Priest make up the type of our Lord as Priest and Victim. And how with the goat, Azazel? I thought it was pushed over a

precipice or left to starve, as in Holman Hunt's picture, and that the Jews believed that, when its scarlet band was bleached, their sin was pardoned.

A. In point of fact all that was Jewish tradition. All that Leviticus enjoins is that Azazel, the carrier away, should be sent into a land not inhabited, so as to be seen no more, turned loose like the bird dipped in water. The persecution and hunting down of the poor goat entirely arose from the Jews' own fancy, and remarkably exemplified their actual treatment of the true Azazel.

S. And one common use of the word scapegoat is an utter mistake when we mean by it one on whom blame is unjustly laid. Well, that was the great fast of the original Jewish Law, but it hardly answers to our Ash Wednesday, except so far as that it shows that a great fast is a token of repentance.

A. Our service is really taken from the great Israelite Communion on the first entrance to the land; as we find enjoined in Deuteronomy xxvii. and carried out in Joshua viii.

S. Upon Mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

A. The features of that scene remain complete. There is the valley of Shechem, a pass crossing the mountain chain of Palestine, with the smiling green slopes of Gerizim on the south, the stern, dark rocks of Ebal to the north, both hollowed out towards the valley so as to form a natural amphitheatre, and in a succession of limestone ridges, bearing the appearance of giant benches.

S. Formed on purpose, and appointed by Moses when he had never seen it.

A. Unless he saw it when he was an Egyptian general. There was another point. On Ebal's cliffside were written on plaster the Ten Commandments, so as to be in full view. All the Congregation were assembled, and there was full room for them, six tribes on Gerizim to bless.

S. I see these were the tribes sprung from Leah and Rachel, except Reuben and Zebulun who are with the handmaids' tribes, who were to curse.

A. Reuben's sin and instability still marked his tribe, but I do not know why Zebulun was one of the Ebal tribes. In the middle stood the Priests with the Ark, and the appointed Levites, who intoned all together the curses and the blessings to which the multitude on Ebal first responded and then those on Gerizim. I saw an account of a party of Cook's tourists, who, apparently in a solemn and devout spirit, divided themselves in an analogous manner, and found that the voices in the valley were distinctly audible, and the echoed 'Amens,' very striking.

S. 'Each awful curse that on Mount Ebal rang!' It must have been one of the most wonderful scenes in all the world's history. Joshua and his victorious army in the midst, owning the tenure on which they held their land!

A. This, however, though answering to our service, was not repeated.

S. The Jews had other fasts. We hear of them in Zechariah.

A. In the Babylonian captivity they kept four. That in the 4th month commemorated the repentance for the making the golden calf, that in the 5th month, the want of faith on the return of the spies, that in the 7th, the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and in the 10th, Ezekiel and his fellow-captives hearing the news.

S. Zechariah says they should all become joyful feasts (Zech. vii. 19). And certainly all those days have ceased to be sorrowful. And besides those, the Pharisee in the Temple boasted of fasting twice in the week.

A. On the 2nd and 5th days, Monday and Thursday, supposed to answer to the days of Moses going up and coming down Mount Sinai; but those were voluntary fasts only observed by the very strict.

S. The picture of what a Jewish fast ought and ought not to be is in the 58th chapter of Isaiah.

A. Not merely a Jewish fast, but any fast. But we will not enter on the Christian fasts now, only observing that our blessed Lord plainly assumes the practice to continue, when He says, '*When ye fast be not as the hypocrites*' (Matt. vi. 16).

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

ESSAY VI.

GOOD JUDGMENT.

WHAT are the qualities required for good judgment? There can scarcely be a more important question. It meets us at every turn. We say of persons whose advice we seek: 'So and so has such a good judgment!' and we do not mean by this, that the individual referred to is particularly brilliant, or deep thinking, or well informed. Judgment cannot be entirely independent of intellect; but intellect, as we find every day, does not necessarily ensure good judgment.

Shall we discover the answer to the question by changing the adjective. A good judgment will surely be a fair judgment? Yet, here again, it must be remembered, that the quality, fairness, does not necessarily secure a good judgment, though without it good judgment is impossible. Granted a fair mind and we may reasonably hope for a right decision; granted an unfair mind and there is every probability of arriving at a wrong decision, and fairness, therefore, we may accept as the basis of good judgment; but several other qualities are needed to ensure it. Now, what is fairness? or shall we first ask what is it not?

It is not selfishness, nor self-pleasing, nor self-interest in any form. It is not prejudice, nor reasoning from premisses which have been accepted without proof. These are perhaps the principal, though the unconscious grounds of an unfair, and therefore of an unsound judgment.

Many persons, perhaps the majority of mankind, can never be expected to judge rightly upon any matter in which they themselves are personally interested. I say *expected*, for very possibly they may arrive at a right conclusion because their own interest or wishes and the wise decision may agree, but this is simply a matter of chance. The fact that the decision was good does not prove the judgment of the person who made it to be good. If inclination had gone the other way, the decision would have been bad.

But this putting away of self is a tremendous difficulty with us all—so tremendous, indeed, that I doubt whether the majority are in the least aware that it exists; they never struggle against the temptation, and therefore they do not feel it. To argue according to our wishes is so natural to us, that we cannot see that we are biassed, and once accept our premiss as true, and the conclusion follows so

naturally that it seems as if we must be right. We are like children making a mistake in setting down a sum, and then working it correctly. They are beyond measure puzzled by the result. Have they not carried out the rule? Can any fault be found in their calculations? They become irritated. The person who corrects them must surely be in error! So they talk, and insist, until at last some one suggests that the error perhaps lies in the original statement; 2 instead of 3, or 6 instead of 7, has made a flaw in the whole sum which is fatal to the right conclusion.

And it is in this original statement of an argument that selfishness finds its place.

Such an action, such a plan, or arrangement, will be personally displeasing or disappointing:—we do not say it to ourselves in so many words; but we allow the fact to influence us. We assume, and take for granted, some objection which is not proved, but which accords with our wishes; and upon this selfish basis we rest our judgment, arguing calmly, earnestly, correctly, but always with a flaw in the original statement.

To some persons this temptation of self comes in the form of rejecting what they dislike, and to others of accepting what they wish.

The former is perhaps the more common difficulty, and the more clearly recognised. When, in our secret hearts we know that we shrink from one conclusion, and long to be able to accept the other; conscience often steps in to warn us; and a mind, honest and true in other cases, will pause and consider the question a second time.

But when, as is sometimes the case, the temptation comes in the form of an inclination to please others, or of a plan seemingly useful,—conscience not being on the alert raises no objection, and then the advantages on the side to which we lean present themselves with a preponderating weight, and the judgment is determined accordingly.

The danger of error, when judgment is influenced by dislike, is chiefly to be found amongst persons whose disposition is plainly selfish. The danger of error when judgment is influenced by the inclination to please, belongs to those who are generally considered unselfish.

I say *considered*, because self is as much a motive power in the one case as in the other, only it works more secretly. Any bias of any kind tends, indeed, to a certain extent to influence the judgment, and this is the reason why prejudice so constantly leads to a faulty conclusion.

A perfectly good judgment demands an intelligent and absolutely fair mind, free from the influence of likings or dislikings, and having a perfect acquaintance with the facts upon which the decision is to be grounded.

Where are these requisites to be found? and can we wonder that our own judgment and the judgment of our friends is so often at fault?

Are we then to give up the effort to attain 'a right judgment in all things'? We are taught to pray for it. We profess to recognise

that with the guidance of the Holy Spirit it is attainable. How are we to labour for it?

It seems to me that the first necessity is self-knowledge; the second self-distrust; accompanied by prayer for guidance, and followed by a careful inquiry into facts and circumstances. A decision of some kind will then generally be arrived at.

But if this decision should in any way appear doubtful we may appeal to the judgment of others—always with the caution that we must not apply to those who are professedly devoted to us, and therefore likely to see everything according to our known wishes. From this judgment of others we may gain much help. Should it agree with our own inclinations we may accept it thankfully; should it be antagonistic, we are called upon to reconsider the question fully, clearly, and candidly. Everything which has been advanced on the opposite side must have full weight given it. When we conscientiously feel that our first decision is the right one, we must be content to bear the burden and act on our own responsibility, as in the sight of God, knowing that we are in the Hands of One who will make every allowance for our ignorance and infirmity if, after all, we find that we have been unwise.

This sounds like a very lengthy process, but we all more or less go through it—if not every day of our lives—yet very constantly. We are considering, weighing, deciding continually; but the matters about which we decide are so small that we are scarcely aware of the working of our own minds. It is only when grave questions, of great importance to ourselves or to others, are brought forward, that we are conscious of the weakness of our judgment, and how liable it is to be acted upon by influences which have no right to control or bias it. Yet the small daily decisions would be a great assistance to us, if we made use of them as opportunities for disciplining the judgment. The knowledge of self, which I have placed as the foundation of a good judgment, can only be obtained by watchfulness over self in our daily lives.

It really takes years before we come to a true knowledge of our natural characteristics. We are at first just as ignorant of them in detail as we are of our outward appearance.

And as we often meet the reflected images of ourselves as strangers, here, so we shall assuredly meet our true selves as strangers, Hereafter, unless we take all the means of enlightening our minds, which reason, and religion, and experience can afford.

Self-distrust will generally increase with age and experience. The danger then too often is that we become undecided; but the sense of responsibility will strengthen us by compelling us to act even at the risk of making a mistake; and in the end we may obtain a fair balance of self-appreciation from our own observation of ourselves, and may upon this foundation of truth hope to build a tolerably firm superstructure.

But it must be remembered that conscientious minds are apt to err in judgment in cases which concern themselves, from the very fact that they are conscientious. That seems a hard—almost a dangerous assertion; but conscientiousness is a quality which can only be estimated by its accordance with reason and common-sense. An ignorant, over-scrupulous conscience as truly involves conscientiousness as a wise and enlightened one; and it is here that the difficulty arises.

What we have always considered right we have a difficulty in acknowledging to be wrong—or even indifferent. Is this prejudice? A very perplexing inquiry! As in so many cases the need of a definition is great, and yet the very terms we use in defining require themselves to be defined.

Prejudice is pre-judgment—that is quite clear; forming a judgment, or coming to a conclusion before inquiry.

Must the mind then be a blank page before we can arrive at a true judgment? Must nothing be written upon it except that which comes before us for the first time in connection with the question to be decided? Miserable would it be for many of us if this were so. Prejudice—so-called—the acceptance of a conclusion into the grounds of which we are not able to inquire, is sometimes the last rock of safety for a mind tossed about by the conflicting opinions of a bewildered age. And even were it not so, it is simply impossible entirely to disabuse ourselves of early impressions, and the influence of early surroundings. The child is prejudiced, in this sense, from the first dawnings of reason.

We may then put aside natural or unavoidable prejudice as neither right nor wrong in itself. What we have to inquire is whether it is to be encouraged or guarded against.

Now there are some persons who appear to be scarcely open to this inquiry, because from the very constitution of their minds they seem utterly incapable of following an argument, or of detecting a logical fallacy. Women, it is said, are especially deficient in logical power. They jump to a right conclusion, but it is by jumping, not walking. They reach the right goal, but they know not how they got there. This may be true. Certain it is that there are cases in which it seems impossible to make the person with whom an argument is carried on follow the course of the reasoning brought forward. The impulse to turn aside to some subject or assertion, apparently connected with the matter in question, but in reality irrelevant, is apparently irresistible. Allowance must always be made for this kind of mental deficiency. It is not incompatible with gifts of fascination, genius, accomplishment, or even with real conscientiousness. Indeed, in the latter case, prejudice, or judgment, apart from the exercise of reason, will probably be strong, because it will most likely be based on the opinion of the persons with whom they live, and whom they respect.

Respect! That is an all-important word—even the most ignorant

child, at the very dawn of its reasoning powers, knows what respect means. It is a feeling based on the accordance between the undoubted voice of conscience within us, and the actions and recognised motives of the persons around us. Where this accordance exists, and where we feel that those who live with us, who guide us, or advise us, are thus one with the Law of God written in the heart of man, we feel respect; and the opinions of such persons have an immense influence upon us, and must be acknowledged as having an imperative claim upon our attention.

The opinions and judgment of persons we respect may not indeed be true and wise, but we may not carelessly set them aside. The *onus probandi*,—the burden of proving them to be wrong,—lies with us. Before we can safely reject them, we are bound to show that after full inquiry they are erroneous. Prejudice of this kind is not evil. It may keep us from quickly arriving at newly discovered truth; but it will also keep us from being led astray by newly developed error.

The Inquisitors who summoned Galileo to answer for his astronomical assertions, were not wrong in accusing him of heresy; they followed the teaching which they had received as truth, and they could not but accuse him. What they really were wrong in was in allowing this so to bias their minds that their reason had not free exercise. The punishment which followed was in those days the inevitable consequence of his acknowledged conviction, and must be attributed to the system rather than to the individual.

Prejudices of respect may then, it seems, be admitted as allowable, and in many cases we are bound to give heed to them; but whenever personal inclination or interest is on their side, they must be received cautiously.

These questions of judgment and prejudice unhappily bring up many points which are open to sophistry. Some new phase of religious belief is suggested to us. Our early prejudices are against it. Are we to listen to them? We are told that we must use our reason, but our reasoning faculties have perhaps never been cultivated. We go to a friend for advice, but the advice offered is distasteful to us, or appears inconclusive. We go to another friend, and we receive a perfectly contrary opinion. How are we to decide between the two? I doubt whether any general rule can be given which will meet such cases. Perhaps it is safest to accept what we call prejudice, to stay where we are, and accept what we have been taught, and pray that if we are in error we may be enlightened and forgiven. But a weak, vacillating judgment is no doubt a great trial, felt to be so especially by persons who are sensitive and conscientious, but who have no great mental powers.

We can, however, cultivate judgment, and improve it by forcing ourselves to definite decisions in small and comparatively unimportant matters, in which we are interested, and compelling ourselves to give a reason to our own hearts for them.

Why do we read a certain book? Why do we chose a certain walk? Why do we like a certain person's society? These are trivial questions, but not unimportant if they save us from aimlessly drifting through life, unable to form a distinct judgment or opinion upon any point.

So far we have been thinking of the attainment of sound judgment in regard to our own affairs, but it is equally important to have a sound judgment in regard to the affairs of others. As we go on in life responsibility is certain more or less to fall upon us; and even if we escape it directly, we cannot do so indirectly. Our judgment must certainly be required in questions of no great moment, whilst most probably we shall be called upon to decide in matters in which the happiness of others is deeply concerned.

What are the special risks in this case? Are we in danger of prejudice? Undoubtedly, though a still greater danger is self-interest. Prejudice, when we have to decide for others, is not likely to influence us as it does when we have to decide for ourselves, and a conscientious mind is more alive to its existence, yet it will often operate to some extent.

A certain work, for instance, is to be undertaken by a friend, and the name of some one who may join in it is mentioned. Our advice is asked. Is the work likely to answer? Is the individual named likely to be helpful?

Perhaps we feel a distaste to the undertaking proposed. Perhaps we have a dislike to the individual suggested as joint worker. We may have heard stray observations about similar works. We may have a remembrance of criticisms passed upon the suggested worker. There has been no necessity up to this time for making inquiries upon either point, but we have a prejudice against the undertaking—not absolutely groundless—but still vague. Now, if we at once accept this prejudice and give our advice accordingly, our judgment may in the end prove to be right, or it may be wrong; but anyhow, should it be right, no thanks are due to us, whilst should it be wrong, we are responsible because we have not properly considered the question.

A sensible conscientious mind will recognise the evil of such unreasoning judgment, and will always be on the watch against prejudice. When the interests of others are concerned, there will be a pause before deciding. Guidance from God will be sought, facts will be inquired into, personal likings and dislikings will be set aside, and the final judgment will probably be good, for the force of preconceived impressions will not be allowed to give a bias.

Personal tastes and natural disposition, apart from hearsay and vague impressions, will also often unconsciously interfere with good judgment. A cautious mind will shrink from giving a decision which involves risk. An eager, sanguine mind will fail to see difficulties where they really exist; and an unsympathetic mind

will not be able to grasp the advantages or the pleasure to be derived from that which would be unattractive to itself.

A fair, clear judgment necessitates putting self entirely aside, by recognising the possibility of its existence even when it does not appear to influence the question. Some persons seem to be wholly unable to view any object except from their own standpoint. It is a quality to be carefully cultivated—that of seeing things as others see them. No man has a good judgment who does not possess it. The old story of the advice given for the defence of a town—one man recommending stone, another wood, and a third—a tanner—declaring that there was nothing like leather—is exemplified every day more or less in our own judgment and the judgment of those around us. When acting with a committee of an inferior, uneducated character, we can scarcely fail to observe how almost impossible it is to get a decision free from personal bias or interest upon any matter. We sometimes call the action of certain bodies jobbery, because it furthers personal ends; possibly it is jobbery to a certain extent, but it may not the less have its origin in a limited experience and narrow intellect. When A. recommends the adoption of a certain unwise plan which will evidently profit B.; and B., in return, recommends what will certainly be advantageous to A., and the public suffer in consequence, A. and B. are denounced as playing into each others hands; but they may not necessarily be dishonest. They may see what is before them, and nothing beyond, and give their opinion accordingly; and we may ourselves make mistakes of a similar kind from similar ignorance.

From what has been said the conclusion will naturally be drawn that good judgment is not only very rare, but that it is greatly dependent upon personal training and self-discipline. And thus we arrive at the statement with which we began, that the first step towards it is self-knowledge, and the second self-distrust. Given these, and we have fair reason to expect sound judgment, even where there are no great intellectual gifts.

Only one caution may be added. Self-distrust is liable to exaggeration. It ought never to be permitted to stand against duty. In this, as in every other case, truth—a true estimate of ourselves—is as essential as a true estimate of others. To distrust ourselves does not mean to depreciate ourselves, to undervalue our powers, and in consequence to shrink from responsibilities which God has entailed upon us. It merely means to guard against any special bias or inclination which we are conscious of, and to recognise that it will always have a tendency to warp our decision. With that precaution we may well afford to be brave and bold, facing our own powers as fully as our own weaknesses and ignorances, and trusting ourselves in simplicity of heart to the guidance of Him from Whom we seek for ‘a right judgment in all things.’

A GEORGIAN PRINCESS.

FACT—NOT FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VÈRA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' 'THE MARITIME ALPS,' ETC., ETC.

PART I.

'A lady, the princess of his country.'—*Cymbeline*, v. 2.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the spring of 1884, and only a few days before the sudden death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, a small group of mourners removed from one of the hotels of Cannes the body of Princess Varvara-Illytchèvna Orbeliani, born princess of Georgia.

The dead woman, like her chief mourner, her brother, Prince Nicholas-Illytch Grusinki, was what the idiom of their country describes as '*battano chwili*,' or 'lord's children'—that is to say, they were of the blood royal. They were the only surviving grandchildren of George XIII., last Tzar of Georgia, through his son Ellico, or Eliaz, its last Tzarèvitch.

But though of royal blood, and of a lineage which might compare favourably even with that of a prince of the house of Guelph, Varvara and Nicholas were without royal portions. They had been disinherited long before their birth, though that birth was in their native land reckoned on this wise. 'From the Trinity in Three Persons came Adam. From Adam descended the patriarch Noah, and the third son of that patriarch was named Japhet. From Jacob descended Karthlos: after whom this region is called Karthli, and to whom were born the seven Mthwars, or heads of tribes.'

This version is from the hand of the Tzarèvitch Wakhout, who, about 1745, finished his history and geography of Georgia.* He made use in his compilations not only of the chronicles of King Wakhtang, and of the *Dastoulamal*, or budget, of the same royal author, but he also adopted a good deal of the style of the earliest Arabic chronicles. Europe still possesses a fine collection of those *Kitabs* in the libraries of Paris, Leyden, Stockholm, and Upsal, and one of them, by Abou-Souleïman-Daoud, probably became familiar to the learned Tzarèvitch through the works of Khodja-Reschid-ed-din. From these sources, both borrowed and original, we learn the aspects of the country; and from this very curious book of the Tzarèvitch Wakhout we get a key to the perplexing genealogies of Georgia: one king, ruling over many chieftains, who all lay claim

* The translation by Brosset was made in St. Petersburg in 1842.

to the same kingly stock, and among whom intermarriages went on indefinitely.

I will not weary the reader with long lists of names: either of provinces or of their rulers, but, after premising that many of the heroes, and yet more of the dates, are legendary, I will only say that Wakhout reckons ninety kings as succeeding to a certain Darius, but belonging to different dynasties.

The dynasty in which I have to interest them in is that of the Bagratides: primarily in its Karthli branch, extinct in 1658, and finally in the Moukhran branch. This furnished eight sovereigns, of which the last was George XIII., grandfather of Princess Varvara Orbeliani, heroine of my moving tale.

Princess Orbeliani was wont to refer with pleasure, not to her long and legendary descent from Japhet, Karthlos, Darius, Bagration, David, Tamara, Waktang, Heraclius, George, and Eliaz, but to the fact that Georgia possesses the oldest Church history. It was Christianised by Holy Nino, daughter of Zablon, and niece to George of Cappadocia, about A.D. 300. This evangelist was a girl who wandered through the forests and villages and camps of Iberia, for so the Romans termed this country, which the Russians know as Grusia, the Turks as Gourdj, and the Persians as Gourdgistan. A pretty legend goes on to tell of her great self-devotion, and of her extreme poverty. Cross of iron or of any wrought metal Nino did not possess, nor could she acquire one: so she bound two vine-sticks together with a strand of her own beautiful hair, and, with this symbol in her hand, she converted the tribes to faith in the Crucified. Iberia became Christian, thanks to her efforts, long before Armenia had received the Gospel from the hands of St. Gregory-the-Illuminator, and the cross of Holy Nino was more precious to Georgian kings than their own crown. Carried to Russia, at a time when it was necessary absolutely to denationalise the newly-annexed province of the Caucasus, this precious relic has lately been restored to the Georgian Christians, and it exists (?) near the tombs of the kings in their old capital, and in the metropolitan church of the Twelve Apostles at Mtzkhétha.

The Christian faith has withstood Persian, Tartar, and Turkish invasions, and it is upon the sufferings of the Christian population (a small minority) at the hands of their Mahometan neighbours, that Russia bases her claim to be, not the oppressor, but the saviour of Georgia. It is true that its hard-pressed Tzars have often turned to Muscovy for help. The first overtures were made in 1523, but later more serious ones were made to no less a potentate than Peter the Great. Some instinct told the Georgian Tzar of the day that with *Piotr-vélikí* lay the strength of will that compels fate, but no instinct apparently warned him of plans of national aggrandisement shaping themselves in Peter's scheming brain. We can do better than this poor bewildered Asian ruler, since by looking once at the map, we

can judge for ourselves of the importance to Russia of the country which so rashly implored Peter to come over and help her.

The Caucasus is an isthmus, a peninsula of mountains lying between the Euxine and the Caspian Sea. The port on the western, or Imeretian shore is Poti, and if from this point a straight line were drawn right across the map, it would touch Derbend on the eastern, or Daghestan shore. A little to the south of this imaginary line stands Tiflis, on the Kour, or Kura. The country, being the most mountainous in the world, acts as a huge barrier on the confines of Asia. Of its chains the first which rises behind Kertch has few points covered with eternal snows, and no rivers of great importance; but on the eastern side of the Kador Valley the peaks rise to heights which compare with the Andes and the Himalaya rather than with the Alps and Pyrenees. There towers the Kasbeck, and the Elbrous (*ceraniaus mons*), on one of whose heads (*Chomli*) Prometheus lay. The physical geography of such a country is as interesting as are its varieties of climate. Glaciers descend from the mountains, but the wines of Kaketia are like those of Burgundy, and the riches of its melon grounds and orange orchards contrast with barren steppes and featureless morasses. The Terib, which rises in Mount Elbrous, makes its way through the pass of Darial (*Daryal*, or the narrow gorge), anciently known as the Caucasian Gates, at a place now called Wladikawkas. Till the close of the middle ages Mitzchétha was the capital of a country which first became known to Europeans through the legend of Colchis, and which was rendered historical through the annals of Xenophon and the wars of Nero. The tribes were made vassals of Trajan about A.D. 116, and an account of them was written by a pro-consul of Hadrian's, Flavius Arrianus, who explored the region to a degree hitherto unprecedented. The possession of such a territory was ever felt to be worth fighting for: the Caucasian Gates being the key of an Eastern Empire. Accordingly, when Peter the Great wished to found Russian supremacy on the shores of the Caspian, and to find a water-way *viâ* the Caspian to India, he proposed to Waktang VI. to co-operate with him, and in return he promised to defend the Georgian ruler from the Infidels, be they Transcausian tribes, or the Shah of Persia, with whom Peter himself was at war. A year later Peter, who had been aided by a Georgian army, actually threw over his Christian ally, and permitted the Turks to overrun the country.

This example of Russian bad faith ought to have sufficed. Unluckily it did not, and half a century later the Cabinet of Catherine II. laid another and a fatal trap for the Christian Tzar of Georgia. It was then (Tracly) Heraclius II., who had recently received from the Sultan counter-propositions to assist him against Russia. Catherine had one of her hands busy manipulating the Polish elections, by which she prepared the partition and ruin of Poland, but the other hand was free for her to hold out to the Georgian Tzar. The astute Empress

was true to the policy of Peter the Great, when in 1716 he sent Lieutenant Bukholz to find out if there were not a water-way to India. Like her great predecessor she planned an empire which (by making Holy Russia mother and mistress in Central Asia) should bring her armies to the Punjaub, and even place the Russian eagles over the gates of that city of Delhi, of whose riches fabulous tales were current. Of paramount importance to the furtherance of such a scheme was Georgia, so Catherine there inaugurated a policy which promised help and friendship, while it planned conquest and subjection. Russian traders penetrated into the country, and military promenades were undertaken. It is true that at first they were fatal to the centurions of the Empress. The disasters were attributed to causes which might easily have been foreseen; to want of forces, want of food, want of maps, and the like: but with more truth they might have been attributed to the total disinclination of the brave but lawless inhabitants to submit to Russian rule. Little by little, however, military roads and forts were made, an armed police of Cossacks introduced, and the mountaineers pushed further back into their fastnesses. An emigration *en masse* of the Tartars was next provoked, and still it became the fashion at the Court of King Heraclius to aver that nothing but the intervention of Russian and Orthodox arms could secure the well-being of the Georgian Christians.

This was the official reason given at once for the submission of Heraclius to Catherine's interference, and for the tribute which she exacted. This is the reason still given by the Russians who have gained, and by the Georgians who have lost a country, and it is still repeated as an explanation why a people who for fifteen centuries had defied their enemies, should accept from Russia the bondage which Persians and Turks had been unable to impose. The interests of Christianity are always alleged.

Unluckily Catherine's policy was selfish rather than helpful, and the facts as to the Christian population do not bear out the theory advanced. In the days of the royal geographer Wakhout he was able to reckon in Georgia over 200 parishes, and nearly 250 places of Christian worship. Legends aver that under Queen Tamara those churches and chapels had numbered 3000, but they no longer existed, and the Christians at the close of the eighteenth century were a minority in Georgia. The wife of one of the officers sent to Russianise the country in 1803, says of the native Christians, 'that there were very few of them,' and of these few by no means all belonged to the Russo-Orthodox Communion. There were Armenians, and followers of the Gregorian rite; all persons who had then, as they have now, but little cause to rejoice in the establishment of an arbitrary power which forbids the use of the national language in the schools, churches and religious services of the country.

Heraclius' reign, in spite of broils and toils, was protracted, but before its close there came a crowning catastrophe and a crowning in-

stance of the Empress's treachery. Shah Aga-Mohammed-Khan swept over the country, and sacked Tiflis; the Russian troops, generally so intrepid in military promenades, doing nothing whatever to turn back the invaders. Even the trifling contingent of 1500 Cossacks which had been started to meet 60,000 Persians, took good care not to meet them, and therefore only figured in those reports which reached Europe as 'Russia's support, never refused to a Christian sovereign in great straits.' The 'Divine figure from the North,' who thus fed King Heraclius with lying promises, was not only the murderess of her husband, Peter III., but was a woman polluted by a series of amours, cruelties and caprices. She was at the moment when she organised this peculiar defence of Christianity in Georgia, over sixty years of age, and the mistress of Platon Zubow, an officer in the Guards not yet thirty years old. In principles (if we may use the word) she was a disciple of Voltaire, and she wore the portrait of the philosopher when she sat at meat with German deists and French encyclopedists.

There was, however, a certain poetical justice in the fact that this great Catherine never grasped the sceptre of Georgia, and that it fell into the hands of Emperor Paul, the son whom she hated, and whom she had hoped to keep out of his lawful inheritance, the Empire of all the Russias.* In most matters Paul-Petrovitch took pains to reverse his mother's policy, and to degrade her friends: but as regarded the acquisition of Georgia, Nikita Panin contrived to make him see the merit of an unwavering policy of annexation.

George XIII., when after the ephemeral and luckless reign of David, he succeeded, was no longer young. He was already remarried, was worried by incessant family dissensions, was by nature weak and irresolute, and as much the nominee of Russia as had ever been Stanislas Poniatowski, when Catherine II. contrived to place her former lover on the throne of Poland.

George did what was expected of him—he abdicated; submission alone remained for his subjects, and the Russian officials, with which Georgia was already planted, and of whose modes of living the Russian delegate Sokoloff himself says that they are 'unfit for publication,' began the organisation of the province of the Caucasus. The people were oppressed and miserable, but King George had learnt his lesson by heart, and he continued to repeat it, viz., that he had taken the step which he felt to be essential for the preservation of the Christian faith in Georgia. Actuated by that belief, he professed no regrets for his self-imposed humiliation, and he was ready to accept a pension in Holy Russia.

Not so some of his brothers, and not so his Queen Maria, *née*

* The murder of Paul Petrovitch in 1801 left the task of consolidating this work to Alexander I. He had very liberal theories, and employed his Polish friend, Prince Adam Czartoryski, to draw up a sort of constitution for Georgia, but, like all Alexander's theories, this one was not turned to any practical result as regarded a more humane treatment of the Georgians.

Tzitzianov. Round her a strong national party might yet have rallied, so the Russians could not permit her to remain in Tiflis. An officer entering her presence told her that 'Paul, Emperor and Sovereign of all the Russias, had, with the kindness natural to him to all of his religion, gratified the wishes of the people—that the Emperor intended to occupy Georgia with his armies, and *after its definitive union to the States of his dominion*, to allow the inhabitants of the new provinces to enjoy all the rights, privileges, and advantages which the old Russian subjects enjoy,'—finally, 'that he expected from his new subjects and their posterity, inviolable fidelity to him and to his successors.' Queen Maria was further informed that all the preparations for her journey into Russia being completed, she must start at once. The angry Queen, sitting sullen and defiant, refused to move; even from her divan. The officer, repeating the orders, advanced a few steps, when her cousin, Prince Eristow, plunged his dagger into the shoulder of the man whom he considered to have insulted the majesty of the Sovereign. Hearing the scuffle and the fall, some more Russians entered, but not before Queen Maria had drawn the dagger from the wound. She looked her captors full in the face, flung the weapon, still smoking, on a low table beside her, and said '*Myself has done it!*'

In this assertion she persevered. She was, in the course of the next day, removed by force, and an attempt made by the Eristow family, with a band of nationalists, to rescue her in the passage of the Darial gates was frustrated. Carried to Moscow the Queen was confined, a prisoner of state in the Convent of the *Novi Dévitché*. She lived to be a very old woman, dressed always in white, refused to speak Russian, and, while continuing to assert her guilt, wore an air of haughty and melancholy reserve, which it is said affected painfully even the Emperor Nicholas, when he went to pay her a visit.

She had had a numerous progeny, but time and strife and war and tumult had so thinned them that the line of the Georgian Tzars came to be represented by her seventh son, Ellico, or Eliaz. He had no right to any descriptive or distinctive title, but to him and to his wife Anastasia, the names of *Tzarévitch* and *Tzarévna* were always, by courtesy, conceded, as to persons who had been at any rate born in the purple. The *Tzarévna* Anastasia affected a good deal of state, and was never known to rise to receive any visitor who was not of the blood royal. She had ten children, and to them, brought up with great care, and surrounded with many precautions, it was wisely explained that their grandfather George XIII. was ever to be praised and not to be blamed for the step which he had taken. They were told that he had only exchanged an earthly crown for the distinction of securing a Christian sway in Georgia. They were reminded of the words of Emperor Paul's proclamation: 'that humanity, like policy, had imposed on Russia the task' of annexing their native country, and of reducing it to a

Russian province. Policy might have reduced these children to poverty, but pensions and appointments were diplomatically promised to young men who wrote after their names the simple word 'Grusinski' or 'of Georgia.' Of the princesses, Catherine, the eldest, long filled the place of a true sister of charity among the poor: living among the most abject, her face, like that of her sister Varvara, was well known wherever misery was deepest. Another daughter was married to General Count Pissarev; two are invalids and still live unmarried in Moscow, while of the sons only one now survives. Prince Nicholas is a chamberlain at the Russian Court, and it has been thought wise on different occasions to entrust him with missions of importance. For example, he was sent to Versailles to convey the Imperial congratulations to the successful King of Prussia when first proclaimed Emperor of Germany; and at Plevna, when Alexander II. celebrated his birthday under the Turkish fire, the Emperor of all the Russias was pleased to exhibit at his side this representative of Georgia's Christian kings.

I now come to the two daughters, whose adventures I shall have to narrate. The youngest and the prettiest of a family famed for its beauty was Princess Annette: married to Prince David Tchavtchavadzé, and, at the time when my story opens, already the happy mother of five children. Her marriage had allied her to the Dadiani, to the royal house of Mingrelia, and to the semi-royal family of Murat. Princess Varvara, or, as she was called by her friends, Barbe, or Varincka, was also very handsome, and had early given proof of the mixed sweetness and heroism of her character. She had found, at twenty-two years of age, a husband worthy of herself, for she had married Prince Ellico Djambakarian-Orbeliani, hereditary Sirdar of Tiflis, a brave soldier, and a very amiable man. They were not rich, but the princess, graceful and accomplished, and speaking six languages with fluency, was simple in her habits. She never forgot her royal lineage, but she early weaned herself from the accessories of life, thought no sacrifice too great to make for her Heavenly Master, was pitiful to the weak, and did her work in life not as of necessity, but as from a lordly position far outside of the world's caprices and of its judgments.

The Orbeliani were a proud race. Of the oldest stock of the Mthwars, or chieftains, they had intermarried more than once with royalty, and this Ellico had come to his bridal with his beautiful cousin Varvara, fresh from a campaign against Schamyl, the most formidable opponent to the Russian supremacy left in the peninsula of the Caucasus.

But for these two noble and beautiful beings, 'in the hues of youth,' happiness was fated to be but of brief duration. Just as the princess was about to lie in for the first time, Ellico was sent again to the front. It was the momentous spring of 1854: the young Prince Orbeliani fell in battle, and they brought back the warrior dead, to the wife who held a new-born baby on her knee. Varvara then left her

desolate home, and went with her infant son, George-Illyitch Djambakarian-Orbeliani, to spend the summer with her sister Annette at the Castle of Tzonindali, on the banks of the river Alazan.

The time was midsummer. The Castle, a great mass of buildings, with barns, stables, and wine-presses attached to it, had also a chapel in its court. It is about two days' journey, by road, from Tiflis, as you go towards the passes of the Kasbeg. The country, rich in corn and wine, is beautiful, worthy to be the cradle of a most ancient race, and full of a civilisation which has been well compared with that of Sicily in the 16th and 17th centuries. Its inhabitants are Christians, and a great military road leads through it to Telave, which is the chief town of this the fourth district, or *gubernija*, in the Caucasus. Under the windows of the Castle runs the Tschoubatchouri torrent, an affluent of the Alazan; and at midsummer this stately house, the delight of Georgian poets and authors, contained a more than usual number of visitors, poor relations, popes, and their families, stewards, artisans, vine-dressers, and hangers-on of every sort. The master of the house, Prince David Tchawchavadzé, was absent on outpost duty, for the country was not quiet, and it is the interest of the Russian Government to make the local and Christian nobility useful in checking the raids of the mountain tribes. Arms being the natural pastime of these chieftains, it is well that their energies should be employed under and not against the Russian flag. There was enough in the attitude of the Lesghians at that moment to make the women left alone in that great Castle uneasy, but yet not enough to oblige Prince David to return to it. In fact, an octogenarian aunt of his, old Princess Tina, was heard to remark that ever since she had been a child she had heard of Lesghians who threatened Tzonindali, but that she had never in her long life so much as even seen a Lesghian, or his horse! She was fated to see them both: but only on the day of her death.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON ROME.

SOME apology seems at first sight to be needed for papers on such a well-worn subject as Rome. If so, perhaps it may be found in the following brief considerations.

The identification of the sites of ancient Rome depends on the interpretation of passages in classical authors, inscriptions, architectural indications, the relative position of buildings, the configuration of ground, etc. And the excavations which have been carried on for a good many years now are so frequently resulting in new discoveries which, besides their intrinsic interest, modify or corroborate the inferences drawn from previously existing data, that it is not too much to say that our information is in a condition of perpetual progress. What was supposed an established fact twenty, or even ten, years ago, is, in some cases, proved a mistake, in many others is strengthened by the testimony of new witnesses; and, if things go on as they have done, it will be necessary in another decade or two to readjust the frontiers of our knowledge again.

To turn from Archæology to Politics, two of the most interesting problems which the philosophical study of history can suggest are at present in course of solution.

Is a resurrection of national life possible, where a glorious past has been followed by a political death which has lasted for centuries? Can an ancient Church, moulded by principles and traditions inherited from the past, and committed to a theory of infallibility which goes far to stereotype her, make such a change of front as to enable her to satisfy and lead modern democratic society? Such are the questions raised; and for the answers to them we are looking to Rome.

It goes without saying that, while a visitor, if he goes prepared by an adequate knowledge of existing literature on the subject, may in a few weeks' residence arrive at tolerably sure conclusions, so far as the data permit, on the archæological questions that will present themselves to him, it would be the height of absurdity to pretend to do more than just touch the fringe of the political and theological problems by an observation here and there on things passing before his eyes. Straws in themselves, they may indicate the set of the current.

All that the writer of these papers ventures to hope is that the jottings of what he investigated and observed with such care as the most vivid interest inspires, may do something to kindle the same interest in that increasing number of persons, especially among the younger generation, who know something of the past history of Rome, and realise to some extent the possibilities which lie before

the noble Italian people, and may induce all who can to go and study the problem on the spot for themselves.

Beginning then, like sensible people, with what the relics of the *ancient* city have to tell us, let us make a tour of old Pagan Rome, and start at the Palatine Hill, the cradle of old Rome. The very first object our eyes fall on, after passing the wicket that leads on to the hill, brings us face to face with its earliest settlers. It is a very ancient altar—an inscription records its *restoration* B.C. 100—dedicated to the deity of the place, whether god or goddess, ‘*Sei divo sei divæ sacrum.*’ We think of the history (2 Kings xvii. 26–41) of the foreigners settled by the King of Assyria in the cities of Samaria attributing the death of some of their number to the anger of ‘the god of the land,’ and seeking to learn how ‘to fear’ him from one of the priests of the captivity; and we seem to see the rude forefathers of the Roman people under stress of similar apprehensions erecting this altar to disarm the wrath of the unknown local deity against the intruders.

A few yards further to the left we come across relics of the primeval city, *Roma Quadrata*, as it is called. On a ledge part of the way down the scarped cliff are the remains of a wall composed of huge stones, placed, as now, stretchers and headers, i.e. lengthwise and transversely, but without mortar, which is a sign of very early construction. The wall originally rose from this ledge high enough above the surface of the hill to form a rampart for its defenders, and fragments are found at other spots showing that it encircled the whole of the Palatine. We are transported back to the oldest condition of things at Rome of which there is any record in history—this city on the Palatine inhabited by a community of Latins, a Sabine city on the Capitol, and between them a swamp, where subsequently stood the Roman Forum, the memory of which was perpetuated by a pool called the Curtian Lake, where tradition said that in one of the numerous fights between the rival towns Mettus Curtius, a Sabine chief, was entangled and perished. A little further on still is the Lupercal, a grotto in which the legendary she wolf that suckled the twins Romulus and Remus took refuge from the shepherds that pursued her; and beyond it the so-called stairs of Cacus, a long flight of ancient steps cut in the rock, which enabled the defenders of the Palatine to draw water from the well in the grotto within the shelter of the fortifications. In the way in which this corner of the Palatine was left untouched, while the rest of the hill is crowded with buildings of every age, we have an interesting proof of the veneration with which the Romans always regarded the cradle of their race. Let us retrace our steps to the entrance gate, and ascend from it to the top of the hill. Its summit is occupied by the Farnese Gardens, and more to the right by two lately suppressed religious houses, that of S. Bonaventura and the Villa Mills. The gardens were purchased by the Emperor Napoleon III., who commenced excavations there, which the present Government

continue to carry on. What has been uncovered brings us to the days of the Emperors, who made the Palatine hill their residence. The remains to the left are those of the Palace of Tiberius, and the continuation of it, supported on huge substructures along the sides of the slope overhanging the Forum, is the work of Caligula. Part way down the slope may be discerned the spring of a bridge with which that madman (for that he was one I think no one can doubt, who studies his bust in the Sala dei Imperatori in the Capitol) spanned the chasm between the Palatine and the Temple of Castor and Pollux in the Forum, in order that he might appear at will between the statues of the Twin Gods in their cella, and receive the worship of his subjects. A similar bridge carried first to the roof of the Basilica Julia, and from it to the Temple of Jove on the Capitol, gave him access to the shrine of that god too. From the roof of Caligula's portion of the palace Vitellius gazed on the blazing Capitol, set fire to in the struggle between his adherents and those of Vespasian.

In the rear of this palace is a house of the ordinary size, said to have belonged to Livia, the mother of Tiberius, and supposed to have been left standing in order to provide the Emperors with a retreat when they wanted to shake themselves quite free from the trammels of state. Several of its apartments are perfect, except that the roof has disappeared; and the walls exhibit frescoes, of Io watched by Argus and of Polyphemus and Galatea, betraying even in their decay the hand of no mean artist; while on the frieze of one room are figures of winged genii worthy of Raffaello for their grace and beauty of outline. Passing across from the palace through a long subterranean gallery, in which Caligula was assassinated, to the side of the hill which was to our right as we ascended, we find ourselves at the palace of the Flavian Emperors. It is reared on a platform, partly artificial. The Palatine was once cloven in two by a diagonal depression, like that which divides the two summits of the Capitol, only much narrower. In this valley houses were at one time built, and their walls have been used to support in places the floor of the palace, which extends across the hollow. It is interesting to descend a staircase and inspect them. You may see, impressed on the solid concrete of which they are formed, the marks of the boards and of the upright posts at intervals that kept them in their places, between which the concrete was run in a fluid state, and which were taken away when it had set. The Flavian palace seems to consist entirely of state apartments on a most magnificent scale. You may make out a grand banqueting room, with windows looking on to a court, in the centre of which is a bason once full of water round a fountain rising out of flowers and statuary. Through a garden surrounded by a colonnade you enter a throne room, flanked on one side by the Emperor's private chapel (Lararium) and on the other by the Basilica in which he sat to hear appeals. Part of the marble cancellus, or screen, from which our word 'chancel,' that divided the

apse in which the Emperor sat from the suitors, is still in situ. It was in a similar building, though probably it was in the Golden House near where the Colosseum now stands, that S. Paul stood before Nero. Below the portico, which once formed the front of this palace looking towards the Forum, is the site of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, built by Romulus in thanksgiving for the flight of his troops in one of the battles between them and the Sabines of the Capitol having been arrested at this spot.

The Villa Mills, flanking the Flavian palace on the right, occupies the site of the Temple of Apollo, where Galba was sacrificing when Otho stole away to meet his partizans at the Golden Milestone in the Forum, and place himself at the head of a revolt. Galba, following to quell it, lost his life by the Curtian Lake in the Forum which we have mentioned before. Still further away, and covering all the slopes of the Palatine facing towards the Caelian and the Aventine, are huge ruins of the times of Hadrian and Septimius Severus, and a fragment of the Claudian Aqueduct which supplied the palaces with water. The gardens of the Villa Mills, which overhang these ruins, are planted with solemn-looking cypresses that accord well with this scene of desolate grandeur, and from a platform near one of the finest views in Rome is obtained. Seen, as I saw it one evening, with all the city at one's feet, and the Volscian mountains, which bound the Campagna, standing out purple against the fading glories of the opal sky, it is a sight never to be forgotten. On the way back to the entrance gate we pass the guard-room and the chambers of the slaves, the walls of which are still in many places scribbled over with names and caricatures, and where was discovered the scrawl of a man adoring a crucified figure with an ass's head and the legend below 'Alexamenos worships his God,' which may now be seen in the Museo Kircheriano. For the Roman notion that the God of the Jews was represented under the form of an ass, cf. Tacit. Hist. v. 4.

Now let us skirt the Palatine till we come to the Via di S. Gregorio and approach the Forum from that end. The first relic of Old Rome that we reach is the Arch of Constantine, grand in size and beautiful in its proportions, but, I'm sorry to say, tainted with fraud. Most of the bas-reliefs which adorn it are taken from the Arch of Trajan once leading into his Forum, and exhibit his exploits, which are by this robbery transferred to Constantine. Moreover, their workmanship is so very superior to that of those which are really of Constantine's age, that the forgery is as clumsy as it is unprincipled. Art, however, owes something to the memory of the first Christian Emperor. The grand equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, now on the Capitol but then in the Forum, being taken for him, was saved from the destruction which Christian iconoclasts wreaked on some of the finest heathen memorials. Passing under the arch we see the huge bulk of the Colosseum before us, which we will enter, after a glance at the Meta Sudans, a brick core once encased with marble, in the midst of

a bason at which the gladiators are said to have washed. The Colosseum is not so picturesque as it used to be. The walls have been stripped of their plants and creepers, and the cross and its stations have been banished from the arena. But excavations have added so much to our knowledge of its details, that what it has lost in beauty it has gained in interest. Let us sit down on one of the many fallen columns which strew the floor, and look about us. Tier above tier rise the seats on which sat the countless multitudes (there was accommodation for 87,000), who feasted their eyes with the cruel sports. Above the top rose masts, the sockets of which are still discernible on the outside, that supported the awning to screen them from the sun. That oblong projection into the arena on our right is the Podium where were the chairs of the Emperor, the great functionaries of state, and the Vestal Virgins. Below the level of the arena we can make out the dens in which the wild beasts were kept, with the apertures above for throwing their food down to them, the grooves in which ran the cords and pulleys for raising them to the surface in cages, and the labyrinth of rooms and passages for the army of attendants, and for stowing away the scenery which at one time transformed the arena into the likeness of a Libyan desert with its mountains and palm-trees, and at another, when it was flooded with water, into a sea studded with islands. It requires but little imagination to picture to ourselves the doomed troops of gladiators defiling before the imperial throne with the salute of 'Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant,' as G  rome has so graphically painted them. More than all, we *know* that we are gazing on the very spot where S. Ignatius was 'ground,' as he prayed he might be, 'into the pure bread of God' by the teeth of the lions, and where, when, spite of Christianity, the cruel games still held their own, the brave monk Telemachus, attempting to separate the combatants, was massacred by the infuriated spectators, and through the reaction produced on public opinion by his death gained the object for which he was a martyr. And we depart with a solemn feeling of mingled awe and happiness, as one might from the Mount of the Temptation, or the open Sepulchre in Joseph's garden, feeling that we have been witnessing the fulfilment of one of the grand visions of the Apocalypse, have seen the Master in the person of His servants wrestling again with the Prince of evil who possessed that ancient world at once so grand and beautiful and so wicked, and, spite of the weakness of flesh and blood when matched with principalities and powers, have seen Him in them again triumphantly victorious through the power of suffering. But let us pass on. We ascend the slope of the Via Sacra between ruins which once formed part of Nero's Golden House that filled up the whole of that end of the valley between the Palatine and the Esquiline, and the fish ponds of which occupied the site now filled by the Colosseum. The church and convent of S. Francesca Romana on our right are formed of the

two temples of Venus Victrix and *Æterna Roma*, the cellas, or shrines, of which, tenanted by the statues of their respective deities, stood as we may see, back to back. At the top of the slope we pause beneath the Arch of Titus, and look upward at the grandly coffered vault, and then at the bas-reliefs on either side, one representing the conqueror in his triumphal chariot, and the other the seven-branched golden candlestick from the Temple being carried among the spoils of Jerusalem, which decked the procession. And, when once more we cast our eyes forward, the whole of the Roman Forum itself lies at our feet.

We stand face to face with the most interesting spot in Rome, one of the most interesting in the world. Here was the centre of her civic life, and the last scene of the triumphs which celebrated her military successes. Orators, politicians, moneylenders, magistrates, tradesmen, soldiers, idlers, troops of worshippers to the temples with which it is thronged and of litigants to the basilicas, funeral processions, gladiatorial shows, mobs of citizens making for the polling enclosures, made this now silent limbo of spectral ruins roar daily with the stunning din of the life of the greatest city in the world. Let us try, as we proceed onwards, to identify the different sites, and give a passing word to the memories they are fraught with. Those grand arches on the right, supporting fragments of a deeply coffered vault, and the porphyry columns next the road are the remains of the Basilica, or Law Courts, of Constantine. Next to them is the church of SS. Cosmas and Damian, with some of the oldest mosaics in Rome, formed out of the temple *Sacræ Urbis*, and having for its porch, flanked with columns of cipollino marble, the round Temple of Romulus, son to the Emperor Maxentius. The porphyry pillars on either side and the bronze doors of the temple, like those of the Pautheon, are still in situ; and portions of the marble plan of Rome, which used to hang at the back of the cella, are now on the walls and staircase of the Palazzo dei Conservatori. A little further on tower the magnificent columns of the wavy marble called cipollino which once formed the portico of the temple erected to the Emperor Antoninus Pius and his wife Faustina, now the Church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda. On the opposite side of the Forum that round mound of earth in all probability marks the site of the Temple of Vesta; and the colonnade above, surrounding a central enclosed space like a cloister, is the peristyle of the house of the Vestal Virgins. Enter, and you will see statues of the chief Virgins, and pedestals with names and inscriptions, ranged against the walls. One is especially interesting. The name has been erased, and, as the date A.D. 364 is one at which Prudentius notes that two or three of the sisterhood became Christians, that may possibly be the account of its obliteration. At the farther end of the colonnade you may inspect the cells, which, as in a modern convent, seem to have been used for meditation. And, if you mount the staircase, you may enter two stories

of bedrooms and bathrooms, which are more than any of the disentombed houses at Pompeii can boast of; and you may see in situ the flues in the walls, and the elaborate arrangements generally of the old Romans for distributing a current of hot air all over their houses.

Coming down again into the Forum, you ask what is the stone rim on the surface of the ground a little to your left? It is thought to mark the well of Juturna, at which legend said the Great Twin Brethren watered their horses, when they appeared in the Roman Forum to announce the glorious victory of Lake Regillus over the wicked Tarquin; and the beautiful pillars immediately above it are part of the portico of the Temple of Castor and Pollux raised in their honour. Opposite on the right is the base on which once stood the temple, looking up the Forum, of Julius Cæsar built by Augustus; and the hollow beneath the spot where its portico once stood is the Rostra Julia, from which, and not from the other Rostra, Mark Antony delivered the crafty oration over Cæsar's murdered body which our own Shakespeare has made immortal, and which did so much to determine the fate of Rome. Crossing the Via Sacra, which here strikes across the Forum and then runs forward again, we have on our left the vast Basilica Julia, or Law Courts of Julius, the stumps of the columns restored to their original places, and the pavement still scored with the lines for games, something apparently in the nature of our hopscotch, which the gamins of Rome seem to have taken a pleasure in playing close under the very nose of justice. The row of mounds flanking the Via on the right formed pedestals for the statues of great Romans. Yonder, still more to the right, is the pedestal of an equestrian statue; and the two great slabs of marble raised on their edges near it are bas reliefs which must have come from the Forum of Trajan, probably from the destroyed arch, and represent on one face of each two of the good Emperor's deeds of beneficence. There can be little doubt that it was one of these which arrested the gaze of S. Gregory the Great as he was one day walking in Trajan's Forum and filled him with such admiration for the Emperor that, hastening into one of the adjacent churches, he besought with supplications and tears the release of such a noble man's soul from hell, where, as he was a heathen, it of course was, and prevailed with God to get it translated to Purgatory, where Dante saw it in his famous journey thither.

‘l’alta gloria
Del Roman prince, lo cui gran valore
Mosse Gregorio alla sua gran vittoria.’—*Purg.* x. 73.

Those who would see this touching story admirably told at length, should consult Lightfoot's *Ignatius*, Vol. I. p. 6.

Under those houses on the ground above us, whenever the excavations are carried so far, will doubtless be found remains of two more great Basilicas, those of Æmilia and Portia. Several noble pillars from the former were in the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura before

it was burnt down in 1823. What were saved from the fire still flank the papal throne in the apse of the restored church. On this side of the Forum, and on the other side opposite, once extended rows of shops, *Tabernae*, and it was from one here, in close proximity to the Comitium which was in this part of the Forum, that Virginius seized the butcher's knife that saved his daughter from the clutches of Appius Claudius, and put an end to the tyranny of the Decemviri. The Church of S. Adriano covers the site of the Curia Hostilia, in which the Senate used to sit in the days of the Kings. And down the stairs, which are probably still beneath the soil, descending from it to the Comitium Servius Tullius was thrown by the order of his wicked son-in-law, Tarquin the Proud, and his body was afterwards trampled under the horse hoofs of his daughter's chariot, as she drove back to her palace on the Esquiline. The tall Corinthian column rearing itself aloft in the mid space of the Forum is much more modern than anything else here. One could wish that it had remained the 'nameless column' which Byron calls it, and in so doing had retained its romantic interest. Unfortunately, now that its base has been excavated, the inscription reveals by its date of A.D. 608, that the person in whose honour it was erected was the Emperor Phocas, a ruffianly tyrant, though the name, either from spite or just indignation, has been erased. Behind it are the remains of the Rostra from which Cicero delivered two of his great speeches against Catiline, and on which his head was exposed to the gaze of the populace, when Fulvia, M. Antony's wife, pierced the tongue with a bodkin, a mean revenge for the attacks it had made on her husband. Further still in the rear, proceeding from right to left, are the Arch of Septimius Severus, sculptured with representations of the sieges of Nisibis and Babylon, the platform on which once stood the Temple of Concord, where Cicero delivered before the Senate the two other philippics against Catiline, three slender columns marking all that remains of the Temple of Vespasian, and the pillared arcade which goes by the name of the Portico of the Twelve Gods. The great wall behind them all, exhibiting its hoary antiquity in its huge slabs of masonry, belonged to the Tabularium, in which the archives of ancient Rome were once kept, and now forms part of the substructure of the Palazzo del Senatore, where Rienzi lived during his brief and fitful reign.

I have still left one of the finest buildings in the Forum unmentioned. These grand Ionic columns on our left as we front the Tabularium, so noble in their simplicity—what are they? They are the portico of the Temple of Saturn. Observe how the Via Sacra winds round the front of them, before it climbs the Clivus Capitolinus. Here it was that at a triumph the conqueror's grand procession came to a momentary halt, while the captives, who had been hitherto following it, were carried off to the Mamertine prison, beneath that church which you see just to the right of the Arch of Severus. There

they were put to death, while the general continued his ascent to return thanks in the great Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on the one of the twin peaks of the Capitol where now stands the Palazzo Caffarelli, the residence of the German Ambassador. I don't know anything that makes one loathe those old Romans, while one cannot help admiring them too, like that Mamertine prison. It consists of two dungeons, one below the other; the lower partly hollowed out of the natural rock, partly built with blocks of the stone called tufa. Originally there was no access to the lowest but through a hole in the floor of the one above, down which the prisoner was let, as Jeremiah was into the dungeon of the king's palace at Jerusalem (Jerem. xxxviii. 6-13). Not a breath of air nor a glimmer of light could reach him but by that aperture, and the cell is but a very few feet in diameter. What the cold and the closeness and the stench must have been after a comparatively short imprisonment is inconceivable. Death must have been a boon indeed to the poor wretches who suffered it. And here some of Rome's noblest antagonists, as well as her most unworthy sons, were strangled, or otherwise killed. Jugurtha, the Numidian king who figured in the triumph of Marius, was starved to death in this horrible hole. When, stripped of his clothes by the greed of his executioners, he was first dropped into it, he is said to have exclaimed, 'Hercules, how cold your bath is!' Vercingetorix, the Gaulish patriot who so long baffled the arms of Julius Caesar, Catiline and his brother-conspirators, Sejanus, the favourite minister of Tiberius, were among those put to death here. On the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, or Staircase of Groans, which led from it into the Forum, their corpses and those of Sabinus, Vespasian's brother, and the Emperor Vitellius, despatched by the soldiers of Vespasian, were exposed to the public gaze. In this same dungeon S. Peter is said to have been imprisoned before his martyrdom. And the tradition is very likely to be true, for Rome had very few prisons—indeed none but this for centuries, if we may credit Juvenal (Sat. iii. 312). But the legend that the spring in a corner of the cell burst forth at the Apostle's prayer, in order that he might be able to baptize his jailor, is about as worthy of credit as that the hollowed stone, to which the custode invites your attention, bears the impress of his head. Sallust, in his history of the Jugurthine war and the fate of its hero, mentions the spring as being in existence at the time of the king's imprisonment there, B.C. 104.

ENGLISH MIRACLE-PLAYS.

BY ALFRED W. POLLARD.

THE Feast of Corpus Christi (Thursday after Trinity Sunday) fell last year on June 9th, and on that day the writer was fortunate enough to be in the little town of Como, which was all astir, and prettily decorated in honour of the festival. The country people had flocked in from all sides, and the bright shawls of the women, and the green and brown coats and brilliant neckties of the men, gave colour and variety to the crowd. The procession itself could not be called magnificent, but there was a mixture of simplicity and splendour about it which made it far more interesting than many more gorgeous displays. Those who took authorised part in it must have been at least four hundred in number. First came the members of the three Guilds or Confraternities of the town; working men, most of them, with their every-day garb scantily hidden by their surplices, and carrying with them their broad brimmed hats (for each man walked bareheaded), wrapped up in splendid handkerchiefs. After the Guilds came the town band, the least pleasant feature in the procession, for its members, besides being in every-day attire, itself a drawback, all wore a curiously professional air, in disagreeable contrast to the reverence which was everywhere else strikingly apparent. After the band followed the cathedral choristers; then the priests in their copes of gold, and then the sacred canopy covering the Host, at the approach of which the whole crowd fell on their knees. The rear was brought up by the women members of the Confraternity, all in black, with mantillas over their heads. Every one in the procession bore a candle, and little boys, with the most serious and angelic faces, ran to and fro rapidly seizing and pulling off the long pieces of melted wax which trickled down the sides of the tapers. Their caps were soon quite filled with these perquisites, which they doubtless sold to be remade into candles for the next procession.

But the most interesting feature in the procession remains to be told. Mingled with the men were a number of little children, mostly from about four to seven years old, dressed, some in long red robes, and having a crown of thorns on the head to represent the Saviour, some in blue to represent the Blessed Virgin, while little Mary Magdalene wore dresses of sackcloth with penitential crowns instead of halos. Most charming of all, however, were the tiny boys, so tiny they had mostly to cling to their father's hands, who walked sandalled and with little sheepskins round their otherwise bare bodies, carrying cross-headed staves in their hands, and having tiny golden halos

attached to their fair, short cropped herds. These represented the traditional playmate of the infant Christ, Saint John the Baptist. Such was the Corpus Christi procession at Como in 1887, and it was difficult for any one interested in the customs and ways of thought of our English ancestors, to be a witness of it, without being led to think of the curious way in which they, too, used to honour the feast while yet it was one of the greatest in our Church's calendar.

The children who mingled with the procession at Como were examples of that principle of symbolism which no Church in dealing with uncultivated people can afford to neglect. In the Middle Ages the need for this symbolism was imperative. The task which every village priest had before him was that of interesting a wholly uneducated and somewhat unimaginative congregation in the truths which it was all-important for them, not merely to know, but to understand and take home to themselves. This was the origin of those miracle-plays, which, though at first chiefly celebrated at Christmas and Easter, gradually grouped themselves in many places round the Feast of Corpus Christi after its revival by the Council of Vienne in 1311. It is of the history of these miracle-plays in our own country that we propose briefly to speak.

The earliest known drama on a sacred subject is the *Χριστὸς πάσχω*, or 'Christ in His Passion,' of Gregory of Nazianzus, written in the fourth century. Again, after a long interval, we have in the tenth century the Latin plays of Hroswitha, a Benedictine nun of Gandersheim, in which she dramatised the legendary history of Christian Saints and Confessors. But the *Χριστὸς πάσχω* is cast in the form of Greek Tragedy, the plays of Hroswitha modelled on those of Terence, and both are mere literary productions which have no real connection with miracle-plays. These undoubtedly took their origin from the dramatic representation within the Church and by the priest and his assistants, of the event which the Church was celebrating on the day of performance. Thus for the performance of an early Latin play lying before me, on the subject of the Slaughter of the Innocents, persons in more or less appropriate dresses would be stationed in different parts of the church, to represent the Blessed Virgin and Holy Joseph, King Herod, Rachel, etc., while the Innocents (with an inattention to accuracy very characteristic) were clearly played by the little singing boys of the church, who opened the performance with an anthem. Then an angel warns Joseph to flee into Egypt, and according to the quaint stage direction, the Holy Family leave the church while Herod is not looking. The return of the Magi by another route is then announced to Herod in a mocking chorus of soldiers, and the King makes as if he would kill himself. While he is in this despair the Innocents are heard singing another anthem, and, in a tag from Sallust, the King resolves on vengeance. Soldiers are sent amid the Innocents, and accomplish their bloody work despite the resistance of Rachel, who

laments their fate in a set speech, and is ministered to by her friends. At the voice of an angel, the Innocents arise and march into the choir singing an anthem. The place of Herod is taken by another player, representing Archelaus, and the play ends with the return of Joseph and Mary. Some plays would, of course, be less elaborate than this, as in a church dedicated to S. Nicholas, sufficient honour might be shown to him by a play on such simple lines as the substitution of a real player for the image of the Saint, followed by the representation of the deposit by a heathen of a rich treasure in the Saint's keeping, its theft by robbers, the rage of its owner on his return, the recovery of the treasure by the Saint, and the conversion of the heathen. But the tendency was naturally to ever increased elaboration, and by-and-by the churches were found too small, and the performance was transferred to a scaffold in front of the church, round which the spectators could stand at their ease. This step once taken, the primitive simplicity of the plays was greatly endangered. The clergy gradually entrusted their performance to the hands of laymen, and as early as 1210 were forbidden by Pope Gregory to any longer act themselves. In some dioceses their very presence at these representations was altogether prohibited, and the miracle-plays seemed fast falling into disrepute.

Emancipated from the control of the Church, the liberty of the miracle-plays could not fail to have soon degenerated into license had they not been particularly favoured by circumstance. One of the striking features of the thirteenth century in England is the growth of the trade or craft-guilds, associations, that is, of traders or handicraftsmen, according to their several occupations, for the promotion of their trade interests and defence against the oppression of the merchant-burgesses who had hitherto reigned supreme in the mediæval town. When the Feast of Corpus Christi was formally revived in 1311, many of the trade guilds adopted it as their great festival of the year, and by way of honouring it, in a fashion at once popular and religious, organised representations of miracle-plays with a completeness and elaboration which only wealthy societies could afford. At the same time the plays, from their association with the guilds, gained the advantage of a proper control, and though those which have come down to us are disfigured by passages in bad taste, or even what we should now unhesitatingly pronounce irreverence, the semblance of bad taste and irreverence alike are the results of our own greater refinement, and would not have been apparent to the spectators of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries.

As organised by the trade guilds the miracle-plays no longer as a rule consisted of isolated representations, but fell into great groups or cycles 'of matter from the beginning of the world,' i.e. tracing the religious history of mankind from the fall of Adam and Eve until the day of judgment. Of such cycles there must have been altogether at least eight or ten, but of these only four, those of Chester, Coventry

Widkirk (known as the Towneley mysteries), and York have come down to us. The York plays were printed for the first time last year from a manuscript in possession of Lord Ashburnham, and as they are thus comparatively new to the reading world, we shall take our illustration rather from them than from the cycles which have been accessible for a longer period. These York plays, as they had come down to us, number in all no less than forty-eight, and their performance was distributed amongst the eighty-four guilds of the city. In this distribution a certain fitness was carefully observed; thus the representation of the Making of the Ark was entrusted to the Shipwrights, of the Flood to the Mariners and Fishmongers, of the Miracle of Cana to the Vintners. On the other hand, the smaller guilds had to club together to bear the expenses of a play, and in one instance we find no less than six of them thus associated. The expenses were by no means small, amounting sometimes to as much as £15, or almost £150 in our own money, and a large item in them was for the costly, if sometimes strangely conceived, dresses of the performers. Owing to the accountants' habit of calling the players by the names of the sacred characters they were intended to represent, writers on miracle-plays have often been tempted to make some very poor fun out of the bills which have come down to us. Such an entry, however, as 'item for setting the world on fire, fivepence,' is really charming in its incongruity. The utmost care was taken to select fit and qualified actors, and on April 3, 1476, it was ordered by the City Council, 'That yearly, in the time of Lent, there shall be called before the Mayor for the time being, four of the most cunning, discreet, and able players within this City, to search, hear, and examine all the players and plays and pageants throughout all the artificers belonging to Corpus Christi play. And all such as they shall find sufficient in person and cunning, to the honour of the City and the worship of the said crafts, for to admit and able; and all other insufficient persons, either in cunning, voice or person, to discharge, remove and avoid.'

Let us suppose now that the players have been chosen, their parts settled, the dresses provided, and the plays duly rehearsed. Thursday* after Trinity Sunday has duly come, and the delightful city of York is thronged with visitors from every side. Our ancestors were no lie-a-beds, and if we want to have a good view of the plays, we must take up our stand not long after 3 A.M., unless, that is, we are rich, when by paying from a shilling to four and fourpence, we can have a kind of stand in front of one of the sixteen places where the plays are to be performed, and need not arrive there till a little after four. The crowd is probably not quite so picturesque as that of our Italian city; but in mediæval England, greens, blues, and reds would

* After 1426 it would be the Wednesday, for in that year a Friar Minor, named William Melton, persuaded the City Council to have the plays on the eve of the festival, a change certainly for the better.

not be lacking, and the now pervading black would be an exception. The crowd begins to grow impatient, when the first pageant is seen coming along. A string of horses are drawing an unwieldy waggon, on the top of which is a scaffolding arranged stagewise, and on this the players act. There are no exits or entrances; but if a player stands on one side he is supposed to be off the stage. The scaffolding is in two floors, the upper of which represents heaven, and the under hell, the mouth of which has just been repainted at a cost of fourpence. The players belong to the Guild of Barkers, and the play they enact is the Creation and Fall of Lucifer. Like all the early plays of the series, it is made painful to us by the introduction of the First Person of the Holy Trinity; but the contrast between the proud self-congratulation of Lucifer in heaven and his misery in hell is dramatic, and it is certain that the irreverence which is painful to us was non-existent for the original audience. The Barker's pageant would not take more than about twenty minutes to play (it is six pages of print), and at its conclusion their waggon would be hauled away to another of the sixteen playing places, and the Plasterers would take up their tale of the Creation of the World. So throughout the long summer's day, play would succeed play, until late in the afternoon the enactment by the Mercers of the forty-eighth pageant, the Day of Judgment, would at last bring the performance to an end.

A question which very naturally occurs is—what was the literary and, above all, what was the religious value of these plays? The question is not easy to answer. It is certain that the York plays were mostly written by men of the class by whom they were performed—well-to-do craftsmen, not altogether devoid of feeling, humour, or imagination, but absolutely without culture. The great length of the performance necessitated the introduction of humorous scenes by way of relief, and these are mostly great stumbling-blocks. The most famous, as well as the most pardonable, of these humorous incidents, is the difficulty which Noah finds in getting his wife into the Ark. With a certain loyalty, which the spectators would not fail to admire, she refuses to be saved unless her gossips are saved with her, until at last Shem, Ham, and Japheth have to bundle her in, despite her resistance. Such an incident, if it did not tend to edification, would do no great harm to an uncultivated audience; but the same cannot be said of the humorous dialogue between Pilate, his wife, and the beadle of the court immediately before the great scene of the Judgment Hall. Laughter here, even had it been produced by realism instead of buffoonery, would remain a crime, unpardonable, no matter how great the lack of education of playwright, players, and spectators. But though the plays of York were all written by craftsmen, this was not universally the case, and in order to show the better side and real literary value of some of these productions, I give a few quotations from the 'Pageant of the

Company of Shearmen and Tailors in Coventry,' a fifteenth-century play, of which the only MS. known was transcribed in 1534. The transcriber was not a very learned person, and, as his spelling is incorrect, even according to sixteenth-century ideas, I shall venture to transform it as far as possible into modern orthography. My first extract is from the salutation of the shepherds—

PASTOR II. 'Now hail be thou child, and thy dame,
For in a poor lodging here art thou laid;
So the angel said, and told us thy name.
Hold, take thou here my hat on thy head,
And now of one thing thou art well sped;
For weather thou hast no need to complain,
For wind, nor sun, hail, snow and rain.

PASTOR III. Hail be thou lord over water and lands,
For thy coming all we may make mirth;
Have here my mittens to put on thy hands,
Other treasure have I none to present thee with.'

This cannot be called good as poetry; but it is interesting for its childlike simplicity, and for its genuine endeavour to realise the scene at the manger-bed, when the shepherds came that first Christmas morning to pay their homage. The next quotation has more poetic beauty. It is a conversation between two 'Prophets,' one of whom is inquiring of the other as to the shepherds' visit—

PROFETA II. 'Yet do I marvel
In what pile or castle
These herdsmen did Him see.

PROFETA I. Neither in halls, nor yet in bowers
Born would He not be;
Neither in castles, nor yet in towers,
That seemly were to see.
But at His Father's will,
The prophecy to fulfil,
Betwixt an ox and an ass
Jesu, this King, born was;
Heaven He bring us till!

PROFETA II. But when these shepherds had seen Him there,
Into what place did they repair?

PROFETA I. Forth they went, and glad they were,
Going they did sing.
With mirth and solace they made good cheer,
For joy of that new tiding.
And after, as I heard them tell,
He rewarded them full well,
Granted them heaven therein to dwell.
In are they gone with joy and mirth,
And their song it is Nowell.'

Lastly, here is a little pastoral song, with a refrain so charming, that it seems crying aloud to be set anew to music—

'As I rode out this end-year's night
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,
'And all about their fold a star shone bright;
They sang, terli, terlow;
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

Down from heaven, from heaven so high,
Of angels there came a great company,
With mirth and joy and great solemnity.
They sang, terli, terlow;
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.'

Quotations like these will serve to show that these miracle plays, if, on the whole, of an antiquarian and historical interest rather than of intrinsic value, were yet not without touches of true poetry, and that their religious feeling, though overlaid with many incongruities, was yet real, and, according to their lights, pure and sincere.

AN OLD-WORLD LEGEND

BY MRS. KEIR MOILLIET.

The following is an attempt to interweave various fragments of legendary lore, derived partly from Arabic sources, by hearsay, and partly from passages taken from ancient writers, which it is thought may prove interesting.

‘THE children of Adam increased in number, and their animal nature became strong, and all flesh corrupted itself.

‘And men loved pleasure rather than knowledge, and set up the worship of things of sense in the place of Allah; and they all did the same thing, and followed the same voice, in respect of their thoughts, language, feelings, and aspirations.

‘Then came the Deluge, for with water, the great purifier, did Allah wash out the unclean.

‘Once more, through Noah, was the earth repopled.

‘On the plains of Shinar, where stood the Mother of civilisation (Babylon), the children of Noah were gathered together.

‘And their intellectual nature became strong, and they loved knowledge rather than pleasure, and set up the worship of things mental in the place of Allah; and they all did the same thing, and followed the same voice, in respect of their thoughts, language, feelings, and aspirations.

‘Then Allah beheld, through the clouds of heaven, the doings of the Tower-builders, and disallowed them.

‘At His voice the very bonds of human character were dissolved. The thoughts, language, feelings, and aspirations which, heretofore, men held in common, became individual and various, for the root itself of speech was riven at the voice of Allah.

‘And none could understand his brother, and none verily could supply his brother’s needs, nor mourn at his grief, nor rejoice at his joy. The self-same words and well-accustomed sounds bore other meaning to the ear of each, and the harmony among men was changed to discord.

‘And the children of Noah were dispersed from the four corners of the Tower (pyramid) which they had built at Babel.

‘Then the gentle angels in the firmament above, pitying the woe of man, smote their golden harps, and filled the heavens with mournful sounds.

‘And Allah, the All-merciful, inclined His ear to them, and held back the confusion of the thoughts, language, feelings, and aspirations of men from running into utterness.

‘And the pyramid became thereafter a symbol that, in the fulness

of time, a Pentecostal day should come, with the descent of tongues of fire, and re-unite the thoughts, language, feelings, and aspirations of men under the Chief Corner-Stone.'

The greater part of the above legend was given, *viva voce*, by an educated Coptic Christian in Egypt. It was roughly taken down in Arabic, and the words then used are translated as literally as possible. It is well known that the idea existed among the ancients, that at the Tower of Babel there began, not only confusion of language, but also a radical change in the dispositions of men. Hence the Eastern saying, 'Babel hath smitten men with deeper divisions than those of speech,' and, 'Verily, at the moment that a seed beginneth to grow, it receiveth into itself the quality of the kind of earth in which it groweth.' So, it is said, the language of men took the colour of the character given them by the Dispersion.

Philo Judæus points out that the confusion of tongues was not a miraculous creation of new languages, but rather a disruption of fellow-feeling among men, causing the dispersion, from which different dialects of the original language gradually arose. He says, 'Mankind paid the fit penalty for their daring, for they presently became many-tongued; so that from that time forth they could no longer understand each other by reason of the diversity in the *dialects* into which the one tongue, once common to all, was divided' (De Conf. Ling. p. 321).

Vetringa, Robertson, Donaldson, and Döllinger would seem to favour this view. In referring to Psalm lv. 9, Donaldson explains 'Divide their tongues' as meaning 'Produce dissension in their councils.' Dr. Döllinger says that as death and dispersion were the results of sin and presumption, so life and reunion will follow religion and morality. And, speaking of the Pentecostal descent of tongues, he says, 'This was the beginning and inauguration of the great work destined to re-unite in one vast communion the human race, which had been split up and divided into hostile nations since the confusion of tongues.' Schlegel, in his 'Philosophy of History,' affirms the existence of five early nations, each with a distinctly marked national character, viz. the Egyptian, Chinese, Indian, Persian, and Hebrew. According to Strabo, the Tower of Babel was built in the form of a pyramid, so that the people dispersed outwards from the four inferior corners of the tower, might well have become the four great nations first mentioned. Those who remained—the Hebrew—would represent the four nations as restored to unity and harmony under the top corner-stone of the pyramid. He adds that the four nations represent the four quarters, into which the primary essence of human nature can be divided; viz. sensation, mind, imagination, and will, whereas the Hebrews had for their distinctive mission the restoration to a full life and entire co-operation the divided capacity of human nature. 'I affirm,' he says, 'that in man the understanding only is not the

principal organ for the perception of divine truth.' And, indeed, a quarter of man's nature could scarcely be expected to be adequate to that end.

Perhaps ethnology is hardly at present sufficiently advanced to enable us to reach any definite conclusion respecting the genealogy of the primitive races. But, as regards the science of language, Max Müller seems to think that there were five great types of languages: the Aryan, Semetic, Turanian, Chinese, and the primitive root-language from which they all sprang.

The old Easterns were believers in a kind of mystical science, which was supposed to have been taught to the sages by the angels. Both Jews and Arabs believed this, the one calling it the Caballa, and the other grammar, or the 'mother of science.' The sect of the Essenes were great students of the Caballa. Philo, who lived in Alexandria about A.D. 30, is said to have belonged to this sect, which was thought by some to have originated among the Rechabites.

Amid the strife of opinions in his time, he would naturally turn his attention to the traditions respecting the confusion of tongues. He describes the noisy philosophers of Alexandria as belonging to two opposite factions—the one believing in things of sense, the other, in things of mind. Philo, being a Jew, regarded each with equal contempt, as tending to set up an idolatry of sense or of mind in place of the worship of Jehovah (*De Victim Offer*).

Egypt might justly be called the cradle of early Christian philosophy. Alexandria long continued to be the great centre, where all the various schools of thought, Jewish, Greek, and Christian, met and discussed their different opinions. We see this forcibly illustrated in Kingsley's '*Hypatia*.' All the numerous thoughts and characters there described would apply equally well to the present day. The picture is the same, it is merely the frame that differs. For whether placed in the fourth century or in the nineteenth, human nature is always the same. There is nothing new under the sun, and every modern idea of a speculative character finds its root and germ at this period, with the difference, that coming direct from the fountain-head, it had all the freshness and vigour of originality, at the same time showing its connection with earlier thought.

It is strange that so many disputes and wrangles should have taken place in the land of the Sphinx. The huge form of the goddess of silence, towering above the vast expanse of desert sand, with its strange inscrutable face and the mysterious secret of its existence, must have appeared singularly out of place amid the Babel of human tongues that went on around it. Its huge figure—a vast enigma, telling no secrets, asking none, altogether independent of the human race and its petty concerns, must have mocked them by its silence and mystery. And so the tide of human thought swept on. One generation gave place to another, and men began to think other thoughts and to make, as they imagined, new discoveries, often ignoring the

fact, that these same thoughts had been lived out ages since, and that many of their boasted discoveries were more than three thousand years old. And the Sphinx remains a silent witness of all that once happened beneath its shadow. Those who thought and worked have been swept away, they have passed into silence; but there are busy thinkers and workers still, and now the cry goes forth as of old, 'What is truth?' Whither shall we turn for a reply? Surely not to the Sphinx of Agnosticism.

This is a scientific age. Most people seem to know a little of everything. Even young girls, at an age when most of our grandmothers would have been in the schoolroom, are more or less conversant with the discussions of our learned societies, knowing much of the British Association, of Anthropology, Sociology, Physiology, and every other 'ology' imaginable, except the one which we would fain think the most important of all—the science of religion—Theology. The early days of Christianity afford a remarkable contrast to the present in this respect. There was then very little of what would now be called scientific knowledge; but the study of the science of religion was invariably taught, even to catechumens. It may be thought that a careful training in theology is superfluous, nay, undesirable, as tending to make people lose sight of the more practical duties of religion. But, in other subjects, men study theory, in order to become more perfect in practice. Would not the same rule apply to the highest of all subjects, to the science which shall survive the wreck of the universe itself, growing brighter and brighter till it fades in the vision of endless light? Did not Julian the Apostate forbid the teaching of theology, thinking thereby to exterminate Christianity?

Now, as ever, we find the worship of things of sense, and things of mind too frequently set up, it may be unconsciously, in the place of Allah. Both parties treat religion as though it were a scientific system of certain theorems, which have to be established on the evidence of our senses or of our minds. If theology were a little more studied, would it not show that the root of religion lies rather in faith? As Lord Tennyson says in 'The Ancient Sage'—

'For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven. Wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt.'

And with young people, to touch upon the vexed question of how to spend Sunday, would not the highest act of Christian worship be fitly followed by a reverent study of the Fathers and such modern writers as would build them up in our most holy faith?

In these days, a distinctive type of national character can hardly be said to exist. Men travel rapidly from one country to another, we read the literature of other nations with as much ease as our own, and thus become cosmopolitan in our instincts and in our ideas of men and things. The national type is, to some extent, lost, and in its place we get

differences of individual types of character. But the most important agent in bringing about national harmony has been undoubtedly Christianity, which, spreading over every country, influenced the language, altering the meaning of words, used hitherto in a mere material or logical sense, into a higher and spiritual signification. It was this mighty influence which swept away national prejudice, and which refined and purified the literature of all Christian people, uniting instead of dividing them, softening down the harsh and rugged outlines of national character, rounding all its sharp angles towards one centre, and drawing the rays of all human learning into one grand focus of Christian truth.

This we see when reading the literature of mediæval times, when Latin was the universal language, and the Church the source of authority. But at the Rénaissance men threw off the yoke, not only of Rome, but, too often, of Christ. And in proportion as they cast away the Christian faith, the bond of human brotherhood, so their thoughts and opinions began to diverge. And truly there came not a second Deluge to purify the earth, nor a second Babel to punish their intellectual pride. Yet did they not escape the doom of the Tower-builders. For instead of one great light there arose various lesser lights, to the confusion of thought and opinion, producing discord instead of harmony. Men take different sides of the same question, according to their individual bias. Now, we should laugh at a doctor who attempted to prescribe for a patient without taking his temperament into consideration. If this is true, as regards physical matters, is it not equally so in matters of mind and character? Should we not be more cautious in distinguishing between our personal bias and feelings and heaven-taught faith, which is beyond objects of sense and intellect? We must rise above nature to attain the supernatural. Would not this be one step in the direction of what must be the longing of each and all of us—the reunion of Christendom?

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Does a London life offer more outlet and give more advantages than a country one?

London has it decidedly, by the votes of the Debaters. May Chelsea China, whose office is supposed to be to uphold the *via media*, put in a word for the suburbs?

In those despised regions you may scramble over hedges and ditches, and buy the cheapest and most fashionable frilling. You can attend scientific lectures, and also yourself find an occasional wild-flower, which Chelsea China cannot but consider an assistance in the study of botany. You can attend Art Classes, the *summum bonum* apparently of most of this month's writers, and you can at least try to sketch from nature. You can go and hear Patti and the nightingales alternately; you can see lambs and chickens and little pigs; and you also do, now and then, meet with intelligent people who read books. Indeed, such *have* been known to live in country villages—just as some people say there are no flowers to equal those on London balconies. While as for appreciation, what country child cares for the grass and the wild-flowers, as she whose 'country walk' is usually in process of being built over, and whose buttercups and bindweed are gradually retiring before 'a new road' to nothing? What inhabitant of London thinks more of the shops and the gas and the sights and the bustle, than those who 'go to town' for an occasional treat?

There is one drawback. Piccadilly and Regent Street don't alter very materially, and the village of Muddleton-in-the-Maze retains its characteristics through a lifetime. But all the 'places' of the dweller in suburbs change and vanish away, and die out of the world sooner than those who lived in them.

The essays are mostly long, and Chelsea China thinks it best to give *Lamda's* only, hoping that a more definite defence of the country may be offered.

She wishes to endorse *Blackbird's* remark, that a more complete knowledge of people in other ranks of life can be attained in the country than in London.

The tie of neighbourhood and acquaintance, quite independent of good works, is hard to find between classes in a great city.

Answers received from *Dorigen*, *Elcaam*, *Blackbird*, *Leonora*, *Ovis*, *A Reading Girl*, *Popinjoy*, and *Matilda*. Chelsea China is sorry there is no room for *Blackbird's* spirited attack on Mrs. Grundy. *Speedwell* writes in her favour.

LONDON *versus* THE COUNTRY.

‘London, thou art the queen of cities all.’

If any of the ‘Monthly Packet’s’ debaters remember a book called the ‘New Republic,’ which made a sensation some eleven years ago, they will be able to recall a question asked at a dinner-party in one of the early chapters, similar to the one we are now discussing. They will remember, too, how most of the guests were embarrassed by the idea that they *ought* to prefer the country, but *did* prefer the town. The world has moved on since then, and if the old feeling that ‘God made the country, and man made the town,’ still lingers, at any rate we seldom feel under an obligation to do or say a thing we do not like, because it is the proper thing. And, indeed, when I look back on the many years of dreariness and *ennui* I passed in the country, and contrast them with the brightness and fulness of my present life in London, I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not love it, every stone, and feel it my chief pride to be able to call it my birthplace.

But let me enumerate a few of its many advantages. ‘The proper study of mankind is man,’ and if any spark of the love of humanity is alive within us (and if not, so much the worse for us), we can surely more easily fan it into a clear bright flame in a city of four million inhabitants, than in a village of as many hundreds. Next, though here, of course, I may be mistaken, it always seems to me that the two noblest gifts bestowed on man, and therefore the two subjects most deserving of our careful study, are Art and Language. For Art includes music, the drama, sculpture, painting, and minor arts without end; and by Language I mean the science of Philology, leading on to the study of the different religions of the old and new worlds, as well as that knowledge of other tongues than our own, which enables us, as nothing else can, to enter into the minds and thoughts of men of far-off lands and distant times—and, in spite of foggy skies and rows of ugly houses, in spite of insular prejudice and exclusiveness, we can learn more of Art and Language in London than anywhere else in England.

But the natural sciences, you say, they are best studied in the woods and fields, and beneath the open heavens. Well, I don’t know much about them, but I suppose you scientific people have theory as well as practice, and where will you find better lectures and museums than in London? Honestly, it seems to me that if you want to do anything properly, you must come to town to accomplish your desire. I freely confess the country is best for children, and for young girls who are neither well nor happy without unlimited tennis or hunting. There are, too, a few people who retain these requirements to the very verge of old age; but the average woman who has left girlhood behind her will find many more outlets and advantages in London than the country. Does she seek occupation of all and every description—society, pleasure, economy, or medical skill, no matter

what—she will find it close at hand. And, again, is it not a privilege to live where you almost hear the beatings of the mighty heart of this great nation? Is independence nothing? Is it never an advantage to be able to absent oneself from one's accustomed place in church, without knowing that the Vicar will call on Monday to inquire for one's health; or to be able to follow whatever path suits you best, and yet feel all the time you are not making yourself peculiar because at least five hundred other people are doing the same thing? Is it not an advantage to have one's angles rubbed smooth, and to learn one's own insignificance in the great school of busy London? 'Busy London'—yes, that is just the objection to it, our country cousins say. Life there, is all a rush and scramble, no time or room for calm and culture. But, my friends, rush and scramble are the temptations of the age, not of London in particular. No one is a greater admirer of cultured calm than I am; but I emphatically deny it to be unattainable in London. It may be a trifle more difficult to live a life of reposefulness there than in the country, but hurry-scurry is the tendency of the day. We grumble at it, and in our hearts we like it, and are dull without it, and too often we make London an excuse for giving way to that, of which we disapprove, and yet are not strongminded enough to resist. It should be remembered that it is not only convenient but time-saving to have all one's friends and shops within reasonable distance, so that one is not obliged to spend the whole afternoon paying one call, or to send four miles if the cook has forgotten something for dinner. And if you are poor, or for any other reason wish to live quietly, and to call your time your own, are there not flats, with no possible accommodation for many servants, and minus even a spare bedroom? At the very worst, supposing you are drawn into the whirl of life around you, is not high pressure better than stagnation, busy-idleness, and incessant gossip, the three bugbears of the country? But for myself, I agree with a dear old London lady, herself the very personification of peace and quietness, who once said to me, when we were passing a few weeks in a retired hamlet, and the days (each just like the last, and nothing to mark one more than another) were slipping away with alarming rapidity, '*This, and not life in London, is what I call living too fast.*'

'If I must have a villa in country to dwell,
O give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.'

LAMDA.

FURTHER REMARKS ON IDEALISM.

X. Y. Z.—The answer to this question depends on what your aim in life is. If it is 'the easy life,' idealism will not forward it; if it is to reach as near perfection as possible, it will. In this world there seems to be room for both aims as far as the working of the world-machine is concerned. It is impossible to deny that the people who have no exacting standard of perfection contribute much to the

pleasantness and commonplace happiness of the world, while those who have such a standard often make their friends feel uncomfortable, and there are some people who would be simply repelled by the one, who may be gently and unconsciously lifted by the other. So in literature, art, etc., there is a place for such books as the 'Prince of the House of David,' which may make the Gospel history vivid to the uneducated, though it seems ridiculous to the cultivated. It takes all sorts, no doubt, to make a world.

When, however, we have to choose personally between aiming at the easy life, and at perfection, I cannot believe that the lower choice can be made without a permanent lowering of the character. It is at all times hard enough to fight our way upwards in the scale, and to turn round and sit down half-way is to act as, on the theory of evolution, parasitic plants and animals have acted; they seem to have turned aside for the easy life, and their organisms have become permanently lowered in consequence. To refuse idealism, if we are capable of it, is to refuse our best and offer God and the world what is *not* our best. What may be the best for others is not the measure for us. Faith involves following idealism, even if it seems in the short run to produce less visible result for good; and in the long run there is no doubt that—

‘Who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher far than he that means a tree.’

Earthly Life is a state of aspiration, onwards, upwards. Its aim is Perfection, so the standard cannot be too high. Idealism, defined as ‘a high and exacting standard,’ must then be a help to the ‘trivial round and common task,’ which is one’s road to perfection. We commend to those interested in this debate Mr. Symond’s article in the *Fortnightly Review* for Sept. 1st. He treats of a similar question as it concerns Art; his theory is substantially one with ours, i.e. the Ideal is the only true Real; do all you can to embody the beautiful and the true as your mind conceives of them, and your work will be true Art. Such advice to an artist is much like St. Paul’s to a Christian. Look rather at the Unseen than at the Seen, for the Unseen is the truly Real, and will endure. If we do this in common life we shall be Idealists. False idealism is not merely a hindrance, but an enemy to all true aspiration, and should be called by its right name, visionary folly. An unpractical dreamer, one who in theories or plans runs counter to the laws of ordinary common sense, is not an idealist. Religious people must earnestly guard against false idealism. They should distrust any theoretic holiness which is unpractical in the working, the highest principles are those which can be most successfully brought to bear upon everyday life. Those who allow their imagination to absorb them while they refuse to cultivate practical knowledge of the daily wants and claims, the needs and possibilities of ordinary life, down to the smallest detail, can do more

to injure the noblest cause than they would like to believe. The most 'heroic' life is common, i.e. subject to the ordinary needs of human beings—to neglect these is silly and wrong. As Artemus Ward says, 'There's a deal of human natur in man.' So there is, and we must allow for it. The Scottish proverb, 'Look to a gown of gold, and you'll be sure to get a sleeve of it,' is a motto for a true Idealist, aspiring, but eminently practical. The greatest Idealist was perfect Himself, and required perfection in others; but of all other precepts none are so entirely practical as His. LUCCIOLA.

Chelsea China has rushed in where perhaps she had better have feared to tread, she has lost her footing, is out of her depth, and is floundering in seas of ancient metaphysics, the neighbourhood of which she did not suspect. X. Y. Z. does not understand what she meant. Of course, to quote *Lucciola*, 'The Ideal is the only true Real,' but can any *one* human mind conceive it? Do we get nearer it by looking out for what *is*, is character especially, but in life, in beauty, in all things, than by making up our minds what *ought to be*.

There is of course a distinction quite sufficient for practical purposes between False and True Idealism. But *can* any Idealism be quite true? Does not 'reverence for fact' imply faith in Him who makes facts? But though Chelsea China feels the practical distinction in the two ways of looking on life, she feels, indeed, out of her depth, and has not got an inch of rope to throw to any one.

She turns with relief to Mrs. Grundy, only stating that *Excelsior*, *Speedwell*, and *Golden Gown* have also sent excellent papers on the advantages of a high Ideal. Chelsea China agrees. But——?

Paper received from *T. T. J.* in favour of Verbal Truth.

The 'good fling' at Mrs. Grundy has arrived, too late for this month. *Speedwell* too late also.

QUESTION FOR JANUARY.

Is Personal Religion helped or hindered by the organisation and mechanical work of religious societies?

By request of Arachne.

Answers to be sent before February 1st, to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

HISTORY OF ROME.

October Class List.

First Class.

Grasshopper	40	Bluebell	32
Lisle	38	Vorwärts	}	31
Lachesis	37	Tortoise		
Speranza	35	Water-wagtail	}	30
Tacitus	34	Wylmecote		
Emu	33	Repullulat		

Second Class.

White Cat	}	29	Marius	}	25
Charissa			Livy		
Deryn			Fieldfare		
Stanzerl	}	28	Budgerigar	}	24
Portia			Mabel		
Romola			Claudia	}	23
Midge			Lily		
Fidella	}	26	Horatius		21
Countess					
Carlotta					
Ignavus					

Third Class.

Robin	18	Carlo	15
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November Class List.

First Class.

Grasshopper	39	White Cat	}	31
Bluebell	}	37	Water-wagtail		
Lisle			Fidella		
Emu	35	Vorwärts	}	30
Wylmecote	}	33	Tortoise		
Repullutat					

Second Class.

Midge	29	Budgerigar	}	23
Livy	}	28	Portia		
Countess			Claudia		
Horatius	}	27	Fieldfare	}	21
Ignavus			Charissa		
Marius	26	Carlo	}	20
Countess	}	23	Mollusk		
Deryn					

Third Class.

Romola	8
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REMARKS.

37. *Stanzerl*, *Deryn*, and *Livy* do not name the Lex Julia (B.C. 90), by which the Roman Franchise was conferred upon such of the Allies as had refrained from taking part in the Social War. *Romola*: it was Lucius Julius Cæsar who proposed this law, not the great Caius. *White Cat*, *Budgerigar*: the Lex Papiria Plautia (B.C. 89), supplementary to the Lex Julia, extended the privilege to all burgesses of the Federated Cities who were at that time domiciled in Italy (not in 'Rome,' or 'the provinces'). *Ignavus*: the 'final cause' of a thing means its end or object, not its immediate occasion.

38. *Claudia*, and others, omit Sylla's departure from Rome (B.C. 87), to take the command of the expedition against Mithridates, an important event which left the field open for the return of Marius from exile.

39. *Charissa* and *Fidelia*: Sylla landed in Epirus at the head of 30,000 men, not 300,000. *White Cat* makes a mistake of ten years as to the date of Sylla's victory over the general of Mithridates at Orchomenos, which took place in 85 (not 75) B.C.

40. *Horatius*: the so-called 'Cornelii,' Sylla's body-guard, were not '300,000 noble youths of Italy,' but 10,000 enfranchised slaves of the Proscribed.

41. *Budgerigar*, *Portia*, *Fieldfare*, *Charissa*, *Mollusk*: it was not the ex-consul Manlius, but C. Mallius, an old centurion, whom Catiline sent to levy troops in Etruria.

42. *White Cat*, *Fidelia*, *Ignavus*, and others, omit the famous Conference of Lucca (B.C. 56), at which Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus concerted measures for opposing the Senatorial Party, and keeping all political power in their own hands. *Horatius*: it was Cæsar, not Cicero, whom Pompey and Crassus visited at Lucca.

43. *Fieldfare* omits Cæsar's legislative reforms. *Charissa*: the Julian Calendar did not lengthen 'the Roman year,' in general, by 90 days, but only that particular year (45 B.C.: 708 A.U.C.), by which means the discrepancy between the nominal and the real (or solar) time was rectified. *Carlo*, *Mollusk*: Cæsar did not actually drain the Pontine Marshes; he only intended to do so.

44. *Deryn*, and others: the Actium was the temple of Apollo Actiacus on the Acte, or south-eastern promontory of the Sinus Anactorius (Gulf of Prevesa) on the coast of Epirus. It is comparatively useless to describe a battle without saying where it took place.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Questions for January.

1. In what parts of the empire have we good evidence that the Gospel had been preached by the close of the 'Acts of the Apostles?'

2. Mark the distinct steps by which the Christian Church learnt that she was Catholic, and not meant (as the Jewish) for Israel in the flesh only.

3. What indications can we gather from Holy Scripture of the beginning, progress, and extent of Christianity in Rome previous to the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul.

4. Name the symbols by which the Apostles are known in Art, with the reasons for them.

Answers to be sent by Feb. 1st to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers of the 'Monthly Packet.' The subscription for the year (1s.) should be sent with the first answers.

The answers sent by Feb. 1st will be criticised and classed in time for the April Number.

In answer to correspondents, Bog-Oak begs to state that members of the Church History Society *may* study the subject for the month *after* they have seen the questions; but all books should be put aside while actually answering them. Notes are permissible, and very useful, but they too must be put away while answering the questions.

Stamps have been received from *Gladys* and *Frideswide*.

Bog-Oak pleads for Postal Orders instead of stamps.

She must also call attention to her rule of not answering letters, even when stamped envelopes are sent. Any questions asked will be answered in the 'Monthly Packet.' All Church History correspondence *must* be sent to 'Bog-Oak,' *care of the Publishers*, and not to the Editor.

Notices to Correspondents.

Y. A. N.—In 'Work and Leisure' (Hatchards) for November, 1887, Miss Riddle Leckhampton, Cheltenham, announces that she can give instruction by correspondence in several of the Indian languages. An interesting paper in the same number of 'W. and L.,' called 'A New Work,' bears upon the same subject.

R. G.—'Twas whispered in heaven,' etc., was written by Miss Catherine Fanshaw, but ascribed to Lord Byron. It is to be found in the 3rd part of Miss Edgeworth's 'Harry and Lucy.' Some subscriber will no doubt tell you where to find—

'Call us not weeds,
We are flowers of the sea.'

Whence comes,

'The dearest spot on earth to me is home,
There where love is so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering
As my home, sweet home?'

ANON.

L. C. wants to recover some verses called 'Lost in the Snow.'

Torfrida would be much obliged to any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' who could tell her where to find the poem containing the lines—

'Time and Obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shall be.'

Also the author and source of the following—

'. . . . In earthly races
To winners only do the heralds call;
But see, in yonder high and holy places
Success is nothing, but the work is all.'

Also can any one tell her who was San Giovanni della Croce?

M. G. M. will be much obliged if the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet' will let her know, through the Magazine or otherwise, where the rest of the following lines can be found, and also the author—

'Oh, call it not death, it is life begun,
For the waters are passed, the home is won;
The ransomed spirit hath reached he shore,
Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no more.'

A Constant Reader would be very glad to know the origin of the idea that horseshoes or old iron bring good luck to the finder.

Alpha.—It is a matter of opinion, but Abimelech does not seem to be worthy to be reckoned as a judge, except that his career supplies a date.

Una may wish her name not to appear if she cannot find a text twice repeated in Holy Scripture. Is. viii. 18 and Heb. ii. 13. She also asks where to find Tennyson's line—

'Give her the wages of going on and still to be.'

Bee.—Mrs. Grundy is a character in the old comedy of *Speed the Plough*, a meddling, censorious woman—of whom it is constantly asked, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?'

Will the author of 'Mrs. Ted' send her address.

Can any of the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' supply me with names of signboards. Only uncommon or curious ones wanted; also their derivation, if possible.—Address, The Rev. ARTHUR RAWSON, Fallbarrow, Windermere.

Who founded Jesus College, Cambridge, also Jesus College, Oxford; and when?
TOUCHSTONE.

In answer to *Muffin Man's* inquiry about St. Spithlin and St. Maughold, I would say, that the former is a somewhat imaginary saint, lately disinterred from Cregeen's 'Manx Dictionary': he says, 'Spithlin, supposed to have been the name of a saint, for which there are two days in the year, laa'l Spithlin souree (18th May), laa'l Spithlin geuree (18th Nov.).' He is not mentioned in *Manx Ecclesiastical History*, neither are there any churches here dedicated to him, so that altogether he is a doubtful person. With St. Maughold, also called Maguil, and Machaldus, the case is different, he was 4th Bishop of Mann, date 498. He was a native of Ineagh in Ulster, a bishop eminent for his sanctity. (See *Jocelyn*, cap. 152.) The Church of the Parish of Maughold in the north of the Island is dedicated to him. Tradition says he was driven ashore in a small boat and landed on that coast.—A. M. CRELLIN, Orry's Dale, Isle of Mann.

P.S.—Maughold *not* Manghold, as *Muffin Man* gives.

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARTNER.

THE expected telegram arrived two days later, requesting Miss Mohun to find a lodging at Rockstone sufficient to contain Sir Jasper and Lady Merrifield, and a certain amount of sons and daughters, while they considered what was to be done about Silverfold.

‘So you and I will go out house-hunting, Gillian?’ said Aunt Jane, when she had opened it, and the exclamations were over.

‘I am afraid there is no house large enough up here,’ said her sister.

‘No, it is an unlucky time, in the thick of the season.’

‘Victoria said she had been looking at some houses in Bellevue.’

‘I am afraid she will have raised the prices of them.’

‘But, oh, Aunt Jane, we couldn’t go to Bellevue Church!’ cried Gillian.

‘Your mother would like to be so near the daily services at the Kennel,’ said Miss Mohun. ‘Yes, we must begin with those houses. There’s nothing up here but Sorrento, and I have heard enough of its deficiencies!’

At that moment in came a basket of game, grapes, and flowers, with Lady Rotherwood’s compliments.

‘Solid pudding,’ muttered Miss Mohun. ‘In this case, I should almost prefer empty praise. Look here, Ada, what a hamper they must have had from home! I think I shall, as I am going that way, take a pheasant and some grapes to the poor Queen of the White Ants; I believe she is really ill, and it will show that we do not want to neglect them.’

‘Oh, thank you, Aunt Jane!’ cried Gillian, the colour rising in her face; and she was the willing bearer of the basket as she walked

never was there a more good, right-minded young woman, or more prudent and guarded.'

'So would Mr. Flight and his mother, I have no doubt.'

'Mr. Flight would, Miss Mohun, but'—with an odd look—'I fancy my lady thinks poor Kally too handsome for it to be good for a young clergyman to have much to say to her. They have not been so cordial to them of late, but that is partly owing to poor Mrs. White's foolish talk, and in part to young Alexis having been desultory and mopey of late—not taking the interest in his music he did. Mr. Lee says he is sure some young woman is at the bottom of it.'

Miss Mohun saw her niece's ears crimson under her hat, and was afraid Mrs. Lee would likewise see them. They had reached the front of the house, and she made haste to take out a visiting-card and to beg Mrs. Lee kindly to give it with the basket, saying that she would not give trouble by coming to the door.

And then she turned back with Gillian, who was in a strange tumult of shame and consternation, yet withal, feeling that first strange thrill of young womanhood at finding itself capable of stirring emotion, and too much overcome by these strange sensations, above all by the shock of shame, to be able to utter a word.

I must make light of it, but not too light, thought Miss Mohun, and she broke the ice by saying, 'Poor foolish boy——'

'Oh! Aunt Jane, what shall I do?'

'Let it alone, my dear.'

'But that I should have done so much harm and upset him so'—in a voice betraying a certain sense of being flattered. 'Can't I do anything to undo it?'

'Certainly not. To be perfectly quiet and do nothing is all you can do. My dear, boys and young men have such foolish fits—more in that station than in ours, because they have none of the public school and college life which keeps people out of it. You were the first lady this poor fellow was brought into contact with, and—well, you were rather a goose, and he has been a greater one; but if he is let alone, he will recover and come to his senses. I could tell you of men who have had dozens of such fits. I am much more interested about his sister. What a noble girl she is!'

'Oh, isn't she, Aunt Jane. Quite a real heroine! And now mamma is coming, she will know what to do for her!'

'I hope she will, but it is a most perplexing case altogether.'

'And that horrid young Stebbing is come back too. I am glad she has that nice Mrs. Lee to help her.'

'And to defend her,' added Miss Mohun. 'Her testimony is worth a great deal, and I am glad to know where to lay my hand upon it. And here is our first house, "*Les Rochers*." For Madame de Sévigné's sake, I hope it will do!'

But it didn't! Miss Mohun got no farther than the hall before she detected a scent of gas; and they had to betake themselves to the next vacant abode. The investigating nature had full scope in the various researches that she made into parlour, kitchen, and hall, desperately wearisome to Gillian, whose powers were limited to considering how the family could sit at ease in the downstairs rooms, how they could be stowed away in the bedrooms, and where there were the prettiest views of the bay. Aunt Jane, becoming afraid that while she was literally 'ferreting' in the offices, Gillian might be meditating on her conquest, picked up the first cheap book that looked innocently sensational, and left her to study it on various sofas. And when daylight failed for inspections, Gillian still had reason to rejoice in the pastime devised for her, since there was an endless discussion at the agent's, over the only two abodes that could be made available, as to prices, repairs, time and terms. They did not get away till it was quite dark and the gas lighted, and Miss Mohun did not think the ascent of the steps desirable, so that they went round by the street.

'I declare,' exclaimed Miss Mohun, 'there's Mr. White's house lighted up. He must be come!'

'I wonder whether he will do anything for Kalliope,' sighed Gillian.

'Oh, Jenny,' exclaimed Miss Adeline, as the two entered the drawing-room. 'You have had such a loss, Rotherwood has been here waiting to see you for an hour, and such an agreeable man he brought with him!'

'Who could it have been?'

'I didn't catch his name—Rotherwood was mumbling in his quick way—indeed, I am not sure he did not think I knew him. A distinguished-looking man, like a picture, with a fine white beard, and he was fresh from Italy; told me all about the Carnival and the curious ceremonies in the country villages.'

'From Italy? It can't have been Mr. White.'

'Mr. White! My dear Jane! this was a gentleman—quite a grand-looking man. He might have been an Italian nobleman, only he spoke English too well for that, though I believe those diplomates can speak all languages. However, you will see, for we are to go and dine with them at eight o'clock, you, and I, and Gillian.'

'You, Ada!'

'Oh! I have ordered the chair round; it won't hurt me with the glasses up. Gillian, my dear, you must put on the white dress that Mrs. Grinstead's maid did up for you—it is quite simple, and I should like you to look nice! Well—oh! how tired you both look. Ring for some fresh tea, Gillian. Have you found a house?'

So excited and occupied was Adeline that the house-hunting seemed to have assumed quite a subordinate place in her mind. It really was an extraordinary thing for her to dine out, though this was only

a family party next door; and she soon sailed away to hold counsel with Mrs. Mount on dresses and wraps, and to get her very beautiful hair dressed. She made by far the most imposing appearance of the three, when they shook themselves out in the ante-room at the hotel, in her softly-tinted sheeny pale grey dress, with pearls in her hair, and two beautiful blush roses in her bosom—while her sister, in black satin and coral, somehow seemed smaller than ever, probably from being tired, and from the same cause Gillian, had dark marks under her brown eyes, and a much more limp and languid look than was her wont.

Fly was seated on her father's knee, looking many degrees better and brighter, as if his presence were an elixir of life, and when he put her down to greet the arrivals, both she and Mysie sprang to Gillian to ask the result of the quest of houses. The distinguished friend was there, and was talking to Lady Rotherwood about Italian progress, and there was only time for an inquiry and reply as to the success of the search for a house before dinner was announced—the little girls disappeared, and the Marquess gave his arm to his eldest cousin.

‘Grand specimen of marble, isn't he?’ he muttered.

‘Ada hasn't the least idea who he is. She thinks him a great diplomate,’ communicated Jane in return, and her arm received an ecstatic squeeze.

It was amusing to Jane Mohun to see how much like a dinner at Rotherwood this contrived to be, with my lady's own footman, and my lord's valet waiting in state. She agreed mentally with her sister that the other guest was a very fine-looking man, with a picturesque head, and he did not seem at all out of place or ill-at-ease in the company in which he found himself. Lord Rotherwood, with a view, perhaps, to prolonging Adeline's mystification, turned the conversation to Italian politics, and the present condition and the industries of the people, on all of which subjects, much ready information was given in fluent, good English, with perhaps rather unnecessarily fine words. It was only towards the end of the dinner that a personal experience was mentioned about the impossibility of getting work done on great feast days, or of knowing which were the greater—and the great dislike of the peasant mind to new methods.

When it came to ‘At first, I had to superintend every blasting with gelatine,’ the initiated were amused at the expression of Adeline's countenance, and the suppressed start of frightful conviction that quivered on her eyelids and the corners of her mouth, though kept in check by good breeding, and then smoothed out into a resolute complacency, which convinced her sister that having inadvertently exalted the individual into the category of the distinguished, she meant to abide staunchly by her first impression.

Lady Rotherwood, like most great ladies in public life, was

perfectly well accustomed to have all sorts of people brought home to dinner, and would have been far less astonished than her cousins at sitting down with her grocer; but she gave the signal rather early, and on reaching the sitting-room, where Miss Elworthy was awaiting them, said—

‘We will leave them to discuss their waterworks at their ease. Certainly residence abroad is an excellent education.’

‘A very superior man,’ said Adeline.

‘Those self-made men always are.’

‘In the nature of things,’ added Miss Mohun, ‘or they would not have mounted.’

‘It is the appendages that are distressing,’ said Lady Rotherwood, ‘and they seldom come in one’s way. Has this man left any in Italy?’

‘Oh, no; none alive. He took his wife there for her health, and that was the way he came to set up his Italian quarries; but she and his child both died there, long ago, and he has never come back to this place since,’ explained Ada.

‘But he has relations here,’ said Jane. ‘His cousin was an officer in Jasper Merrifield’s regiment.’

She hoped to have been saying a word in the cause of the young people, but she regretted her attempt, for Lady Rotherwood replied—

‘I have heard of them. A very undeserving family, are they not?’

Gillian, whom Miss Elworthy was trying to entertain, heard, and could not help colouring all over, face, neck, and ears, all the more for so much hating the flush and feeling it observed.

Miss Mohun’s was a very decided, ‘I should have said quite the reverse.’

‘Indeed! Well, I heard the connection lamented, for his sake, by—what was her name? Mrs. Stirling—or——’

‘Mrs. Stebbing,’ said Adeline. ‘You don’t mean that she has actually called on you?’

‘Is there any objection to her?’ asked Lady Rotherwood, with a glance to see whether the girl was listening.

‘Oh, no, no! only he is a mere mason—or quarryman, who has grown rich,’ said Adeline.

The hostess gave a little dry laugh.

‘Is that all? I thought you had some reason for disapproving of her. I thought her rather sensible and pleasing.’

Cringing and flattering, thought Jane; and that is just what these magnificent ladies like in the wide field of inferiors. But aloud she could not help saying, ‘My principal objection to Mrs. Stebbing is that I have always thought her rather a gossip—on the scandalous side.’ Then, bethinking herself that it would not be well to pursue the subject in Gillian’s presence, she explained where the Stebbings lived, and asked how long Lord Rotherwood could stay.

‘Only over Sunday. He is going to look over the place to-morrow, and next day there is to be a public meeting about it. I am not sure that we shall not go with him. I do not think the place agrees with Phyllis.’

The last words were spoken just as two gentlemen had come in from the dining-room, rather sooner than was expected, and they were taken up.

‘Agrees with Phyllis! She looks pounds—nay, hundredweights better than when we left home. I mean to have her down to-morrow on the beach for a lark—castle-building, paddling—with Mysie and Val, and Fergus and all. That’s what would set her up best, wouldn’t it, Jane?’

Jane gave a laughing assent, wondering how much of this would indeed prove castle-building, though adding that Fergus was at school, and that it was not exactly the time of year for paddling.

‘Oh, ah, eh! Well, perhaps not—forestalling sweet St. Valentine—stepping into their nests they paddled. Though St. Valentine is past, and I thought our fortunes had been made, Mr. White, by calling this the English Naples, and what not.’

‘Those are the puffs, my lord. There is a good deal of difference even between this and Rocca Marina, which is some way up the mountain.’

‘It must be very beautiful,’ said Miss Ada.

‘Well, Miss Mohun, people do say it is striking.’ And he was drawn into describing the old Italian mansion, purchased on the extinction of an ancient family of nobles, perched up on the side of a mountain, whose feet the sea laved, with a terrace whence there was a splendid view of the Gulf of Genoa, and fine slopes above and below of chestnut-trees and vineyards; and therewith he gave a hearty invitation to the company present to visit him there if ever they went to Italy, when he would have great pleasure in showing them many bits of scenery, and curious remains that did not fall in the way of ordinary tourists.

Lady Rotherwood gratefully said she should remember the invitation if they went to the south, as perhaps they should do that very spring.

‘And,’ said Ada, ‘you are not to be expected to remain long in this climate when you have a home like that awaiting you.’

‘Don’t call it home, Miss Mohun,’ he said. ‘I have not had that these many years; but I declare, the first sound of our county dialect, when I got out at the station, made my heart leap into my mouth. I could have shaken hands with the fellow.’

‘Then I hope you will remain here for some time. There is much wanting to be set going,’ said Jane.

‘So I thought of doing, and I had out a young fellow, who I thought might take my place—my partner’s son, young Stebbing. They wrote that he had been learning Italian, with a view to being

useful to me, and so on ; but when he came out, what was he but a fine gentleman—never had put his hand to a pick, nor a blasting-iron, and as to his Italian, he told me it was the Italian of Alfieri and Leopardi. Leopard's Italian it might be, for it was a very mottled or motley tongue, but he might as well have talked English or Double-Dutch to our hands, or better, for they had picked up the meaning of some orders from me, before I got used to their lingo. And then he says 'tis office work and superintendence he understands. How can you superintend, I told him, what you don't know yourself? No, no, go home and bring a pair of hands fit for a quarryman, before I make you overlooker.'

This was rather delightful, and it further appeared that he could answer all Jane's inquiries after her beloved promising lads whom he had deported to the Rocca Marina quarries. They were evidently kindly looked after, and she began to perceive that it was not such a bad place after all for them, more especially as he was in the act of building them a chapel, and one of his objects in coming to England was to find a chaplain, and as Lord Rotherwood said, he had come to the right shop, since Rockquay in the spring was likely to afford a choice of clergy with weak chests, or better still, with weak-chested wives, to whom light work in a genial climate would be the greatest possible boon.

Altogether the evening was very pleasant, only too short. It was a curious study for Jane Mohun how far Lady Rotherwood would give way to her husband. She always seemed to give way, but generally accomplished her own will in the end ; and it was little likely that she would allow the establishment to await the influx of Merrifields, though certainly Gillian had done nothing displeasing all that evening except that terrible blushing, for which piece of ingenuousness her aunt loved her all the better.

At half-past ten next morning, however, Lord Rotherwood burst in to borrow Valetta for a donkey-ride, for which his lady had compounded instead of the paddling and castle-building, and certainly poor Val could not do much to corrupt Fly on donkey back, and in his presence. He further routed out Gillian, nothing loth, from her algebra, bidding her put on her seven-leagued boots, and not get bent double—and he would fain have seized on his cousin Jane, but she was already gone off for an interview with the landlord of the most eligible of the two houses.

Gillian and Valetta came back very rosy, and in fits of merriment. Lord Rotherwood had paid the donkey-boys to stay at home, and let him and Gillian take their place. They had gone out on the common above the town, with most amusing rivalries as to which drove the beast *worst*, making Mysie umpire. Then having attained a delightfully lonely place, Fly had begged for a race with Valetta, which failed, partly because Val's donkey would not stir, and partly because Fly could not bear the shaking, and then Lord Rotherwood

himself insisted on riding the donkey that wouldn't go, and racing Gillian on the donkey that would—and he made his go so effectually, that it ran away with him, and he pulled it up at last, only just in time to save himself from being ignominiously stopped by an old fishwoman!

He had, as Aunt Jane said, regularly dipped Gill back into childhood, and she looked, spoke, and moved all the better for it.

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. POINTER IN A NEW LIGHT.

'Give her time, on grass and sky,
 Let her gaze if she be fain.
 As they looked ere he drew nigh,
 They will never look again.'—*J. Ingelow.*

THREE days passed after Maurice's accident, dragging out their tedious length as such days will drag. The doctor, the nurse, and Mrs. Tyndal had it all their own way in his room, and doled out scraps of information to the others, who meanwhile led a restless, unsettled sort of life, feeling it heartless to settle down to their ordinary occupations.

Agnes Morrison was the only satisfactory person to talk to, for in her gentle sensible way she always took the most hopeful view of the state of affairs. To her the Squire always turned when he was in despair, as he was twenty times in a day. For, indeed, the accounts were not cheering. The fever ran very high, especially at night; and when Mr. Tyndal spoke hopefully of Maurice's youth and strength as giving him every chance, the doctor merely looked grave, and made but little answer. There was no getting a promise of probable recovery out of him, and though the Squire was a sanguine man, he was liable, like other sanguine men, to violent ups and downs.

Dick forgot the state of affairs for one half his time, and was utterly downcast about it for the other half.

As for Dagmar, it was very hard to tell how much she felt. She would have shown her distress and sympathy as simply as a child, but that some hints and scrutinising looks from some of the numerous friends who came to inquire had set her pride up in arms.

'People make such a fuss, one would think they supposed I was in love with him!' she said scornfully to Agnes on the third day, after a batch of visitors had just taken their departure. 'I wish they would remember that he is no relation of ours, and that we have only known him for just a year.'

She looked the picture of girlish pride and scorn as she spoke the words, with her white round throat curved haughtily, and one foot impatiently tapping the floor.

‘I wish we had a better account to give them,’ said Agnes, rather sadly. ‘They might make as much fuss then as they pleased.’

‘Yes; I suppose they all care as much as we do—or, at any rate, they think they do!’ flashed Dagmar in illogical vexation. She went out as she spoke into the ‘stone hall,’ from whence her doves had been banished, because their penetrating ‘coo-coo’ sounded through the house in the early morning, when Maurice was sometimes exhausted enough to sleep.

Dagmar visited them in the outhouse to which they had been consigned, and then went the round of all her pets, as usual. But her face had not its usual happy absorbed look. Perhaps the recollection of one who had been almost as attentive as herself to these cherished ‘animals’ was not easily to be put aside. Perhaps she was realising that ‘the story’ was beginning, and that already—before its true interest had been reached—it had closed for her for ever the volume of her happy childhood, over which she had wilfully lingered so much longer than most of her peers.

She wandered on down the garden and into the plantation, looking round her a little wistfully. It seemed to her that things looked a little different—that for the first time she was aware that the world had changed—was changing—whether she would or no.

It was not that ‘falling in love’ was anything to her as yet, but an idea to be laughed to scorn. But for the first time she was letting herself be touched by love and sorrow that was not visionary or remote—letting her interests stray beyond the charmed circle of home. And the strange new feelings shrank and shivered, half-petulantly, like fledgling birds on the edge of the nest.

She unclasped the chain which she still wore round her neck, and held the locket in her hand, studying it as she had done twenty times in the course of the last three days.

Her instinct would not have allowed her to open it, but the spring had been somehow injured—perhaps by Mrs. Simpson’s curiosity—and the two little golden doors fell apart of themselves. They enclosed a little ivory miniature, very small, and exquisitely clear. It was the face of a woman, of about twenty, with soft hazel eyes, fair hair, thick and wavy, turned straight back from the face, and rather a long nose. It was a sweet face, and even a beautiful one; and though in the picture one might study it critically and say that the features were irregular, it was easy to imagine that in the living original the play of expression must have been far too lovely and bewildering for such calmness of judgment. Nothing was shown of the dress but a ruffle of falling lace below the slender throat, but the style of the hair was very strange and antiquated, and had somewhat of a masquerading effect above the fresh young face.

But the most interesting point about the miniature was doubtless the name of the original, and this there was no means of knowing. From the style of hairdressing she might have been old enough by

now to be Maurice's mother. But the portrait of Mrs. Claughton up at the Court showed a little dark round face, with a snub nose and large black eyes. And after all, those complicated braids might be merely a whim, and the owner of that face might well have been swayed by a thousand whims, each more causeless than the last.

Dagmar had not shown the locket to any one, not even to her mother. It seemed to her that it was Maurice's secret, which accident had betrayed to her, and that she must keep it for him. The question was, what to do with it.

When Maurice was well again she could give it back to him, no doubt. But the doubtful looks of all the experienced elders had roused a fear that would not be laid to rest again. It might be that the only thing to do with the locket would be to get some kind hand to slip it unseen under a coffin-lid, where the secret might sleep for ever with the only hand that held the clue to it.

'I will not cry!' said Dagmar to herself, putting her hand to her throat, where something ached so that it brought the tears to her eyes. 'There is not the slightest reason why I should cry for him. People would not expect it of me, unless they thought—what they have no right to think. They may cry if they like—but I will not.'

And then it suddenly flashed across her how few *would* cry; how lonely Maurice stood in the world; how few tears would be shed for him, kind and generous and tender-hearted as he was. And at that thought her own tears suddenly fell like rain; her pride for the moment forgotten.

It was only for a moment, however; and she was drying her eyes rather indignantly, when a step was heard upon the gravel behind her, and young Mr. Pointer suddenly made his appearance.

'Oh, I say! I beg your pardon,' he began breathlessly. 'I wouldn't go in, and they told me at the door that you were gone down the garden, and I thought I'd follow you and inquire. I—I'm awfully sorry to see you've been crying. I hope he's not worse, is he?'

The fire in Dagmar's eyes would have burnt up more tears than she had shed that afternoon.

'I believe Mr. Claughton is not worse than when you called last night,' she said coldly. 'But I have not heard very lately—I have been out of doors.'

'Oh, I am so glad,' said the luckless youth. 'I was afraid, when I saw you had been crying, that he might be worse; and I should be awfully sorry for that, you know, as well as being naturally sorry for anything that troubles *you*.'

'I suppose being "*awfully* sorry" is the opposite of being "*naturally* sorry"?' said Dagmar, walking back towards the house at an uncivilly rapid pace.

'Eh? I really don't know. Never went in for fine language, don't you know. But it must have been a horrid accident. I've

been over to look at the place. It's a wonder he wasn't killed. My father always said he was too bold a rider.'

'It seems rather unkind to talk about that now,' she said, still walking on.

'Oh! I say,—you know I don't mean to be unkind. I thought I'd come over again to-day, just to see how he was, and whether there was anything I could do. Perhaps I might sit up a night with him?'

'I don't think that would do,' cried Dagmar, a little dismayed by the bare proposition. 'I am sure the doctor would not allow a stranger——'

'Oh, I'm sure I should be a first-rate hand at that sort of thing, and when people are ill they often like a fresh face. Besides, Claughton always seemed to like being with me. But anyway, you know how glad I should be to do something—to go anywhere, or to fetch anything—any hour of the day or night.'

His face wore the most fatuous of smiles, but his tone was so evidently sincere that Day softened a little towards him. 'You are very kind,' she was beginning to say, when the unfortunate young man ruined himself once more.

'But, I say!—I could almost find it in my heart to envy him, don't you know? He must be very bad indeed, if having *you* to nurse him won't more than make up for it all!'

He might have gone on further, but the look he met with withered him for the moment.

'You don't suppose that *I* nurse him?' cried she, with childlike directness and womanly anger. 'Do you suppose that I should be allowed to do such a thing, even if I were foolish enough to wish it? Really, Mr. Pointer, young ladies do not do such things—out of a third-rate three-volume novel. You should read what Sir John says on that point in *Realmah*.'

She stopped short, with a little unsteady, scornful laugh, and the young man looked as though he would gladly have grovelled before her.

'Why! yes!—Really, I beg your pardon. I forgot about proprieties, and all that. I was only thinking of what Claughton would like, poor fellow.' Well! I suppose I oughtn't to keep you out any longer.'

He could hardly be said to be 'keeping' Dagmar, since she was going towards the house as fast as her fleet steps could take her. She was exasperated beyond words. If she had set the slightest value on Mr. Pointer's opinion she might have boxed his ears first and then have informed him that the 'proprieties' were the last things in the world to restrain her from doing anything that she might think right or desirable.

'Good-bye,' she said, in freezing tones. 'We will let you know if there is anything that you can do—since you are so kind as to offer.'

She passed under the porch and into the house as she spoke, and Mr. Pointer could only mount and ride away, sorely puzzled as to why she was so more than ordinarily brusque and unkind to him.

It was not often that Dagmar gave way to tears and temper, and this afternoon she was to be punished by a second encounter while her face was still unfit to bear a very careful scrutiny.

In the hall she almost ran against Mr. Layton, who was standing with his hands behind him, contemplating a fine pair of stag's antlers.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'The fact is, the door stood open, and I bethought myself that the constant ringing of bells might be a nuisance. So I walked in, and waited, till some one should find me.'

'Thank you. You are very good. Will you come this way?' she faltered, in a little confusion. 'I believe my father is somewhere in the house.'

'Oh! don't disturb him. I only came to inquire. But I fear things are no better, are they?'

'I am afraid not,' murmured Dagmar, forgetting the traces of tears about her eyes, and lifting them appealingly to his face. 'We don't like to say anything about it—it only makes it seem more real.'

'I have been wondering if he would like to see me,' said Mr. Layton, pausing in the drawing-room doorway. 'I think, from what Dr. Merivale says, it might be well to try. I am ready to help in any way, and after he had seen me in a casual sort of way, he might be willing to let me be with him at night.'

'I will send and inquire,' she said, a little flash of merriment breaking through the sadness of her face. 'Your's is a more hopeful proposal than the last, at all events. Mr. Pointer is very anxious to be allowed to act as nurse!'

Mr. Layton smiled and passed on into the drawing-room, while Dagmar rang a bell in the hall, sent a message to her mother, and went away to her own room. Though she had laughed, yet tears were still nearer to her eyes than she cared to have them, and she preferred to be by herself.

Agnes was left to entertain Mr. Layton; but even she was not in spirits to be very talkative. The Vicar, however, was not one of those men who *will* talk, whatever happens. He was unusually thoughtful, too, and after the first few words of greeting, sat staring into the fire-place for some time without saying a word.

'Miss Morrison!' he said at last, 'you came to my help very kindly the other day, and diverted your uncle's attention just in time to prevent his falling out with me for refusing poor young Claughton's offer about the church. But you, too, must have wondered—have you not?—*why* I should have refused such an offer.'

'At least I gave you credit for having a good reason,' she answered gently.

‘Thank you. But I am by no means sure that I deserve your good opinion. At least, however, my meaning was good. I hope that Mr. Tyndal has forgotten it by this time, or if he has not, he believes in certain mysterious clerical crochets to which he will attribute what seems strange in my conduct. But *you* may not believe in such things. And so I wish to make you understand if possible that what I have guessed or fancied does not prevent my having the very kindest feelings towards that poor lad upstairs. If he lives he may explain all yet, and if he dies I shall certainly never explain myself. I had fancied that there was a struggle to be fought out there—a problem to be solved; but if so it may be solved on the other side of the grave, if not on this.’

The servant came to the door as he finished speaking.

‘Mrs. Tyndal will be glad to see you upstairs, sir’—and he rose and went, without giving Agnes time to answer.

Mrs. Tyndal was waiting in an ante-room, and she, too, had signs of tears about her gentle eyes.

‘Yes, he is very ill,’ she said, in answer to Mr. Layton’s inquiry. ‘And he is so patient and gentle and unselfish—too patient by half. It is not natural for a young man not to complain and lose temper a little, especially when he suffers so much.’

‘I fancied he was very desponding about himself, from what Dr. Merivale told me.’

‘It is not desponding exactly. It is only that he does not seem to expect to recover, or even to wish it. It seems so strange and sad, and he was always so bright and full of life! I mustn’t talk about it, or I shall break down.’

‘I will try and encourage him a little if I may see him,’ answered Mr. Layton. ‘Do you think he would like to see me?’

‘I think he wishes it. I need not warn you, I am sure, to keep him as quiet as you can. The fever comes on every night, and it is that that makes him so weak.’

‘I will be careful’—and with that they moved on, and Mrs. Tyndal opened the door of the sick-room.

The Vicar’s first impression was that Maurice was not looking so ill as he had expected to see him. His face was always too thin and brown to alter easily, and the fever-light was beginning to glow in his eyes and touch his cheeks with a faint colour. But the second look contradicted the first. Mr. Layton, as a clergyman, had seen a good deal of serious illness, and knew well a certain detached irresponsible look in the eyes—the expression of one who watches what is passing from an immeasurable distance.

He saw that Maurice knew him perfectly well, and yet regarded him as something half unreal—a visitor from an outside world, that was growing vague and unreal too.

He sat down quietly, making some obvious inquiries to which he hardly expected any answer; and in a moment or two perceived that

the young man was beginning to pull himself together, to collect his thoughts, and to realise his visitor. But he was not prepared for the first question.

‘Are you come as priest, or as friend?’ asked Maurice abruptly.

‘As both, I hope,’ answered Mr. Layton, after a moment; ‘which do you require?’

‘No priest!’ answered the young man quickly, with a curious smile. ‘I know too much of them! And as for a friend, I know too little of them. I never had but one, and he is dead. But you are a good man. You would not take my money for your church; but you would not steal a secret of mine either. But that brother-priest of your’s—I forget his name—I will not see him if he comes.’

‘Mr. Pymont would only come to see you as a friend,’ said the other gently. ‘This is not his parish, and here we respect these things.’

‘I will not see him, anyhow,’ said Maurice, a little more emphatically. ‘He would cheat me into telling him, what I must not tell. If I had lived, it might have come to that. But now! it makes no difference to any living soul. I have a right to carry my secret to my grave with me.’

Mr. Layton was silent for a moment, embarrassed. The proper and impressive remark for him to make as a priest was obvious enough; but he did not wish to make it. Maurice was more impressed already than was safe or desirable, to judge by his set lips and shining eyes. And his visitor was not one of those who are always in a hurry to help Providence. So he waited, and after a moment Maurice spoke again, more quietly.

‘I will keep it till I die,’ he said. ‘I am not sure, but I think I am right—as things are. Every one has been very good to me—you amongst the rest—and I have been very happy—happier than ever I dreamed of being. But it was time that it should end; and this is a good end for it all. If only these dear people would not weary themselves with trying to hold me back from what is the best thing in the world for me.’

‘You know they cannot do otherwise,’ said Mr. Layton briskly. ‘And you would take a very different view of affairs if it were not for the depression caused by so much pain. You must let me be one of those who are trying to keep you alive against your will—and believe me you will thank us for it some day. I want to relieve one of your present nurses of a little of the night-watching; if you think you can endure me for a companion to-night, or to-morrow night.’

Maurice lay still, and his flexible brows drew together in a half-puzzled frown.

‘Let me think!’ he murmured, ‘there is something against it, if I could only remember. Ah! I know. Did not I hear once that you were a first-rate German scholar?’

‘I was brought up with a German, and I believe I speak and understand it as well as most Englishmen,’ answered the Vicar.

Maurice was silent for a minute or two, then turned his face towards his visitor with a look in which wistful appeal struggled with a little defiance.

‘I suppose then that I am in your power,’ he said slowly. ‘I am getting confused already—I can’t make it clear to you. But if you come back in two hours time, I shall not know you. And maybe I shall tell you *then* what nothing could make me tell you now. I have only one thing to wish for—to hold my tongue till I die—and I can’t even do that!’

Some of his brethren would have told Mr. Layton that his duty now was to remind Maurice that his secret would be safe with a priest, if with no other man, and that the impulse to speak out was a natural and laudable one, not to be resisted. Mr. Layton knew all that perfectly well, but he only answered, laying a firm cool hand on the burning one that was held out to him—

‘You may make your mind easy. I will not come at night. If ever I can help or advise you, you may tell me freely, and rest assured that I can keep a secret as well as hear. But if you began to tell me *now* I think I should decline to listen.’

For a moment those wistful eyes searched his face as if they would read his very soul. Then they closed, with a look of relief, and the set lips relaxed into half a smile.

‘I ought to beg your pardon,’ he said. ‘I had forgotten that here a gentleman is still a gentleman, although a priest. But I won’t see the other one.’

Mr. Layton did not want to argue the point. He was only thankful that Maurice had left off exciting himself, and seemed disposed to calm down. He sat quietly waiting for a few minutes and then made a move to go.

Maurice looked up. ‘Good-bye!’ he said. ‘Perhaps I shall not see you again. I am glad to have known you. You have taught me many things—more than you knew—and you have not spoilt it all at the last by over-zeal. Think as kindly of me as you can; for I have not been so far wrong as perhaps you think.’

Mr. Layton had no intention of not seeing him again. But he did not say so; only said a kind good-bye, and went downstairs, a little puzzled, and a good deal moved.

He gave no hint to any one of why he did not renew his offer of sitting up at night; but left it to be supposed that he had thought better of it. He found Dagmar and Agnes in the drawing-room, and spent half-an-hour discussing a very knotty point in an abstruse paper in the ‘Quarterly Review.’ He contrived to get them both interested in it, on opposite sides, and goaded them into promising to get up the authorities for their various opinions before his next visit.

‘That will occupy their thoughts a little,’ Mr. Layton said to himself, as he went away down the plantation drive. ‘At these times, those who can do nothing—not even suffer—are the most to be pitied. I wonder if I did right this afternoon?’

The question occupied him all the way down the plantation, and along the road, till he had almost reached the village, when he was recalled from it by the tramp of a horse behind him, and looking up, saw Dr. Merivale.

In a small country place, doctor and parson must either be good friends or internecine foes. In this case, they were friends, being both good men and true, though they held very opposite opinions upon many points.

‘That’s a strange affair down at the Hall,’ said the Doctor, after they had talked for a moment. ‘I begin to be puzzled, and to think it more a case for you than for me. That a young fellow, with all the world before him, should be so bent on dying as to stand a very fair chance of accomplishing it, in spite of me! And one with some knowledge of our profession too, who must know that he has a chance, if only he would determine to live, and not die.’

‘Perhaps he watches his own case too much, and that is what depresses him? I have known men to do so,’ answered Mr. Layton, rather Jesuitically.

‘Not he,’ said Dr. Merivale. ‘There is something more wrong than that. With everything to make life pleasant to him, what did he want with taking an utterly unreasonable water-jump—not out with the hounds either—and then letting them leave him for a couple of hours on the cold stone floor in his wet clothes? He knew better; and he must have been utterly careless of life then, as he is now. Well, I have almost made up my mind to exhibit one more remedy, not described in the Pharmacopœia; and, if that fails, we may send for you—and for a coffin at the same time, I think.’

‘This is the true village order,’ said the other, with rather a rueful smile. ‘Doctor too late, Parson later, and undertaker very soon afterwards. But I can’t help feeling a little more hopeful than you seem to be, for reasons that you would call very superstitious.’

‘Don’t tell them to me then,’ said the Doctor. ‘I might laugh at them; and then, if the result justified your reasoning, you might turn the tables on *me*. You good folks have your instincts and presentiments, and five times out of ten you are right; though why or wherefore, we heathens cannot tell.’

‘That is because we follow plain common-sense, and not “science, falsely so-called,”’ answered the Vicar, with a flash of humour in his keen sad eyes. ‘I believe that this young man will live, because he has not yet lived long enough—that is, he has not yet accomplished the will of God concerning him. I may be wrong—such things being, on the whole, too high for me—but that is my impression.’

‘ Well, I hope you may be right. I was going to say “ God grant it,” which shows how old habits cling, even to one who honestly believes that what must be must. There is something very charming about him. One would be sorry to see a bright young fellow like that gathered to his fathers, and stiff old Wallingford reigning in his stead.’

Mr. Layton’s hand was on the latch of his own gate, and he made no answer to this speech, only nodded and smiled, and turned in, while Dr. Merivale rode on, to minister very tenderly to the ailments of a bedridden old dame who would never pay him one penny, and whose simple faith in ‘ the Lord’s good will ’ he never tried to disturb with his gospel of ‘ *what must be must.*’

The next day matters were much the same at the Hall, doctor and nurse looking grave ; Mrs. Tyndal graver ; the Squire shut up in his study, requiring frequent visits of condolence and sympathy from his wife, daughter, and niece ; and Agnes and Dagmar answering inquiries, writing notes, and trying to be as hopeful as they were obliged to seem.

There was no singing about the Hall now, and the house seemed mournfully still and silent. Even Dick never forgot the overhanging trouble sufficiently to raise his voice in shout or whistle, and Mr. Layton had much ado to harden his heart into keeping the boy rigidly to his lessons. But he knew what was the truest kindness ; and instead of less, gave him rather more work than usual, and made him come regularly every day ; though, with consideration which grown-up folks rarely show to children, he abstained from asking him any questions as to the state of affairs.

People are seldom half thoughtful enough of the pain they give to children by their well-meant inquiries. They forget that children have no skill in fencing off a painful topic—no command of softening periphrases ; that they have no choice but to blurt out the truth in plainest language, thereby making it ten times more real to themselves than it was before, to say nothing of the agony that every sensitive child goes through, between the shame of being seen to break down, and the fear of being thought cold-hearted.

Dick, poor lad, was let alone in this respect, and therefore found his life just endurable. But Maurice had been, in an unobtrusive fashion, the most delightful friend and playfellow that ever boy had, and if it were all to come to an end with this one happy year, the boy felt that he should never be happy again.

Meanwhile, Dr. Merivale had his own theory, which he shared with no one, and a little professional pride, as well as kindly feeling, to make him almost angry with this wilful patient of his, who was so much too willing to turn his back on life and all its charms. ‘ Young men are very foolish,’ thought the grey-headed doctor. ‘ Even as I am, I’d rather stay on and see the game played out. And if I were in his place ! But at that age, a girl’s frown, or a girl’s no,

seems like the end of all things. Well, if she has done the mischief, perhaps she can undo it. At any rate, she must try; for he is past being argued with and scolded now.'

There was nothing very Machiavellian about Dr. Merivale, though he rather liked to think that there was. He laid his plans with elaborate subtilty, forgetful of the fact which long experience might have taught him, that when matters come to the point, he should probably forget all his preparations, and blurt out what he wanted to say with the utmost plainness.

In the most studied of accidental manners he made time to spend an hour at the Hall in the afternoon—the one hour of the twenty-four in which Maurice was wont to be strongest and most like himself. Then he manœuvered the rest of the world out of the way, got rid of the nurse, and sent Mrs. Tyndal out for a short drive, representing to the Squire that it was absolutely necessary that he should take her to get a little fresh air.

Then, the coast being clear, he went to find Dagmar. She was not always easy to find, indoors or out, having retreats of her own that no one knew of; and the Doctor had no intention of asking any one her whereabouts.

But fortune favoured him; for finding his way alone to the old schoolroom, as an old and privileged friend of the family might be allowed to do, he found her sitting there alone, with an array of books spread out on the table before her, none of which she was reading.

Dr. Merivale had known Dagmar ever since she was born, and had attended her in all her childish illnesses. Under those circumstances, a man does not fear the face of a young lady, though she may have developed into a beauty, with a royal curve of the neck. The Doctor took a seat when she asked him, and looked at her with calm admiration.

'I have hunted you up because I have something to ask you,' he said, without hesitation. 'I want you to come up with me and pay a little visit to our patient.'

The soft colour deepened in Dagmar's cheeks, and she half-unconsciously put up her hand to the chain round her neck, half-hidden in lace and muslin.

'A visit?' she said. 'Is he well enough to want visitors?'

'He is ill enough to want them,' said Dr. Merivale bluntly. 'I want something or somebody to rouse him out of this obstinate depression that is giving him no chance. If you know anybody more likely to be able to do that?'

He smiled, but he looked sharply at her as he spoke.

'I should be afraid of not saying the right thing,' she answered, turning over the leaves of a book.

'My dear young lady, you could hardly say the wrong thing, unless you resolved to be as unkind as you could, which is not likely.'

Dagmar was still looking down at her book, and at something that caught her eyes, she started, and coloured still more vividly.

She looked up, however, and met the Doctor's rather meaning eyes with a calm grave look.

‘Is *that* what you mean?’ she asked, pushing the book towards him, with a finger upon one verse. ‘If so, you are quite wrong, and I can do nothing.’

The visitor bent over the book, and read—

‘Now rise up Wightly, man, for shame!
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is said in my father's halls
You dye for love of mee.’

It was the grey-headed elder, who felt embarrassed. The young lady looked at him with celestial composure.

‘I don't mind *what* you say to him,’ he said, rather hastily. ‘If you can make him angry, and get him to quarrel with you, I shall be thankful. When a man has life enough to have a quarrel, it is always worth his while to get well, for the sake of having the last word.’

‘I will come!’ said Dagmar, smiling, but trembling a little. ‘I won't promise to quarrel with him; but I might be able to interest him in something.’

She rose up, and her hand stole again to the chain, while the Doctor promptly led the way upstairs, and she followed without further words.

‘I have brought you a visitor,’ said Dr. Merivale, as he opened the door, and Dagmar came forward, growing a little pale, and saying simply, ‘How do you do?’ like a child.

For a moment, watching the eager light that leapt into Maurice's eyes, and reading it by the light of his own youthful experience, Dr. Merivale thought that he had been right after all. But the young lady's demeanour puzzled him. Maurice looked quite ill enough to shock her, and she evidently was shocked, but not at all as the ‘proud ladye’ should have been, whose cruelty was driving her lover into his grave.

‘This is kind, indeed!’ said Maurice, smiling, but speaking very low. ‘I have not so much as heard your voice this week. If *you* have given up singing, one may expect the birds to be silent next.’

‘I could not sing now, of course,’ she answered, rather reproachfully, taking the chair that the Doctor brought her. ‘When you are better you may expect to hear odds and ends of ballad-literature on the stairs, as before.’

‘Ah! I feared it was my fault that the house was so silent,’ he answered. ‘They should have taken me to the Court, as I wished; I should have been in no one's way there.’

‘There might still have been no singing at the Hall,’ she answered gently. ‘The only way for you to make yourself agreeable now is to

get well as soon as possible. If you had been away it would only have made it worse for all of us. Have they told you how woebegone poor Dick is about you ?'

The young man's eyes grew bright and soft with unshed tears.

'I bring trouble wherever I go!' he said. 'I never ought to have come home. If I had come to grief like this in some part of the back-woods of America, it would all have been over by now, and a great deal of trouble saved to every one concerned. But then I should never have seen you.'

He looked at her as he spoke with frank and undisguised adoration, and the Doctor, looking at them both, was more puzzled than ever, and marvelled at the self-control with which the lovely young face preserved its little air of judicial severity.

'That seems to me a foolish way of talking,' she answered, in a tone that was softer than the words. 'When people have friends they must take the trouble with the pleasure, and be thankful. As for my mother, the more trouble you give her the more she will care for you; and perhaps we are all a little like that.'

A sudden change in Maurice's face made the Doctor move quickly to his side, pouring a teaspoonful of something into a glass.

'Talk about the weather,' he said lightly, but with a meaning look at Dagmar, as he administered it. 'These metaphysical disquisitions are too deep for a sick-room. Have you heard how Mr. Claughton's horse, the poor Chevalier, is going on ?'

'Very well, I believe,' she answered. 'John has staked his reputation on making him all right again. It was only a strain, he says.'

Maurice lifted his eyes, with something more of mundane interest in them than he had shown yet.

'That reminds me,' he said. 'I wonder if you would do something for me ?'

'You know I would,' answered Dagmar quietly.

'When you like, and how you like,' he said eagerly and rather faintly; 'but go yourself—don't send any one. I lost something, I believe, when the poor old Chevalier rolled over me—something I had vowed should never leave me. It is next to impossible that it should be there, of course; but in my dreams I see it always, lying in the shallow water close to the bank, where any one might see it. Take some one with you—any one will show you the very spot—and let them grope about a little, on the chance; then, when you come back and tell me that it is not there, I shall be able to forget it.'

'Is that what you lost ?' asked she, unfastening the chain from her neck, and holding it out to him. The locket fell open, as she did so; but Dr. Merivale was standing too far off to see more than that it framed a painting.

Maurice's eyes flashed, and he uttered a half-stifled exclamation, which the Doctor did not catch. He half held out his hand to take it, but it fell powerless by his side.

‘Thanks,’ he gasped, as she laid it on the bed beside his hand. ‘That has been very precious to me, for many a year. It has been with me through so many dangers, it seemed hard to lose it by an English brook-side. Your friends the fairies must have helped you to find it—unless you practice their arts yourself?’

‘I will tell you next time how I became possessed of it,’ she said. ‘I am afraid I shall tire you, if I stay longer now.’

‘Must you go?’ murmured Maurice regretfully. ‘The room will be so full of ghosts presently; I had a wild fancy that you would have stayed, and that your presence would have kept them away. But if you would forget the shadow I have brought over the house, and sing as you used to do, I should hear sometimes as you passed, and that would be something.’

‘If you are better to-morrow, Miss Tyndal shall come again,’ interposed the Doctor. ‘I dare say she will sing for you then, if you ask her; but she had better come away now.’

‘Good-bye,’ said Dagmar simply, and she rose and went, Dr. Merivale following her.

‘Have I done any harm?’ she asked wistfully, after they had got out of hearing.

‘I don’t know,’ answered he, with some irritation; ‘I am completely puzzled. I thought I would chance agitating him for the sake of — But I was wrong, it seems; and he has had the agitation for nothing. Well, we must see what to-morrow brings forth.’

The night passed over as usual, with high fever and incessant delirium, not so distressing to the watchers as usual in such cases, because the rapid talk—harping for ever, as it seemed, upon the same weary string—was all in utterly unintelligible language. Then, as usual, towards morning came such faintness and exhaustion as to be alarming, even to the experienced nurse. But when that had been with difficulty dragged through, came two or three hours’ sleep, after which youth and a good constitution reasserted themselves, and Maurice was so far himself again that his nurses could have been very hopeful, but for his own deep-rooted despondency—or what they chose to consider as such.

He sent a message to Dagmar to beg her to come again, but a little later in the afternoon than last time. She came, accompanied by her mother, but he hardly spoke, except to ask her to sing, though he was very particular as to where his visitors sat, and had the blinds and curtains drawn and undrawn two or three times before he was satisfied. When these little arrangements were complete, any fresh observer entering the room might have seen that all the light allowed to enter was one long ray of golden evening sunshine that touched Dagmar’s hair with an aureole like that of some saint in painted glass. The fair grave face might have served for some youthful St. Margaret, as well as the expression of those eyes that never turned from it would have suited an adoring worshipper.

Song after song she sang, in a voice so soft and low that it seemed like the distant echo of some far-off melody ; and Maurice lay so still and seemed so utterly content that Mrs. Tyndal encouraged her to go on, till the soft glow of evening had all faded, and the room was full of dusky shadows. Then Dr. Merivale came in, and took a look at Maurice, and promptly turned the ladies out.

They waited in the drawing-room to hear the report, Mr. Tyndal and Agnes with them. But when Dr. Merivale came down he was very cross, far too cross to do anything but scold every one all round, chiefly for being too downhearted.

‘I have quite lost patience,’ he said, walking round the room, and looking at all the pictures in turn, without seeing them, as was his wont when put out. ‘I never heard of such a foolish business in my life. I tell you it would just make all the difference if he would make up his mind to get well. He would have a fair chance then ; and its a very poor one as things are now. But he won’t. And then you all say how patient and sweet-tempered he is, forsooth ! He is the most wilful young fellow *I* ever came across.’

‘Come, come, Merivale !’ said the Squire, rather huskily. ‘It isn’t fair to pitch into the poor lad *now*. No one could be less wilful than he was when ——’

‘*Poor lad*,’ echoed the Doctor, with scorn. ‘Yes ! that’s the way ! Praise him up and make everything easy for him ; and let him slip through our fingers to slow music, like the hero of a sentimental tale ! I tell you I am out of patience !’

Dagmar caught an indignant glance from the Doctor’s eye as he mentioned the slow music, and remembering how very sentimental his views of the subject had been only the day before, was moved to some silent mirth. The tragical nature of existing circumstances was not easily forgotten, but some people’s sense of humour is so keen that they must needs laugh when it is touched, though it were at a funeral.

The others were far too much depressed to smile, and Dr. Merivale too angry. They were silent, while he moved on to the next picture, standing very upright before it with his hands behind him.

‘Well !’ he said at last, ‘I don’t give up yet. If we can pull him through the next few days he *must* get well, in spite of himself. That young Pointer was at me to-day again, begging to be allowed to help nurse ; and I think, if you have no objection, Mrs. Tyndal, I shall allow him to do so !’

‘I don’t think Maurice would like it,’ faltered Mrs. Tyndal, moved to protest, even against so worthy a despot.

‘I don’t care if he doesn’t,’ answered the Doctor, almost savagely. ‘I begin to think it will do him good to be annoyed a little. *I’ll* keep an eye on them both, never fear.’

He went away without stopping to ask any further permission, and they knew his ways well enough to know that he would go on now

to do exactly what he thought well, without referring to any one.

He went up again to Maurice's room, sat and talked for a few minutes, and then in an unpremeditated fashion, exclaimed—

‘By the way, you will have a new nurse to-night, I believe. Young Pointer has very kindly offered again and again to help, and I shall see him on my way home, and tell him that we shall be very glad.’

‘So!—you are going to let that fool loose upon me!’ said Maurice, with more temper than he had shown yet since his illness began.

Dr. Merivale rubbed his hands softly.

‘Why not?’ he said, with cheerful brutality. ‘He is a better fellow than you would be in a few days if you had your own way—on the principle that a living dog is better than a dead lion.’

There was no resisting the twinkle of the eye with which the worthy Doctor said this. Maurice actually laughed, enough to hurt his side a little, and made use of a very long and very harmless German expletive. He frowned again the next moment, however, and lay frowning, fully as much in irritation as in pain—as Dr. Merivale was pleased to observe.

‘All right,’ he said to himself as he went away. ‘You may give us as much more of that as you like. A good temper is all very well in its way; but I prefer something a little less saintly in a young fellow whom I intend to live and not to die on my hands.’

When Mr. Pointer appeared—in a state of great delight at being allowed to minister to his hero, and displaying in manner a curious mingling of bumptious arrogance and dog-like humility—it was impossible not to get out of temper with him, and equally impossible to remain so for long at a time.

Dr. Merivale did not leave his patient alone to the tender mercies of this new volunteer. Without telling any one of his intentions, he stayed the night at the Hall, sleeping by snatches on the sofa in the ante-room, and looking in every half-hour on the two young men. The nurse was resting as usual during the first hours of the night, in order to be ready to take the watch in the early morning.

Poor young Pointer was dreadfully alarmed at first when Maurice began to talk in an unknown tongue, and did not appear to know him; but when he was assured that this happened every night, he recovered his wits, such as they were, and set himself to obey orders. He would persist in *answering* every wild unintelligible remark that poor Maurice made; in English, and in a very loud and cheerful tone. And somehow the unfamiliar voice and manner seemed to strike a new chord in the wandering mind. Hitherto the same painful scene had apparently enacted itself, night after night, in Maurice's fever-dream; the same weary alternations of hope, fear, doubt, and despair. But to-night he took young Pointer for an English fellow-student at the German University—talked a good deal, rather incoherently, of

old student days and student pranks—and finally fell asleep a good deal earlier than usual. Then Dr. Merivale dismissed his new nurse, with thanks and praises enough to turn that young man's head.

'You have a natural gift, a positive talent,' he said unblushingly. 'Go home and get a good long rest, and come again if you can to-night. I believe we shall do well yet.'

(To be continued.)

ANGELA : A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART I.

CHAPTER II.

'Such a starved bank of moss
 Till, that May morn,
 Blue ran the flash across :
 Violets were born.

* * * * *
 'Till God's own smile came out ;
 'That was thy face!'—*R. Browning.*

LATE afternoon shadows were deepening in a court that was always more or less shady, within the dusky stillness of the Temple precincts. In chambers that were furnished with a fastidious regard for taste, the answer to Mr. Merton's letter was being written. The writer was a man of middle-age. Had he been a youth, whose one idea was to witch the world by winning manners, perfect appointment, and a good address, that man of middle-age could not have presented a more finished appearance. It was the finish of one who abhorred unfinish, who aimed at harmony always, having a deep-rooted appreciation of the fitness of things, and who strove everyday to attain his ideal standard.

To describe Vyvyan's personal appearance in detail seems a poor way of portraying him, but it may serve towards the realisation of the whole man.

His forehead was neither high nor low, but broad and comprehensive ; the nose was remarkably fine, nostrils being so delicately cut as to give an idea not only of excessive refinement but almost fastidiousness ; the mouth was large and full-lipped, suggesting a love of sensuous pleasures, counteracted by the corners of the said mouth, where a strong will had set its seal. The eyes large, dark and soft, had the sternness and steadiness of a man who had brought himself after hard practice to face the facts of life, and there was in them also, at times, the far-sight of a seer who saw those facts but as the semblance of a greater reality. Nor must even his hair be forgotten ; for Vyvyan's hair, like all the rest of him, was a part of the man himself. Black it was at that time, neither cut according to regulation length, nor allowed to fall in sweet dishevelment like the æsthetic hair of the period. It went with a decided wave *here*

and a decided wave *there*, with a touch of silver where it met his temples.

‘My dear Master,’ he wrote—‘You say “If the world can spare you”—and if it could not, I would come, so invited. But, as the said world has a marvellous facility for ignoring gaps, I can come even without an apology. You imagine that I may have found the “*summum bonum*” of existence by this time? This I have found: That Life is very full—and London life most *exigeante*. This, too, I have learned—

“Unsre Thaten selbst
Sie hemmen unsres Lebensgang.”

But the elixir of life—that philisopher’s stone which all hunt for, and so few, if any, find—is as dim and mysteriously distant as ever. A breathing-space in your sanctuary will be a gain. My law work is not much; I never meant that it should be. My fastidious taste has not yet learnt to adjust itself to the sophistries that seem to me sometimes inevitable in our courts. You always used to tell me that my organ of conscientiousness was abnormal; in judgment—perhaps; in practice, I fear not, worse luck! My penny-a-lining, for which you may remember I always had a craving, has got me the editorship of “the Stargazer.” It affects a Liberal tone and a rational moderation in all things, requiring sometimes a spur and a lash lest it should sink into something too tolerant. You think I give it these? I want the spur too much myself; but the greatest want is the old, old want—to *know*. There you have your answer, in spite of the cautious evasion of your question on the first part of this. Let me *see*—give me *light*—let me *know*; and *then*—ask me once more whether I have found the “*summum bonum*” of living. More in reserve for our meeting on the 6th. Yours in all sincerity,—C. VYVYAN.’

The letter was promptly folded, closed, addressed, and stamped. Then more paper was hastily drawn forward, and he wrote three notes concerning cases in which, as an active member of the Charity Organisation Society, he was interested; after which he opened a map in front of him, and rapidly sketched out a route for some friends who were starting on a walking tour over ground well known to himself; there was very little ground in Europe that he did not know. Finally he rose, with the words ‘Et après?’—and putting on his hat left his chambers, and in another moment was in the court below. There he paused—arrested by the sight of little children out of the highways and byways streaming into the gardens for two hours’ play—their breathing-time. Pale faces, little tired brains, half-starved bodies, were going to forget all their troubles during this ‘Children’s Hour.’ Vyvyan, as he walked out into the Strand, was thinking—

‘Philanthropy is a force in the present day. A thorough philanthropist might feel no cravings, no restlessness. His life would be

so absorbed in the life of others, that no casual letter would carry him back on to a long-ago stage, when everything was fresh, with a keen zest about it,—no sight of little children would make him see again a nursery—such a far way back! with his mother in it.' But the clock of a neighbouring church chimed, reminding him that the Present has a stern claim, which demands a rigid service from all faithful men. He was due to dine with a friend at his club, before going together to see Irving in one of his latest and most intellectual conceptions; and criticism was, to Vyvyan, the very spice of life—so his friends said.

* * * * *

A man may live to middle-age, may believe that he has exhausted every sensation, may assure himself that for him there can be no new experience; and yet, suddenly—into one hour may come a hope, or a memory—which is it?

Something apparently born of the present, which yet may be the last glow of a far-away sunset, or the first streak of a pale dawn—and the conjuror may be a little child; as it was in Vyvyan's case. For if he lives even beyond the number of years allotted by the Psalmist, he will never forget his arrival at Mohun Court.

He had left the carriage at the first gate, that he might enjoy the walk along the steep drive that brings you to the second gate, and through it straight into the front court of the old house. He was struck by the picturesque beauty of the great hill that gave its name to the village; over its side the long evening shadows were creeping gradually, darkening the trees and shrubs that made the setting of Mohun Court. That house on the hill he thought looked marvellously like its owner, grey, solemn, and solitary.

Suddenly a clear sweet voice fell on the stillness. He stopped and listened. It was plaintive and tuneful; and the voice was the voice of a child.

The tune he supposed to be some hymn tune, but Vyvyan was not in the way of hearing hymns sung.

He waited until it had quite ceased, and then turned in the direction whence it had come, up some steps cut in a bank, leading to high ground crowned by a spinny of fir-trees. The bark of a dog announced his approach, much to his vexation, and in another moment Lance had bounded through the bushes, and Vyvyan was face to face with Angela, who stood, spade in hand, by a freshly-made mound of earth.

Angela was never startled. The dark eyes opened a little wider beneath their wet lashes, that was all; and she put out her hand, saying—

'How d'ye do? You are Mr. Vyvyan, I s'pose. I've just buried my dead rabbit. Don't let's stay here, or I shall cry, and that wouldn't be nice for you, now you've just come. Shall I take you to Uncle Roger?'

She slipped her hand into his, to Vyvyan's infinite amusement, who was well accustomed to ease of manner, but not to such perfect confidence at first sight.

'How do you know I am Mr. Vyvyan?' he asked, as they went, hand in hand, down the slopes together, Lance following at their heels.

'Uncle Roger told me you were coming to-day; nobody ever comes here—not even the miller who lives down there at the mill'—and she pointed, away along the road by which he had just driven, to the yellow roof of the old mill, where the swallows skimmed all day long about the little stone bridge across the stream. 'Mrs. Raisins and I had tea at the mill one afternoon, and he is *such* a beautifully white old man—but Mrs. Raisins says it will all brush off. I asked him to come and see my pets, and to have tea with me in my Blue Room.'

'And did he come?'

'No,' she sighed, shaking her head, 'nobody ever comes. But now you've come, and I'm very glad, because my dear Guinevere is dead. This is Lancelot. Do you know King Arthur's Knights?'

Vyvyan thought he had heard of them.

'Uncle Roger has a big book *full* of them, and sometimes he reads it to me, or tells me about them; and sometimes I read it, curled up on the sofa in his library. Sometimes I think Uncle Roger is like King Arthur was, when he was an old, old man, and tired of everything. I hope *you* aren't tired of everything like Uncle Roger?'

The child's face was raised to her companion's as she suddenly asked the question, and she stood still, obliging him to do the same. They faced one another. She looked as if the fate of a world depended upon his answer.

They were on the lawn just below the terrace, standing in the great shadow thrown by the house, and the heavy branches of a magnificent cedar close by stirred lazily in the softest of summer winds, with that slumbrous 'sough,' lulling as the wave-break of a very slumbrous sea. Below and beyond them lay a champaign country, golden in misty sunshine; and beyond again lay the grand old hills.

'Uncle Roger doesn't care about things as I do,' resumed Angela, 'and I do hope so *you* will, for Mrs. Raisins doesn't either. Mrs. Raisins is my mamma's old nurse. Mamma is dead. Oh, please don't squeeze my hand so tight, 'oos there's a bad scratch on it! Mrs. Raisins is Uncle Roger's housekeeper now, and she is my dear old friend. But there's one thing I do get tired of—her caps, 'oos they are ugly, and I don't like ugly things, 'cept when they're alive. Here comes Uncle Roger. Oh! but you haven't told me yet, *are you* tired of things as he is?'

Once more that earnest appeal in the dark eyes, so unusual, he thought, in such a child.

The question seemed doomed to be answered only by the sighing

breeze in the cedar branches, for before Vyvyan could speak, his old master's hand was stretched out to meet his, with a smile which had not yet forgotten to say welcome.

Behind them came the rustle of a feminine skirt, and a troubled voice said :—

‘Miss Angela, dear! your tea's been awaiting for ever so, and if that tiresome magpie hasn't flown in at the window and been a-hopping and a-hopping on the table, and left the marks of his claws in the butter, and upset the strawberries!’—here there was a deep curtsy to Mr. Vyvyan—‘and you shouldn't be out here in your Sunday frock at this time, my dear. Excuse me, sir; but its a frock she never wears in the garden, Mr. Merton. Come in, my dearie, now, tea's all getting cold.’

Angela glanced down at her frock, then up at her uncle, while he and Vyvyan regarded her with interest, and Mrs. Raisins with amusement. There was no blush of self-consciousness on the child's face, as she answered, in perfect simplicity—

‘It was for the funeral I put it on.’

Then she turned gravely away with her arm through Mrs. Raisins', for Angela was very tall, and Mrs. Raisins very short.

‘This is my world, Vyvyan,’ said Mr. Merton, as they strolled about the grounds together, master and pupil. Master—who had come to the conclusion long ago that all was vanity, and therefore that the highest attainment in life was calm serenity, safely ensured against any possible chance collision with persons or things; pupil—who had also learnt that all was vanity so far as satisfaction went, and therefore—but he was not always definite about the conclusion deducible from that proposition.

‘This is my world, as I told you in my letter,’ continued Mr. Merton, ‘and my little Angela is the life of it.’

‘And her's?’ asked Vyvyan quietly.

‘Her's?’ repeated the other interrogatively.

‘Her world, what is it? Has she no playfellows? Does she never go beyond *this*?’ and there was an impatient gesture made by Vyvyan as he uttered those last words.

‘What else does she want?’ was the untroubled answer, serenely given. ‘She has never known anything more, and she never shall know it. Have I not found enough that was bitter in the world and amongst my own kind, to make me anxious to shield her from suffering in a similar way? If she is never deceived, she will never know the bitterness of misplaced confidence; if she has no opportunity of loving much, she will never lose much; if she has no chance of making friends, she will never know the pain of a broken friendship, of misconceptions; and have not I known all this? From the trouble and sorrow that must come, sooner or later, to all who live in the world, and which few women are philosophical enough to endure calmly, or, sometimes even to survive, I would screen my little

Angela. On the other hand, there is no wish of her's, in reason, that I ever deny her; she has her animals and her pony, every comfort and every luxury, and as to books—ah! Vyvyan, she has a marvellous imagination, that little child! to her, the Arthurian Legends are real, the Knights of the Round Table are flesh and blood. She wanders about these grounds with Sir Galahad, and sees Elaine floating down the river there in her barge. She wants no companions—the very air she breathes is filled with them for her!’

‘A great mistake! a huge mistake!’ testily interrupted the philosopher’s friend. ‘I should like to send her to spend six weeks in my sister’s nursery in Hyde Park Square. That would do her infinite good. Instead of which’—here Vyvyan broke off abruptly—‘have you thought about the end of it all? Supposing you were to die to-morrow, would you leave her to live on alone here with Mrs. Raisins, her beasts, and her birds? Forgive me, my dear old master,’ he added as hastily, taking the old man’s hand, and pressing it affectionately, ‘I had no right to speak so; I had no intention of paining you.’

‘It was foolish of me to heed it,’ replied Mr. Merton, smiling faintly; ‘but you hit me on my vulnerable point, Vyvyan, the old sore—*Change*. I would give my life to screen her from *that*, from the ache of the heart, from the yearning of the soul, that is brought about by change.’

There was a momentary silence, in which the ‘twit’ of the wheeling swallows above their heads mingled with the voices of a child and of an old woman from one of the upper windows.

‘And you yourself, Vyvyan,’ resumed Mr. Merton, ‘you told me that you required the spur and the lash lest you should sink into quietism at times? Not much rousing required; habitual reserve and studied self-possession more easily broken through than of yore, I perceive.’

‘In an instant when a child takes possession of me.’ And as Vyvyan spoke, it seemed that the smile of the child upstairs had transferred itself to his face, and transfigured it.

(To be continued.)

' CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXLIX.

THE DUTCH WAR.

1672.

THE storm that had been so long preparing against the Seven United Provinces began to break in 1672. As has been already explained, there were two parties dividing this country, which had rent itself from Spain—namely that of the influential province of Holland, which, led by the Grand Pensionary John de Witt, dreaded the preponderance of the House of Orange, and that of the other states, which for the most part preferred that the Stadtholdership should be continued, and in the line of the Princes who had contributed to the deliverance of their country. The close connection of the Orange family with England had thrown the opposite party into the French Alliance, and nothing would persuade them to believe that Louis had actual designs against them, as indeed nothing but shameless aggression could lead to such a war.

De Witt had influenced the States-General to abolish the office of Stadtholder during the minority of the young Prince, but he hoped to avert the hostility of England by causing William, now twenty years old, to be declared Captain-General on condition that he should never accept the Stadtholdership even if it were offered to him.

Beginning to take alarm, the States concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with Spain, their old enemy; while on the other hand Louis demanded a free passage through the Spanish Netherlands to chastise the insolence of the Dutch, declaring that, if it were not granted to him, he should force his way with 60,000 men.

Charles, almost at the same time, sent orders to Sir Robert Holmes to attack the Dutch fleet of merchantmen from Smyrna in the Channel and make prizes of them; but the Dutch ships were armed; and fought so gallantly that only five were captured. It was six days later that Charles formally declared war on various small pretexts, insults to his flag and the denial of the Stadtholdership coming first, and further that caricatures of him had been published in Holland. The Prince Prelates of Cologne and Munster also joined in the attack.

The entire force of Louis XIV. amounted to 176,000 men, in four divisions, the principal one being commanded nominally by himself and his brother, and really by Turenne. This collected on the Sambre, and Condé's force at Sedan. The Elector of Cologne gave

the army a passage through his territories, and town after town went down before them, on the French and German side of their country; for the Dutch were utterly unprepared for such an invasion, and the burghers in their terror insisted on the garrison surrendering, so as to prevent the horrors of a sack.

Of the Triple Alliance, Holland was standing alone, deserted by Sweden and betrayed by England. The desire of De Witt and De Ruyter was to raise a fleet, make another dash at the Thames, or at some French harbour, and then prevent the English and French fleet from coalescing. And in April De Ruyter put to sea, but with only ten ships, and want of men and money, and general discouragement, prevented his complement from being made up till the 12th of May, when he sailed for the Downs, where he hoped to find the English fleet; but it had gone, and he was prevented from following, first by a thick fog, and then by a severe storm, and he learnt from a Swedish vessel that both fleets were together off the Isle of Wight. The Duke of York and the Earl of Sandwich were in command, and had 40 men-of-war, many, however, larger than the Dutch vessels, which only numbered 75, and there was besides the French fleet under La Rabinère and D'Estrées; and probably the Dutch Admiral was not aware that the King had sent secret instructions to these commanders to expose his ships as little as possible, but to allow the English and Dutch to destroy one another. Sandwich had a presentiment of evil, and when taking leave of Evelyn said, 'Had I lost a fleet I should have done better.'

Under these circumstances De Witt, whose brother Cornelis was on board De Ruyter's ship, the *Seven Provinces*, as commissary for the States, wrote suggesting the prudence of not venturing a battle, but retiring into harbour; but De Ruyter's mind was made up.

On the 12th of June the Duke of York anchored in Southwold Bay, between Harwich and Yarmouth, against the advice of Sandwich, whom he rudely asked whether the counsel sprang from prudence or cowardice. However, Sandwich took his own measures, and took his portion of the fleet to the front of the bay. Many of the officers went ashore to amuse themselves, no one believing the enemy to be so near, and when the sounds of battle commenced in the morning, they madly offered large sums for boats, often in vain.

Between seven and eight on the morning of the 12th of June, 1672, De Ruyter's squadron sailed against the Duke of York, and would have surprised him, had not a French brig brought information of the advance, Admiral Banckers against the French Admiral, D'Estrées, and Van Ghent against the Earl of Sandwich. The Dutch were in a long straight line, each squadron preceded by six men-of-war and six fireships—the great dread of the English sailors; so that the Duke had given orders that the word should not be publicly mentioned, but that if one was seen approaching a ship, information should be given in a whisper to the captain alone.

Cornelis de Witt, though very unwell from a severe cold and sore leg, was placed on a chair of state on deck, and there remained throughout the day, though exposed to the utmost danger. There was no wind, so that the smoke soon hung so heavily about the vessels that the Admirals could not see friends or foes, and their signals became invisible, so that the batt'e was a succession of single combats between the ships. De Ruyter began. Pointing to the *Prince*, which carried the Duke's flag, he said to his sailing-master—

‘Skipper Zegel, that's our man.’

‘We'll let him have it, mein herr!’ was the answer, and for two hours the two commanders poured an incessant fire upon one another, till, at about eleven o'clock, the *Prince* had lost a third of her men, and lay a mere wreck on the water, her flag shot down. James gave orders for her to be towed to the rear, and at the same time crept out of the cabin window into his boat, and, hidden by the smoke, passed into the *St. Michael*, where he hoisted his flag.

Lord Sandwich boarded Van Ghent's ship of seventy guns, took it, and killed the Vice-Admiral; but after eight hours' desperate fighting, and having beat off three fireships, his vessel, the *Royal James*, already almost sinking, was attacked by a Dutch vessel on either side, and grappled by one of them. She caught fire, and there were fearful shrieks from the wounded lying on deck. James, seeing the blue flag above the dark fiery smoke, sent the *Dartmouth* to her aid, but it was too late. The Earl and two of his sons perished in the flames, and only about two hundred men were picked up. The senior lieutenant was taken on board the *Seven Provinces*, and, after changing his wet clothes, begged to remain on deck to watch the progress of the action. He was full of amazement.

‘Is this fighting?’ he cried. ‘It is not yet noon, and we have already done more than in all the four days in 1661!’

Other English vessels came out from the coast, but D'Estrées drew further away, and merely fired from a distance; and by five o'clock the *St. Michael* was in such a condition that the Duke of York was again obliged to change to another ship, the *London*. He said he had been in thirty battles, but this was the hardest-fought of all. De Ruyter, as evening came on, collected his fleet and drew off, the English lieutenant still expressing his admiration.

‘Is this an admiral? He is admiral, captain, skipper, sailor, soldier all in one.’

On his ship alone 25,000 pounds of powder and 3500 balls had been fired away, and the men had, throughout the battle, been full of alertness and cheerfulness.

Some of the English ships sailed after D'Estrées, but the Duke, with five-and-twenty ships, crept to windward of the Dutch, and claimed the victory. Indeed, he had lost only one ship-of-the-line, and had destroyed three of those of his enemies, and he had held his place against tremendous odds, and with half-hearted allies. In the

morning his squadrons reunited, and chased the Dutchmen back to the Wierings, going home with the news of victory.

The Dutch, however, claimed the victory, in right of the damage they had done and the death of so distinguished an admiral as Lord Sandwich; but they were in evil plight, with the French army in the midst of the country of Cleves, and nothing between them and Holland itself but the branches of the Rhine, the Wahal and the Rhine proper. Condé himself had always considered these rivers as the chief obstructions to the conquest of Holland. When some empiric offered to teach him the secret of making gold, he answered that he had much rather learn the secret of crossing the Yssel without being knocked on the head. Accordingly, he did not attempt this; but two gentlemen of Gueldres showed him a ford in the Rhine where the water was low from a drought. The Count of Guiche was sent to reconnoitre, and brought word that it was practicable for cavalry; but this was false, for there was a space in the middle of the river where the horses would be forced to swim. On the night between the 11th and 12th of June, the passage was attempted, Guiche leading the way. A few were drowned, but the main body crossed safely, though the Dutch army was on the other bank. The infantry crossed in flat-bottomed boats, Condé, with his son Enghien, and his nephew the young Duke of Longueville, a youth of twenty-one, on their first campaign. The Dutch cavalry had fled; a regiment of infantry begged for quarter, but young Longueville, in a fury of savage excitement, rushed forward, crying, 'No; no quarter!' and fired his pistol at the foremost. The Prince hurried forward to check his imprudence, but too late. In despair, the threatened men replied with a volley of musquetry, which stretched the Prince and many of the staff on the ground. Young Longueville was shot to the heart, and his uncle's wrist was broken. The French cut to pieces the whole Dutch troop in revenge, while the Prince was carried into the nearest barn and laid on the straw, bitterly grieved for his nephew, whose corpse was placed in the same barn, covered with a cloak. The youth was the same who had been born in the midst of the first Fronde, and was godson to the city of Paris. His elder brother had become devout, and renounced the dukedom in his favour on taking Holy Orders, and thus the house of Dunois became extinct.

So many of the officers had been killed or wounded, that Madame de Sévigné writes, 'You never saw Paris as it is! Every one weeps, yet every one fears to weep.' Madame de Longueville's exclamation was, 'My dear son! Was it instant death? Not a moment! Ah, what a sacrifice!' and she fell on the bed; she was very ill, but submissive as became the true penitence in which she lived.

The passage of the river having been thus secured, the King came over in a boat, and thenceforth was compared to Alexander crossing —

the Granicus. The islands of the Rhine were at his mercy, and though Condé was disabled, Turenne was at the head of the army, and fortresses fell before him every day. A medal struck in commemoration of these victories declared that forty towns surrendered in the space of twenty-two days. Louis so entirely thought the country his own that he went back to enjoy his triumph after releasing 20,000 prisoners without ransom or conditions. Overijssel was entirely lost, and De Witt sent ambassadors, among whom was the son of the great Grotius, to endeavour to make peace; but the terms offered by Louvois were too hard; yet perhaps De Witt might have accepted them, if the general body of the nation had not been full of the true Dutch spirit of obstinate resistance, and, backed up by the young Prince of Orange, who declared he would die in the last dyke, were absolutely determined not to submit to France any more than their forefathers had done to Spain, more especially as Louis's restoration of the Roman Catholic worship on his triumphal entrance into Utrecht had shocked them. With one consent, at the counsel of the Prince of Orange, the former defence of Holland was resorted to, the dykes opened and the country flooded to the utter destruction of many flourishing farms just in summer glory, on ground retrieved from the waves.

Unfortunately the outburst of patriotism was accompanied by savage violence. The populace could not understand that De Witt had been hoodwinked by Louis, and thought all their misfortunes owing to his attachment to France, dislike to England, and injustice to the Prince of Orange. The two brothers were even viewed as traitors. When Cornelis came home to Dordrecht where he was burgomaster, he was met by a furious mob, who accused him of having caused the loss of the battle of Southwold Bay by his cowardice, robbed his house, threatened his old father and his friends, set up the ensigns of the House of Orange, and sent for the Prince. De Ruyter no sooner heard the report than he wrote a letter entirely clearing Cornelis Witt, whose eagerness for the battle, and courage at the time, he described; but this had no effect, and at the same time John de Witt was attacked by four ruffians on his way from the Council chamber, and wounded in two places, the people only lamenting that he had not been killed outright. He resigned his office of Grand Pensionary, which was immediately conferred on Gaspar von Fagel, a friend of the Prince of Orange.

The Dutch nature though slow to move, can be absolutely savage when fully roused. Cornelis was accused, by a barber, named Tichelaer, of having attempted to bribe him to poison the Prince of Orange. He was brought to the Hague, and put to the torture to make him confess. 'I will never confess what I never thought of,' he said, while his limbs were racked, and he was heard repeating aloud the ode of Horace,

'Justum ac tenacem propositi virum.'

After three hours of agony he was sent back to his prison, and the Court sentenced him to banishment.

But Tichelaer was not satisfied. He inflamed the populace, who mobbed the magistrate's houses and abused them for their mercy.

'They are traitors,' cried the barber, 'but we will have our revenge first on those we have!'

A message was brought by a false friend to John de Witt that his brother wanted him. His daughter begged him not to trust it, but he would not listen to her.

'How do you come here?' cried Cornelis, as he lay on his bed, exhausted.

'Did not you send for me?'

'Certainly not!'

'Then we are lost!'

A troop of cavalry still kept back the mob, but a report was brought to the magistrates that the insurgent peasantry were coming to pillage the Hague; and their Commander Count Tilly was ordered to scour the country. He would not go till a written command was sent.

'I must obey,' he said, 'but the brothers are lost.'

No sooner were the soldiery withdrawn than the prison doors were forced, and the mob rushed into the room where John sat by his brother's bed reading the Bible to him.

'Traitors, prepare! You are to die,' was the cry.

Cornelis sat up and joined his hands in prayer, John was struck, and they were seized upon as they embraced one another. A blow on the back sent Cornelis rolling down the stairs, where he died; but John, calm as ever, though bleeding all over, was dragged into the street, where, as he began a prayer to his God, he was shot through the back. There were cries in favour of Cornelis van Tromp, whom the sailors exalted, and he was suspected, probably unjustly, of instigating the mob; the corpses were dragged about and insulted, and only on the next day was the poor old father able to recover them, shockingly disfigured.

This terrible tragedy took place on 5th of August, 1672, and on the 6th William of Orange entered the Hague, and made no point of seeking the murderers. He afterwards said that he had never instigated the crime, but that he could not help being relieved by their death; and there can be no doubt that this was true, though he had certainly been glad that the passions of the people should be inflamed against the men who were keeping him out of the position occupied by his predecessors, and had, in their fear of a family despotism over their country, shut their eyes to its true danger from the ambition of their grasping neighbour. William was no assassin, and never personally violent or cruel, but he was cold-blooded in temperament and incapable of any strong sentiment of indignation, especially against the perpetrators of crimes profitable to himself.

So that there was justice in the pun that declared that he had De Witted his enemies.

He was at once proclaimed Stadtholder in Holland and Zealand with great demonstrations of joy. Two other provinces, Friesland and Groningen, were under the government of his young uncle, John Casimir; and the three others, Utrecht, Gueldres, and Overijssel, were in the hands of the enemy. The hatred of the Hollanders to the Govenslein faction was by no means appeased, all the officers in the army were cashiered, to be reappointed by the Stadholder, privileges of the upper classes were rescinded, and there was a tendency to divide the whole power between the prince and the populace. De Ruyter himself did not escape suspicion. He was cruising in the Channel, and his horror at the murder of his two friends having been reported to the mob at Amsterdam, they rose in a fury, and surrounded his house, when there was nobody in it but his wife, daughter, niece, and some maid servants. At the first alarm she sent for her son-in-law, Smit, who lived a few doors off, and he, standing on the steps of the house, demanded what they wanted.

There was a general roar that the Admiral had sold the fleet to the French. The sailors' wives, who were many, shrieked that he was to receive a gold piece for each of their husbands, and others declared that he had been seen the previous day brought as a felon to the Hague with hands and feet tied.

Vrow De Ruyter, running into her room, fetched a letter.

'Does any one know the Admiral's handwriting,' Smit asked, and being answered in the affirmative, he gave to be handed about a letter dated from the *Seven Provinces*, in which the Admiral declared that he hoped soon again to meet the enemy. Still the fierce mob were not appeased, and the house would have been wrecked had not the burgher guard, a file of cavalry, and a gunboat on the canal, all come to the rescue and dispersed the rioters. A special protection was sent from the Stadtholder for the house and family, but a strict guard had to be maintained; and when the Admiral came home, he was followed into his own house by a ruffian with a long knife, whom his servant knocked down with a ladle.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XLIV.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

Aunt Anne. Last time we worked through the suggestions of the first title of the Communion Service. I doubt whether we shall get beyond the heading in this talk.

Susan. 'With certain prayers to be used on the first day of Lent, and at other times as the Ordinary shall appoint.' Those other times are, I suppose, fast days appointed on occasions of national danger?

A. Certainly. The next thing is to consider the history of Lent.

S. We mentioned the authority for Christian fasts. '*When ye fast,*' from the Sermon on the Mount.

A. Add to that the answer when the disciples asked why their practice differed from that of the followers of St. John the Baptist.

S. 'When the bridegroom is taken away, then shall ye fast (Mark xi. 20). But there is very little about it in the Acts and Epistles.

A. Not much; but let us observe what there is. Cornelius was privately fasting when the opening into the Kingdom was vouchsafed to him.

S. Yes; and the Church of Antioch were fasting when the call to St. Paul and Barnabas came; and again they fasted before ordaining elders for the churches in Asia Minor. But in the Epistles we cannot reckon 'in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.'

A. No, because those were evidently from sheer want of provisions; but we can reckon, 'I keep under my body and bring it into subjection' (1 Cor. ix. 27). And again, 'That ye may give yourselves unto fasting and prayer' (1 Cor. vii.).

S. St. Luke says, 'Because the fast was now already past.'

A. That was the Day of Atonement, and you know was late in the autumn; but considering that St. Luke was probably not a Jew, nor writing primarily for Jews, it is remarkable that he uses it as an established date, and seems to show that while the Temple stood, the Gentile Christians observed that fast, though perhaps not universally, judging by Colossians ii. 16.

S. The Passover and Pentecost had turned into Christian festivals, and so, I suppose, other great days of the old law would be continued by Jewish Christians, and taught to the Gentiles; but when was the great fast of the year transferred to the spring?

A. I confess that I think it possible that Advent may be the continuation of the Fast of the Seventh Month, but that is only a guess. Our first certain knowledge of the fast preceding Easter is when there was, in the second century, the great question about the time of Easter, when the observance is implied as already universal, the only doubts being as to the length, and the manner of keeping it.

S. Of course it depended upon Easter?

A. Yes; and there were different ways of measuring the forty days.

S. Which of course were chosen in commemoration of our Blessed Lord's fast.

A. There is a letter extant from St. Irenæus to Pope Victor on toleration of the differences between East and West in this matter.

S. Let me see, St. Irenæus was Bishop of Lyons—was he not?

A. Yes; but the Church of Lyons had been founded from the East, probably by St. Paul's 'Trophimus, an Ephesian,' and had strong sympathies with the Asiatic Churches. St. Irenæus had known the immediate friends of St. John. The East has always made the fast longer and more severe than the West has done; not only the people of the Levant, whose climate and constitution can better bear hunger, but even the Russians, observing the fast most strictly from Septuagesima onwards, and abstaining even from milk and eggs.

S. But that makes more than forty days.

A. Yes; but Saturdays as well as Sundays were deducted. That forty days were aimed at, is plain from the old Greek name *Tessarakoste*, the same as the Latin Quadragesima, whence *Carême* and all the other southern names are derived.

S. And Lent means spring?

A. That name must have been given when first our English ancestors learnt to observe Christian times and seasons. It was St. Gregory the Great who authoritatively arranged our present period, and fixed Wednesday as the first day—*Caput Jejuni*, as it was then called. Sundays were to be omitted, and the fast always had been much more strict in Holy Week, when no food at all was taken till after sunset, and then only dry bread or vegetables.

S. In order to suffer with our Lord, I suppose?

A. Yes, that is the principle, and likewise what our Collect says, that we may use such abstinence, that our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey His godly motions.

S. Self-indulgence and pleasure naturally make us inattentive to right.

A. We may go beyond that. A full fed body really does press down the soul—and taking less food renders the soul clearer and more open to spiritual impressions.

S. Yes; it was when fasting that people had visions. But don't we hear of a very reduced body bringing on hysterical delusions?

A. We do, and nothing is more difficult than to draw the line between 'living to the flesh,' so as to obscure our higher powers, and proper care of bodily health. The old tendency was to think the body a mere obstruction—'the 'ass,' as St. Francis called it, to be utterly disregarded and absolutely misused, whereas the modern practice is to consider attention to bodily health a sort of paramount duty.

S. What do you think? A midway course, I am sure.

A. Exactly so. I think it is right to keep ourselves in effective working condition, and to spare our families from anxiety, nursing, and expense by reasonable precaution, which, by the bye, often involves more self-denial than carelessness; and that there is a considerable amount of wholesome abstinence practicable, without in the least hurting our health.

S. Can it be well to produce this spiritual state by diminishing our strength?

A. I cannot judge of that. Such things belong to those who have passed out of the common rules of life; and besides, the promises of knowledge of spiritual things are rather otherwise. 'Mysteries are revealed to the meek.' 'He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine.' I should think obedience and absence of self-indulgence the way to reach highest, just as mere coddling on the one hand, and on the other, the habit of only thinking what we like, would keep us down lowest.

S. I think I see. High visions would hardly come either to the person always fussing about health, or to the rampant creature who never thinks about it at all, but rushes about to all sorts of amusements, and then lies late in bed, lolls on sofas, takes up all the fire, and besides five or six meals a-day, takes chocolate creams and sweets at all odd times, if a woman, or glasses of beer, if a man.

A. Well, that is a picture; not very pretty, but only too like a good many thoughtless lively young folk, who have never for a moment thought there was any harm in their doings. And not only would their health not suffer from curtailing a good deal of this, but it would be all the better.

S. I know doctors say that everybody eats a great deal too much. But is it desirable not to eat what one likes, and to take what one dislikes?

A. A strong dislike is often an instinct against what disagrees. The general rule, on common days, is to take that which is set before us in moderation, and unless it be our duty to criticise, without murmuring. Love comes in, too, in guiding us, either in not hurting the feelings of those who wish to please us, or by leaving enough of a dainty for others, or for the sick.

S. And most certainly not going and buying sweets and things of that sort for ourselves. I was brought up to think that base.

A. It is base, except where there is such insufficient, or such

tasteless wretched food, as to make the craving an instinct of nature, as it often is in a poor child; but the habit of pampering the appetite as a matter of course, in which well-to-do boys and girls, and even young ladies, indulge, seems to me most lamentable.

S. For common days then your rule would be to eat rationally at regular meals, but to avoid extras and dainties at odd times, or unwholesome delicacies. And how about Lent, and Fridays?

A. I take it as a clear rule of the Church, a matter of obedience that something should be given up in commemoration of what our Blessed Lord underwent for us. As to eating fish instead of meat, it is not always possible to procure it, even for those who have the command of a household; but we can always avoid what we prefer, or any extra delicacy, on those days, and, so far as depends on ourselves, we can abstain from gaieties.

S. It has become the custom to do so in Lent, which lessens the difficulty. But in the matter of food, all the days are not to be so marked.

A. No. Only the Fridays, and perhaps the Wednesdays for those whose health and other arrangements permit them. The Collect for the first Sunday, however, gives the real keynote.

S. 'Give us grace to use *such* abstinence, that our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey Thy godly motions.'

A. *Such* abstinence not expressing from what to abstain, and many who cannot make much difference in habits of eating without disobedience or family commotion, can give up some favourite and engrossing occupation, or undertake some unpleasant task, or give up some habit for the sake of extra services.

S. Custom helps Ash-Wednesday itself.

A. Yes, when the salt fish is not only a variety in an ordinary meal.

S. Ash-Wednesday, we all know it is called from the ashes used.

A. The English name of Pulver-Wednesday or Ash-Wednesday came from the custom of each person's forehead being signed by the priest with a cross made of the ashes of the palms carried on Palm-Sunday.

S. They were here branches of willow or yew, I think.

A. Yes. They were kept, burnt, and the ashes mixed with water, for the crossing of the brow, with the words, *Memento, homo, quod pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris*.

S. 'Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' How solemn!

A. The ashes had previously been blessed with this prayer: 'Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these ashes, which, because of humiliation and of holy religion for the cleansing out of our trespasses, Thou hast appointed us to carry upon our heads, after the manner of the Ninevites.' There was a further service, from which, as we shall see, great part of our own was taken.

S. But the cross of ashes was given up, I suppose, at the Reformation?

A. Yes. The first Prayer-book omits it, and the Puritan spirit, of course, was against it. Besides, it seems from the satires and complaints of those days, that the very undesirable sports of the Carnival went on all Ash-Wednesday. Here are some verses of a satire quoted by Brand—

‘The Wednesday next, a solemn day, to church they early go,
To sponge out all the foolish deeds by them committed so;
They money give, and on their heads, the Priest doth ashes lay,
And with his holy water washeth all their sins away.

In wondrous sort against the venial sins doth profit this,
Yet here no stay of madness now, nor end of folly is;
With mirth to dinner straight they go, and to their wonted play,
And on their devils’ shapes they put, and spirits’ fond array.’

S. That is exactly the Carnival.

A. According to this poem, the fast actually began after the Sunday, and then

‘In forty days they neither milk, nor flesh, nor eggs they take,
And butter with their lips to touch, is thought a tresspass great.’

In fact, up to the time of Gregory the Great, the fast did not begin till the Monday, but Ash-Wednesday was the day on which those undergoing a course of penance, and those about to enter on one, came to church in sackcloth, and presented themselves to the Bishop, who laid his hands on them.

S. That was the godly discipline, the cessation of which is bewailed in the address.

A. Yes. The Church’s discipline has, you know, deep foundations, beginning from our Blessed Lord’s own words: ‘And if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen man and a publican’ (Matt. xviii. 17).

S. And St. Paul says something too of carrying this out.

A. 1 Cor. v. 4–5, he bids the congregation as though he were present—

S. ‘In the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such an one to Satan.’

A. By which is understood to mean the turning him back to the kingdom of the Prince of this world, as if he were no Christian.

S. I remember we spoke of that when we went through the form of Absolution and spoke of excommunication. And in the second Epistle, St. Paul tells how, when the sinners repented, they were to be reconciled to the Church.

A. And so—in strict days there always has been this custom of putting to penance by publicly making a difference between gross sinners and the rest of the flock. In better and more earnest times, the truly repentant would consent to show their penitence publicly

and when there was actual power on the Church's side, such acts were forced on all who wanted to be rehabilitated with the world.

S. What did they do ?

A. There is no time to go through all the immense varieties of discipline ; ranging through being scourged in public, walking bare-foot, going on pilgrimage, repeating the penitential Psalms so many times a day. It depended greatly on the customs of the place, and the individual Bishop or priest concerned, but the real point was often lost sight of, that it was not so much a punishment inflicted from without, as a token of repentance from within ; and again, not a purchase of pardon by voluntary suffering, but the sign of hating and abhorring the sin.

S. And it was discontinued because of the misuse.

A. And as you see under a protest made on Ash-Wednesday, because we have seen, on that day those under penance presented themselves in sackcloth, or some equivalent for it, and received a blessing from the Bishop, to aid them in their repentance, and give them hope of being reconciled.

S. Was there any day of such reconciliation.

A. Generally it was Maundy Thursday, in preparation for the Easter Communion.

THE FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION.

IN the Prayer-book, this feast is called 'The Presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called the Purification of St. Mary the Virgin'; but though Collect and Epistle refer only to the first title, the day has come to be chiefly known by the second. It appears to have been first observed in the Eastern Church, where it was instituted as a festival to be kept, not in honour of the Blessed Virgin, but of our Lord, which it has ever since remained, being called 'The Meeting of our Lord Jesus Christ.' In the Armenian Church it is kept on the 14th Feb., Christmas-day being 6th Jan., on which day the Nativity, Adoration of the Magi, and Baptism of our Lord, were formerly celebrated throughout the Church under the name of the Epiphany. In the 4th century, the 25th Dec. was appointed for observance as the Feast of the Nativity, in accordance with 'old records' as to the taxing, as says St. Chrysostom.

In the Western Church the 2nd Feb. began to be observed in the 6th century, and came to be regarded as one of the festivals of the Blessed Virgin, though in the Roman as well as Greek divisions, attention is directed chiefly to the circumstance of our Lord's being met by Simeon and Anna on His coming into the Temple. The procession, with lighted candles, which is one of the Roman observances, and gave rise to the old English name of Candlemas, is explained by some as having reference to our Lord as the 'Light to lighten the Gentiles,' and by Bede, as being intended to represent the calling of Christians to be as those 'that wait for their Lord,' with 'lights burning, that when He cometh and knocketh, they may open to Him immediately.'

The event which it is especially given to us to commemorate on this day, is the act of the Blessed Virgin, when she came with Joseph to the Temple to present her Firstborn Son, and to offer the prescribed sacrifices for her own purification.

'Firstborn of all Creation,
Thou camest full of grace,
By human hands presented
Before Thy Father's Face.'

'The position of the firstborn was an honoured and privileged one, even before the time of Moses. He inherited the father's blessing and rank; it was his to provide for the worship of the family, and to discharge the office of priest; and this was the case not only with the

patriarchs, but with the heathen. The firstborn was regarded as sacred in virtue of his birth; but the slaying of the firstborn in Egypt was a sign that men are sanctified, not by accident of birth, but by their elevation to God; it was directed against the deification of nature, the idea of any inherent holiness in the first-fruits as such. The firstborn, those "holy by nature," are cut off. Israel had already been taught by the example of Ishmael, Esau and Reuben, that primogeniture was nothing without consecration of the heart to God.* The 'young men,' whom Moses sent to offer sacrifices (Ex. xxiv. 5), were no doubt some of the firstborn, priests in right of their birth; and, says Hamburger again, 'the firstborn in the wilderness were deprived of their office in the sanctuary, because, by taking part in the idol-worship of the golden calf, they had turned back to the naturalism of the heathen world, and had thrown aside the second condition of their priesthood—consecration to God.'

This Jewish view of the subject is interesting, though, of course, incomplete. To the Christian, the presentation of the firstborn enjoined upon the mothers of Israel, is full of deep significance. It had its origin in the events of the great Passover night, when the Lord passed over the blood-sprinkled doors of the Hebrews, but 'smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt.' On the following day, the Lord commanded that thenceforth every firstborn son should be sanctified to Himself and redeemed. Later on, the tribe of Levi was chosen in their stead for the service of the Tabernacle, because, at least, as the Jews seem to think, they had forfeited their privilege by participation in idol-rites (Ex. xxxii. 26-29; Num. iii. 12, 13), but the firstborn of all the tribes were still hallowed, and, as a token that they belonged to Him, were to be presented and redeemed. By this ordinance was shown forth God's way of dealing with His people. We hear much in these days about equality, the removing of all distinctions between man and man, between class and class; some wish to do away with kings and rulers, others are equally anxious to get rid of priests, and others would obliterate all distinctions, *if they could*. But apart from the absurdity of imagining that a state of perfect equality could be maintained, even for a day, and that all the members of a body could perform the same functions, we see plainly that it is not according to the mind of God, as revealed in His Word.

He calls out the few that by their means He may come to the help of the many.† Their election, or calling, to be before all separated and sanctified, does not necessarily imply the rejection of the rest. Far from it. Abraham was called out from his brethren, not for his own welfare and advancement only or chiefly, but that he might 'be a blessing,' and that in him 'all families of the earth might be blessed.'

* J. Hamburger, 'Real Encyclopädie für Bibel und Talmud.'

† Romans xi. 16; Ezekiel xlv. 30.

By the chosen people, and by them alone, was His appointed worship offered upon earth; they were the priests and intercessors of the whole world. Through them was the knowledge of God preserved and handed down to successive generations. Of them, in the fulness of time, was born the 'Desire of all nations.' Yet, though they were a 'kingdom of priests,' the tribe of Levi was separated and 'brought near' for the 'service of the tabernacle of the Lord, and to stand before the congregation to minister unto them'; and of them the family of the firstborn Aaron was further separated to the priesthood, to offer sacrifices and sweet incense; and again of that family, only the head, the high priest, was suffered to enter into the Holiest of all, and that, not for himself only, but to 'make an atonement for' his brethren, to 'cleanse' them, that they might be clean from all their sins before the Lord (Lev. xvi. 30).

So, our Lord, when He was upon the earth, 'gave to His disciples and the disciples to the multitude'; and so He does now from heaven. And now there is another and a wider election of firstborn, from all peoples and nations, the *ecclesia*, called out, not surely for her own blessing only, but for the blessing of all who will be blessed, and 'to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God,' that she 'should be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures,' 'a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people,' 'the Church of the firstborn,' by whom alone true worship can be offered upon earth. And, as the firstborn of the Hebrews were presented before the Lord, so, as the Collect reminds us, does the Church also look to be presented 'faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.'

But, above all, this dedication of the firstborn was 'the great typical pre-annunciation of Him who is the Centre, the Life, the Keystone, of the whole building of God,' the 'Firstborn of all creation,' the 'Firstborn from among the dead,' the 'Firstborn among many brethren,' 'the 'Elect of God,' His 'Servant Whom He hath chosen,' the 'Chief Corner-stone, elect, precious,' Christ the Chosen One of God, the second Adam, the new Head of creation, in Whom all are called, each to his proper place and office, and by Whom all are enabled to fulfil their parts in the great scheme of God's purpose.*

But the festival we are considering is called also the 'Purification of the Blessed Virgin.' In the Roman portion of the Church, this aspect of it is altogether ignored, for it is held that she had no need of purification, and conformed to the law only of her own will. Into this question there is no need to enter here; but it should be observed that the defilement for which this purification was appointed, was ceremonial, not moral, not in itself sinful, though significant of the defilement of sin; for none of the sacrifices

* Col. i. 15, 18; Rom. viii. 29; Heb. ii. 10-12; Isaiah xlii. 1; xliii. 10.

enjoined by the law could 'take away sins.' They could do no more than restore legal, ceremonial cleanness, and point the offerer to Him 'Who should come and save His people from their sins,' by the shedding of His own blood.

The real question is, Were the Mother and Child subject to the law of Moses? If the Child was—and concerning this Holy Scripture leaves no room for doubt—then surely much more was the Mother also; and, accordingly, we read that all things were scrupulously performed 'according to the law of Moses.' 'God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law,' and He Himself said, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.'

He who gave the law is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever'; it expressed in shadow or outline so much of His mind as He could under the Mosaic dispensation reveal; but a shadow has a general resemblance to the body which casts it, and the outline is not altered, rather its significance is accentuated, when the drawing is complete. 'Christ is the end,' goal, aim, 'of the law'; it was to Him that it pointed, to Him that it was to lead men; and when the Lord spake unto Moses concerning the sanctification of the firstborn and the purification of the mother, had He not before Him this Mother and this Child, the Blessed Virgin and her Son, the only persons to whom the law in its spirit as well as in its letter ever perfectly applied.

Had not 'the law waited for this Mother and this Child,' unfulfilled hitherto except in mere outward observance? The mothers of Israel after forty days of separation, presented themselves in the sanctuary in token that they waited for the promised 'seed of the woman,' by the sprinkling of whose blood the whole race should be sanctified. In like manner the virgin-Mother presents herself ceremonially clean, purified as others; but she also 'brings in her arms the Lord Himself, the Source of all sanctity, the Sanctification of His people.'

For her, as for others, the priest had made an atonement with the accustomed sacrifices; but besides these she had brought a richer offering than any who had gone before her. In her poverty she had not been able to bring the lamb offered by mothers better endowed with this world's goods; but she had brought the 'Lamb of God,' 'without blemish and without spot,' 'slain from the foundation of the world,' 'Who taketh away the sins of the world,' from Whom all the sacrifices of the law derived their virtue. And for Him, 'the Firstborn of every creature,' the redemption-money was paid—for Him who was Himself to be the redemption-price of the whole world. He now was presented by human hands in His Father's House, Who had already, before the world was, offered

Himself, saying, 'Lo, I' come to do Thy will, O God. I delight to do Thy Will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within My Heart,' Whose perfect resignation and entire dedication and consecration had been typified in those men whom God had chosen and sanctified to Himself.

And He, the Firstborn, was not to abide alone, but to have 'many brethren'; He the Elder Brother, the King and High Priest, was to redeem men to God, 'out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation,' and was to make them also 'kings and priests,' and to 'present them holy and unblamable' before God, as the 'Church of the firstborn,' the first-fruits of creation.

To the outward eye it was but a poor Jewish family who came that day to the Temple; but amid the general apostasy of the nation, there were still some faithful hearts to whom God could reveal His purpose. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.' 'Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets.' To Simeon, who 'waited for the consolation of Israel,' it was revealed that this was He for Whom he waited, the 'Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the Glory of His people Israel.'

And now again the Church, like the widowed Anna, has waited long, but the 'night is far spent, the day is at hand, and signs in heaven and earth, in the Church and in the world, all proclaim that the 'Sun of righteousness' is about to rise, and 'unto them that look for Him shall He appear . . . unto salvation.' This is the thought in the mind of the Eastern Church, when she celebrates this day, under the name of 'The Meeting of Christ'; and it reminds us of that similar expression in Ex. xix. 17, where it is said that Moses, having sanctified the people and bidden them 'be ready,' brought them 'forth out of the camp to *meet with God*.' In Jewish writings, Moses is spoken of, in allusion to this passage, as the 'friend of the bridegroom, who leads out the bride.' Similarly, John the Baptist spoke of himself as the 'friend of the bridegroom'; for it had been said of him that he should turn 'many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God,' and 'make ready a people prepared for the Lord.'

It was customary in Judæa, as Dr. Edersheim says, to have two 'friends' of the bridegroom—one to introduce the bridegroom, the other to present the bride. John the Baptist discharged both offices; he went before, preparing the way of the Lord, making ready those who would be made ready, and he bare record of Jesus, that He was indeed the Christ, the Son of God.

St. Paul, writing a few years later, says, no doubt in allusion to the same custom: 'I am jealous over you with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ'; for it was specially the duty among the Jews, of the friend of the bridegroom, to present the bride, as the 'guarantor of her chastity.' The lighted candles borne in procession on the Feast of the Presentation in the Roman division of the Church, are *

reminder to those present of their calling to be as the wise virgins, who, when the midnight cry was raised, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him,' had nothing left to do but to 'trim their lamps,' and when he came they were 'ready.'

There are who say, 'Where is the promise of His coming?' not seeing that the very question is one of the signs of the 'last days.' But there are other signs. Can we imagine that Simeon and Anna did not *pray* for the coming of the Consolation of Israel for whom they waited; was not the very longing, indeed, a prayer in the ears of Him, *Cui omnis voluntas loquitur*? And are there not some now, as then, whose hearts God has stirred to long for and pray for His coming; and is not this a sign that the longing shall be satisfied, the prayer answered?

Already, too, He has gathered to Himself a handful—the first-fruits of the harvest of the ancient people—by means of the Rosenthal Mission in the East of London; and some of these have formed a Hebrew-Christian Guild for Intercession, one of the petitions offered by whose members is this:—

'That the fulness of the Gentiles may come in,'

'And so all Israel be saved.'

A solemn warning, surely, that the day of grace for Christendom is almost passed, and that the 'times of the Gentiles' are nearly 'fulfilled.'

'Undying hope is the secret of Vision.'

S. G.

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

ESSAY VII.

HOW CAN WE STUDY, IN A RUSHING AGE?

EVERYTHING in the present day moves rapidly. That is a truism. Why should one take the trouble to repeat it?

But there are conclusions and deductions to be drawn from truisms, and these may be important yet unrecognised. Therefore it may be worth while to consider this special one. The rapidity of the age strikes me in nothing more vividly than in its estimation of public men and authors. In former days it was considered natural that the value of a man's talents, or of his character, should not be understood until after his death. We read of the neglect evinced towards persons who have now an undying reputation. Shakespeare (if we may still be permitted to believe in him) was comparatively hidden to his own generation. Milton was much more important as Cromwell's secretary than as the author of 'Paradise Lost.' Their works made but slow progress during their lifetime. It was thought that posterity alone could confer the crown of earthly immortality. Even in the first half of this present century the idea prevailed. Failure in the present was constantly supposed to be recompensed, by recognition in the future.

I can remember in my young days having the conviction of the insignificance of the present impressed upon my mind so strongly, that I felt doubtful as to the talents or the power of any persons who were my contemporaries. It seemed impossible that they could be great or celebrated. When Sir Walter Scott died, I said to myself that I had no hope of seeing any one really great or important. No one who wrote, nothing which occurred, could be of lasting consequence. The present must always be prosaic. And there was something in the general tone of society which favoured the idea. When Wordsworth claimed for himself a unique position as a poet, he was scoffed at. When Lord Byron 'woke and found himself famous,' it was to his great surprise. The world had not yet become accustomed to the idea that the judgment of the contemporaneous generation is conclusive.

But the dawn of the new day was beginning; and now it seems to have reached its meridian. Men not only at the present time seem to attain to their full fame in their lifetime, but they even see their

reputations fade, die, and perhaps rise again in lesser brilliance. And not only this, but they look at themselves and describe themselves. They write their own lives, tell their own secrets, pass judgment on the conduct of their friends, and provide the materials for passing judgment on their own; and thus in a measure they realise, in their own lifetime, the verdict of posterity.

It is all very strange; scarcely anything is more strange to the septuagenarians or octogenarians, who can look back upon the slow progress of events in their early days and mark the doubt connected with the persons who seemed likely to leave their mark behind them. 'Call no man happy before his death,' was the saying of the old philosopher; and 'Call no man famous before his death,' was the dictum of thoughtful persons when I was a young girl. I mention this merely as a noticeable fact, not at all as finding fault with it. No one has a right to murmur at the spirit of his age. It is the result of circumstances, which no individual can control. But he is bound to adapt himself to it; and looking at the question closely, one cannot but see a certain necessity for this new phase of fame. What is to become of society if the increase of population is to go on at its present rate, and political events are to travel with the rapidity of the whirlwind? Where will there be time or space for the admiration of anything that is past? Men will be compelled to live in the present simply because it will have become so infinite in its claims that it will be put aside as beyond the grasp of an ordinary intellect. Again and again I say to myself, How thankful I am that I shall never be obliged to give the history of the changes in the Balkan Peninsula, or to sketch the lives and give an outline of the works of the authors of the day!

The next generation must be what is called superficial—though I doubt if the term is as a general rule rightly applied. A man who professes to teach fully a science of which he has only learnt the bare outlines, and the technical terms, is doubtless superficial. But the girl who acquaints herself with the outlines and the terms, and never makes any profession of knowing more, is not to my mind superficial. And the question which suggests itself to me is, whether the rush of events, and the pressure of the increasing subjects requiring study, will not soon—may not indeed at present—demand this misnamed superficiality. It is by no means to be confounded with ignorance—much less does it involve pretension. So far as it goes, it is knowledge. Is it a necessity? And if so—is it to be despised? I will take for inquiry the first subject which suggests itself: Books, and the way in which they should be read. I look back upon my own youth. I lived amongst books—valuable editions—which I was not allowed to touch. From them I learnt names—nothing more. I obtained the loan of books from a carefully-selected Public Library; but they might only be kept for a specified time, and it would have been an offence unheard of to make pencil

marks in them. I remember getting hold of Burnet's 'History of his own Times,' and determining to master its contents by taking notes. I worked steadily, but it need scarcely be said slowly, and disappointed and hopeless, I gave up the idea. Still the duty of taking notes haunted me, and has done so ever since. To read a book is one thing—to master its contents another. Many persons will say—and no doubt in a certain sense wisely—*limit* your studies; content yourself with few books; let them be really worth reading; make them your own by re-reading, analysis, and notes. But who are the persons who can, or will, adopt this plan, or who will be thoroughly satisfied when they have done so? Students, scholars, rare individuals, whose mental powers would ensure them a double first class in a university examination. But the young people, the young girls especially, with home claims, society claims, home duties, social duties—how are they to find the uninterrupted time for this careful study? Some few can, still fewer possibly will, but the rush of the present day tells against any such careful reading. Theoretically it is excellent. Practically it is in the majority of cases impossible.

And even if the young people can and do find the time, what is the result? They mix with their friends, go into society, and find that they have very little in common with it. The talk of the hour is idle. The books of the day they have not read, or do not care for. Political events probably interest them; but unless they are kept *au courant* with them by reading the newspapers and mastering the changes in the European kaleidoscope, they cannot really understand them. Silent and wearied, they will most probably for a time look on upon the world's rush, and then withdraw from it, feeling that they are not in accord with it, and can neither influence nor be influenced by it. I think this is not an exaggerated picture of the results which may naturally be expected to follow from working out for ourselves a line of study and thought unsuited to the age in which we find ourselves. And yet take the other side, and the results seem more to be regretted. To know nothing thoroughly, to have the walls of one's mind hung with fading photographs, instead of enduring engravings—to pile up impressions one upon another until they fall to the ground in a confused heap—to have no clear ideas, because we have no clear facts from which to form them—to act from no definite principle, because we have no time for definite thought—surely this must be destructive to strength of character, to good judgment, and a consistent life. Yet the Highest of all authorities teaches us that our aim should be not to be taken out of the world, but to be kept from the evil of it. It does not help us, it does not stimulate us to exertion, to be always lamenting over the shortcomings of our generation. We are born with it—we must fit ourselves into it. If it is rapid, rushing, crowded, we can but accept the fact and make the best of it. And the question of real importance is, how that is to be done?

An answer on one point has suggested itself to me lately, from the consideration of the marvellous change which has come over the reading world with regard to cheap books.

In former days, the paper and binding, as well as the contents of books, were regarded reverently. Books were like porcelain, carefully handled, scarcely ever lent. One spot—like one crack—however small, was an irreparable injury. I have never quite lost this tenderness of conscience with regard to books. Dog's-ears and ink spots still give me a shock, even when I see them in a shilling volume; but naturally such sensitiveness is gradually lessening, and the young people of this day seem to know little or nothing of it. I do not see how they should indeed. One may entreat them to be merciful to their books, but the words are likely to fall on careless ears, since to day's showy volume may be thrown away and replaced easily by another to-morrow.

This negligence is doubtless to be regretted, but there is a counterbalancing advantage in cheap books, even in regard to an acquaintance with their contents. We need not be afraid of spoiling them by marks and annotations, which, whether in ink or pencil, are much more quickly made than notes, and may be just as useful. Probably few persons, comparatively speaking, have ever tried to make an index of contents of any thoughtful book. Let them try and they would soon find that it requires a clear understanding of the meaning of sentences, and a perception of the one prominent subject brought forward, with a power of condensing the description of it into the fewest possible words. Now, if instead of trying to make an index at the beginning or end of a volume, we simply make separate headings to separate subjects on the margin of the page, we shall, I think, find that the thought which such a side index requires will impress upon our minds the subject or the argument discussed, whilst the index itself will enable us to refer with readiness to the book so marked, when we have forgotten any portion of it, and will also recall to our minds the subjects discussed, when we are perhaps merely turning over the leaves. We shall master the contents in this way; we shall make them our own. Many persons draw a line by the side of favourite passages, and this no doubt is pleasant and useful; but what I mean is something demanding more mental effort—something which cannot be done without thought. Such marginal headings will no doubt be unsatisfactory at first. We shall often make a note and then find that we have mistaken the meaning or missed the point of a paragraph, but to rub out or erase from a cheap book is a slight matter. We may be ashamed of our notes or headings when we have made them; but however indifferent they may be, they will help to give us a knowledge of the volume which we should never have had without them, and if we spoil one copy we shall know that another copy can be procured without much difficulty. Only it must be remembered that it is the making of the

index for ourselves, not the making use of it when made by others, which is important for us. But there is another mental exercise of the same kind which may be followed with advantage, that of giving the meaning of some valuable author in other and fewer words. This necessitates clearness of thought, and exactness of expression. Themes and Essays may be all very well when we have in our minds the materials from which they are to be written, but nothing can come of nothing. An empty brain cannot produce thought. We must fill our minds with facts from which to reason before we can hope to exercise reason to any real purpose.

And it is here, it seems to me, that the mistakes of self-education are often to be found. So many young persons in the present day, carried away by the rapidity with which everything around them is moving, form what they call ideas, and pour them forth upon the world, when they have really no groundwork upon which to base them. Like the sparks from a taper, these crude fancies glitter for a moment, and then die, leaving nothing behind. We shall never find ourselves surrounded by really sensible girls, so long as mere glitter is accepted for real talent.

But it will probably be said, 'a careful grounding in facts is the especial aim of the present system of education.' No doubt it is so, and to a certain extent it is successful. The young people of the present day are more carefully taught than they were. It is not, however, the system of education in schools which I am speaking of. What is in my mind is the self-education—really education, not merely instruction—which young girls not obliged to teach, but thoughtful and intelligent, attempt to carry on when school-days are over.

They have perhaps passed examinations and gained good certificates. They have enjoyed their studies and profited by them. Now they are dismissed from tutelage and left to themselves. What are they to do? Take up some particular study? Go in for the Woman's Examination—the Higher Local—as it is technically called? Make it their aim to be able to affix certain magical letters to their names? Or, make use of a certain power of stringing words together rationally so as to paint imaginary but possible events, set forth in a fairly descriptive form, and by publication obtain, at the present time, a little money for charitable purposes, with the hope of possibly at some future day gaining an established name in literature?

The former object will, I think, be found within the reach of only a few girls comparatively. It demands more uninterrupted time than many can conveniently give. Those who wish to carry out the idea will probably seek admission to Lady Margaret or Somerville Hall—Girton, or Newnham. Whether the class of studies which may enable them to compete with young men in a university examination is likely to be useful to them in general society is, I honestly confess,

to my own mind doubtful. The next generation will know more about it than we do.

The other object, that of making use of the learning and ideas already acquired, and setting them forth for the amusement of others, is more generally attractive, and in some ways more feasible ; that is, if these young people have really anything to say ; and if when they have said it, they can find any one to publish it, and when it is published, if they can find any one to read it. But the misfortune is that the thoughts of eighteen and nineteen do not, as a rule, meet the needs of five-and-twenty, and thirty ; much less of forty and fifty ; and so these young writers must, as a rule, find themselves disappointed. They may possibly, indeed, devote their time to little tales for little children ; but long experience with children is needed before we know how to address them rightly ; and the young girls just out of the schoolroom are not likely to improve their own minds (which is the ultimate object I am supposing they have in view), by pouring forth crude imaginations in baby words to meet the fancies of baby minds.

They probably have dreamt of fame, but what they need is something by which to test their own powers, and show whether they can think, and by thinking bring out thoughts worth attention, or whether they have only a facility in stringing words together in a sequence not always strictly grammatical.

As a test I know nothing better myself than the endeavour to reconstruct the sentences in some thoughtful book, or to give an analysis of its contents. To turn Bacon's 'Essays' into modern English is a comparatively easy task ; to condense the argument of Whately's 'Evidences' is more difficult, whilst to analyse some more modern book, the Duke of Argyll's 'Reign of Law, or Unity of Nature,' will require a prolonged effort. Very dry work, some will say—almost unendurable when the young mind is full of imagination, dwelling in exciting scenes, living with fictitious beings ! Perfectly true ; but I am not speaking of what is pleasant and exciting, but of what is desirable in the work of self-education. And I would not entirely put a stop to all the play of imagination. I would only say 'Wait.' Put the little tales, or the pretty poetry aside. Write if you will, but don't rush into print. You don't know yourselves ; you cannot estimate your own literary talents, or even know if you have any. Once taste the pleasure of success by admittance to a magazine, or by a favourable review from a patronising critic, and you will be tempted to think that a career is before you to which it is your duty to devote yourself. Give yourself in fact sufficient time to enable you to be your own critic. You will, if you have any honesty of purpose in you, be more true, in your judgment, and I would almost say more severe upon yourself, than any one else will be upon you. But then you must stand apart from your work, you must be at a distance from it.

Dr. Gabell, a former head-master of Winchester College, used to say to his senior pupils when they brought him their compositions, 'My boy, when you have written anything you think particularly fine scratch it out—scratch it out!' and the self of five-and-twenty, or even of two-and-twenty, will probably exercise a like merciful severity upon the self of seventeen. If seventeen should happen to have written sentimental nonsense, two-and-twenty will be ashamed of it, and condemn it to the flames, when a kindly outside critic would say, 'Keep it, for it is really very fair considering the age of the writer.' But if two-and-twenty, looking at the work of seventeen, can truly say, 'There is something in this, it may be a little overwrought, a little too sentimental, but upon the whole it is not without value,'—the opinion will probably be correct, and the public will be likely to come to the same conclusion.

Still, again and again, I would say to young girls who are endowed with facility in writing, 'Put something into your minds before you try to bring anything out'; and remember that algebra, and mathematics, excellent though they are as strengthening the intellect and giving a habit of accuracy, are not necessarily connected with religion, morals, or common sense. They are a great deal, but they are not all. It is the power of reasoning, of grasping abstract moral questions, which seems to me the chief difficulty of the day for young girls and young women; and if we have no great power of thought ourselves, the one way of increasing it will be by the study and appreciation of the thoughts of others. If these thoughts should be embodied in quaint or even almost obsolete language—if it should be found difficult to master the precise meaning of the words used—there can be no more useful exercise as regards composition than that of reconstruction; and often we shall find that the thoughts and theories of the day which seize upon the imagination, and lead to the belief that the philosophers of our own generation have discovered new lights for our guidance, are but the reproduction, in another form, of the thoughts and theories of men who have gone before.

The principle of continuity holds good in the moral as in the physical world, and the test of life is the power of resurrection. Just now there is a tendency to depreciate writers hitherto held in high esteem. Lord Bacon, Bishop Butler, and Hooker are great, but not as great as they were—a cloud seems to be passing over them, and so with other authors. No one scarcely reads Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' or quotes Fuller's quaint sayings, or discusses Locke on the Human Understanding. Yet to these men, and others of their stamp, may be traced all that we hold most worthy of respect in the mind of cultivated England.

It can scarcely be wise to allow ourselves to ignore them, for, speaking ignorantly, it certainly appears to me that we are now no more capable of producing a new system of philosophy than of developing a new order of architecture. At any rate, it can do no

young person any harm to endeavour to reproduce the old thoughts in modern language, and thus to test their own comprehension of them. Once give strength to the intellect by careful work of this kind, and the new theories may be grappled with easily and safely. We shall not then be quite so willing to accept them without fully understanding their meaning; we shall probably criticise, and may even be inclined to condemn them; but, if so, it will be not because we judge them according to the dictates of our own inner consciousness, but because we are able to compare the modern principles with those of the wise men of old, the giants of their day, and possibly we shall arrive at the conclusion (was it Dr. Johnson who first uttered the saying?) 'That which is true is not new; and that which is new is not true.'

Then, again, as to facts—historical facts. We must believe there are such things, in spite of modern critics; for if we refuse to do so, we cannot find any foundation for the events which are passing around us. Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror must be accepted as having once lived, though we have never seen them, and might find it very difficult—if subject to cross-examination—to prove the grounds of our belief. We may, indeed, adopt the tone of a friend of mine, who had a phase of incredulity passing over her mind. We were crossing from Dover to Calais. I looked at the white cliffs and said, 'How strange it is to go back to the time when Cæsar first saw those white cliffs.' She smiled, and turned aside with a kind of murmured doubt whether Julius Cæsar was not a myth. But the world generally has decided to the contrary, and therefore I will suppose that historical facts in general are facts; and then comes up the question, how far we are bound to be acquainted with them?

That depends upon circumstances. My own idea of the historical knowledge required, if young girls are to be cultivated members of society, goes far beyond the narrow limits of the instruction given in High Schools. I may or may not be right; but one thing is quite clear as regards self-education, that it is much more easy for persons who have any imagination to spin a tale out of their own heads, leaving out everything which creates confusion, and making events happen just as they wish, than to conform to the rigid demands of historical truth. I would therefore suggest, as a means of self-training for young girls who dream of authorship, an enlarged acquaintance with historical facts. They may not be convertible into a novel; but they will be a very useful check upon the vagueness of imagination. To write the life of a sovereign, or to describe the chief events of a period in an attractive manner, keeping carefully to well-authenticated incidents, will be so valuable a discipline for the mind that if the paper should be thrown into the fire as soon as it is finished, it would not have been written in vain. Publication is quite another matter; but accuracy, thoughtfulness, and industry, are qualities of inestimate value, and if they can be cultivated so as

to become the basis of our work, whatever that work may be, we are sure of success in one sense, because our labour will be conscientious. We shall work for God, and God will be our reward.

I know that this is very unexciting, uninteresting, and apparently unsympathetic advice; but it is the result of observation and experience. What we need especially in the present day, or rather what is always needed, is a clear knowledge and firm conviction of the truth of certain fundamental principles, combined with a sympathetic imagination which will enable us to understand the views and principles of those who differ from us. The theories of the age in which we live appear to me to be shifting and unpractical, and the instruction, mis-called education, strikes me as narrow. To counteract the shifting tendency, I should urge the study of the old moral and metaphysical writers; and to widen the mind, I should recommend a general acquaintance with ancient and Continental history, as well as of the constitution of Great Britain. There is no need to recommend science and mathematics and the history of nature. They already occupy the field—worthily, no doubt, if they keep their own sphere; but not worthily if they shut out other objects, and lead us to forget that an equally noble, if not a more noble study, is the history of man's life on earth as a preparation for a life to come.

A GEORGIAN PRINCESS.

FACT—NOT FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VÈRA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' 'THE MARITIME ALPS,' ETC., ETC.

PART II.

'I did hear the galloping of horse.'—*Macbeth*, iv. 1.'Anon a rout, confusion thick.'—*Cymbeline*, v. 3.'What prisoners of good sort are taken?'—*Henry V.*, iv. 8.

THE RAID OF TZONINDALI.

It was on the 1st of July, 1857, that the mistress of the Castle of Tzonindali, Princess Annette Tschavtschavadzé, on looking from her windows in the direction of Thelavi, noticed that the wheatfields on the horizon were on fire. She had only too good cause to fear from this signal that the Lesghians might be close at hand, since it is the custom of those marauders to burn the crops as they advance. The Princess, without loss of time, gave the alarm, and immediately her retainers and the peasants alike began to sharpen their arms. The steward was so much frightened that he begged the ladies and children to take refuge in the forest. If the tribes should attack the Castle extensive thefts might indeed be made, but that, he said, would be but a trifling matter compared with the risk of their carrying off Christian women and children, to suffer all the hardships of captivity in the mountains, until a prodigious ransom had been exacted and paid.

All the next day (Friday) the fires continued to blaze, and the Doctor from Thelavi appeared at the Castle. He reported that all was quiet in that town, which is the departmental capital of Upper Kaketia, but that troops had been summoned from Tiflis. In the meantime, the river Alazan was so swollen by the melting of the snows, that he considered that its volume would suffice to keep the Lesghians at bay. This partly reassured Princess Annette and her sister, Princess Varvara Orbeliani; but the peasants removed into the woods, and it was thought as well to send into Thelavi for post horses, in case of having to make a sudden retreat from the Castle. The family plate and all valuables were ordered to be packed in waggons ready for removal.

In the course of the following day an Armenian merchant, who

represented himself as too much afraid of the tribes to continue his journey into Upper Kaketia, craved hospitality at the gates of Tzonindali. To have refused it, in the face of what was after all a common danger, would have been brutal, but it would have been wiser had the servants obeyed Princess Annette's orders, viz., to give this man food and shelter, but on no account to permit him to leave the Castle. But the servants, over busy in removing valuables and in packing chests, forgot her orders, and when the moon of that Saturday night rose, the pseudo-Armenian, who was in reality a spy, made good his escape from the house, and had crossed the Tschoubachouri torrent before his flight was observed.

This incident, as soon as it became known, not unnaturally heightened the alarm felt by the two Princesses. On the balcony of Princess Varvara Orbeliani's room the family assembled. She had with her her infant son, George; her husband's pretty niece, Princess Nina Baratoff (a girl of eighteen); two nurses for the child, and her own maid, Catherine. Princess Annette had with her her two eldest girls, Salomé and Maria, and their French governess, Madame Drancey. There were also little Tamara, about five years of age; Alexander, who was even younger (with his nurse), and little Lydia, the baby whom the Princess was nursing at the breast. Old Princess Tina was there, but they all congratulated themselves that their young and high-spirited friend, Princess Anna Galitzin, whose visit was expected that week, had not yet joined them.

That midsummer's night was passed in great suspense, for not only had the Armenian escaped, but the messenger despatched by Princess Annette to her husband had not returned.

About 4 A.M. on Sunday morning, the mothers were startled by the firing of a gun beneath the Castle walls. That shot, which was a signal, was fired by the feigned Armenian spy.

Madame Drancey ran down to the chapel. All was stillness there, only a lamp burning, where the saints in the burnished and gilded *iconostasis* seemed to stand like so many watchers of the shrine. After a few moments spent before it in prayer, the terrified French-woman passed out into the garden, and then, running like a hare through the vines, she reached the torrent's brink. Alas the snow-swollen stream had run itself out in the night, and two armed Lesghians were already leading their horses through it to the landing-place selected for them by the spy. Madame Drancey fled homewards and spread the news. Princess Varvara, who had on a short riding-habit, was on her knees in prayer; her women were making tea, and would have gone on filling the packing-cases with which they were surrounded, had not the Doctor peremptorily ordered all the women and children, gentle and simple young and old, into the hayloft. Spacious as that was, it was soon filled.

'Let us pray,' cried Princess Annette, 'for death is at hand.'

'*Gospodi pomiliou!*' (God be merciful!) wailed the aged Princess

Tina, begging at the next moment to be allowed to hide her tea-things in the granary. George Orbeliani's wet-nurse, who had left a husband and baby in Tiflis, swooned; Princess Varvara and Madame Drancey each slipped a book into their pockets, and an old nurse of ninety years continued praying aloud for her good master, Prince David, and for his family, while the little girls wept, and the whole Castle resounded with the trampling and shouting of the armed and noisy invaders.

The Castle, the garden, the court, the chapel, the very torrent, were soon full of them. Loud noises of broken glass and smashed pianos announced their triumphal progress and their destructive force. Up in the hayloft, where these echoes reached, the women and children trembled, and they had but too good cause to do so, since advancing steps soon showed that their retreat had been discovered.

Some flung themselves on the ground, Princess Annette, clasping little Lydia in her arms, sat on the floor, praying that she might be the first to perish, lest she should witness the deaths of all she loved. Varvara Orbeliani silently kissed her son, and then signed him with the Cross, and after placing him in one of his nurse's arms, she fastened him securely there with a piece of sacking, held by the long pins of her riding hat. She then stood calmly facing the door. It being of wood and but slightly built, soon yielded to the invaders. Then pressed in a crowd of fanatical warriors, at the sight of whose arms and furred caps and fierce faces the children shrieked again. The Lesghians were bent on plunder, but still more bent on securing delicate and high-born Christian women and children, '*battano chwili*,' prisoners of good sort, whose ransoms must be paid with many thousands of roubles. Each man seized on a victim. Cries and screams rent the air, and in another moment the ravishers, who had no time to lose, turned, and were carrying off their prey. The creaking little wooden staircase, the only means of exit from the hayloft, threatened to give way under their hurrying feet. One woman did fall over the side and was dashed to pieces, but with cat-like leaps and bounds the agile Lesghians managed to clear the space. Turbans fell off, poignards and *kanjars* were brandished, and blood flowed, but at last, among shivered mirrors, broken carriages, frightened cattle, and still more frightened women, the beautiful mistress of Tzonindali lay prostrate in her Castle court. From one foot the shoe and stocking had been taken, her arms and neck were bare, her earrings torn out, and her hair undone. She moaned at intervals 'The children! the children!' while little Lydia, even more destitute of clothing, screamed in her arms. Poor old Princess Tina, destined now on her death-day to behold the Lesghians, had been stripped. Being too old and weak to be worth carrying off, she was tied to a tree, and so perished in the ruins of the Castle.

Varvara Orbeliani and her niece Nina were already on horseback, fastened behind two armed savages.

The whole raid and rout had not lasted an hour, during which an incalculable amount of mischief was wrought, and at the end of that brief space the cavalcade went rattling down to the brink of the torrent.

The Castle was set on fire by the last stragglers of the band, and when Sunday's sun had set, Tzonindali was but a smouldering ruin, the funeral pyre of the aged and hapless Princess Tina.

Now began the retreat. That which the Lesghian band had done had to be done quickly, lest fast on the heels of their crime there should tread the Cossacks of Thelavi, the regiment summoned from Tiflis, or even the lord of Tzonindali, Prince David Tschavtschavadzé himself, recalled either by his wife's message, or by a report of the movements of the Lesghians in the plains.

They trotted as fast as the steep path down to the torrent would permit. Princess Annette and her baby, ill-secured behind their captor, fell into it, but were dragged out, and fastened again *en croupe* behind a *naib*. Tied to him by her arm, and having lost her petticoat in the stream, the half insensible Princess was borne along, holding her baby with her only free hand. Through the vines they swept, through the Alazan, across the cornfields, leaving behind them burning villages, and adding occasionally to their train a few more moaning or shrieking prisoners.

The band of Christian captives consisted at this moment of about sixty persons, all women and children, destined to be ransomed with good silver roubles. There were not horses enough to mount the whole party, but the victors spared neither threats nor blows. Faint with hunger, for no one had eaten anything that day, torn and bleeding, the prisoners, some on foot and some on horseback, had to keep up with the hot haste of their captors. But before long the pace began to tell. The wife of the *pope*, and the wife of the steward fell out on the roadside, and died there—and after some hours of riding, a jolt, rather more rough than its predecessors, finally shook out of Princess Annette's nerveless hand the body of her infant Lydia. The baby's cambric chemise had got soaked in the stream, it tore, and the mother, pinioned as she was, could only utter one despairing cry as the small, slippery, naked body rolled from her grasp under the horse's feet. It fell in the long grass, and the whole troop swept over it.

When the sun had set, and a halt was at length called, the poor mother's condition was not only pitiable, but such as to alarm her sister. Princess Varvara feared lest reason should give way. The safest thing to be done was to place at once at her breast a poor infant who had neither mother nor nurse to claim it. Princess Annette at first refused to give the breast to this little stranger, but she was overpersuaded to do, from motives of charity, what she would never have consented to from motives of prudence only. Varvara, after throwing a *bourka* over the Princess and her small charge

left them, to attend to other wants and other wounds in this band of sufferers. Some maize had been dealt out to them. Little George's nurse was able to keep him warm, firmly pinned to her bosom as he was. Alexander's nurse, on the contrary, was discovered to have a sabre cut in her head, while another woman had the forefinger of her left hand hanging by a fragment of skin. Princess Orbeliani bound up these wounds, using for the purpose her own cuffs, collar, and pocket-handkerchief.

Great as were the sufferings of that night, the halt allowed Princess Varvara to ascertain the number and nature of all the prisoners, and also to learn who had been their captor.

It was no less a person than Hasi-Mohammed, the son of Schamyl, who was best known for his courage, and for the harshness of his disposition. The fact that the raid was led by him, left no doubt in Princess Orbeliani's mind that it had been not only an expedition of plunder, but also an act of reprisals on the part of the great Imaum.

Eleven years ago, and on the field of Achulko, which had been one of the most hard-fought and fatal to Russian arms ever endured in the Caucasus, the Imaum had lost his favourite son. Djammal-Ed-din, then little more than a child, had been taken prisoner by General Grabbe, and to any negotiations about his release, Prince Woronzov, the Governor-General of the Caucasus, had always turned a deaf ear. It was known that Schamyl loved this son, the child of a favourite wife, and that by fair means or by foul he would certainly endeavour to get him out of the hands of Russians, who, even if they preserved his life, might endeavour to undermine his faith.

The Castle of Tzonindali had been for years an object ever present to the mind of Schamyl and of his *naibs*; to them perhaps only on account of the booty to be taken, but to the Imaum because it was a nest of '*battano chwili*' of the princes and princesses of the blood. As representing the last sovereign, the one who for a pension had sold Georgia to the Tzar of Muscovy, and had thus endangered the independence of thousands of mountaineers, Schamyl owed these princes and dwellers in Tzonindali no good-will. As hostages to be ransomed, and only returned to the haunts and habits of civilisation when his son should have been restored to him, he considered them as prisoners of the greatest value. Therefore, argued Princess Orbeliani, our actual lives are safe with him, for if we perish, farewell to his hopes of embracing Djammal-Ed-din before he dies. But weeks and months of hardships must certainly elapse, to which in the meantime little Lydia had not only fallen a victim, but which had rendered her mother's state of mind and body almost desperate.

The Lesghians did not make a long halt. Time was too precious to be lost, and early next day the wild march began again, over rock and fell, through streams and morasses, and the Princesses and their

children soon became aware of a change of temperature. They were reaching a higher level; food was scarcer, the coverings, which were scant, consisted of a few dirty *bourkas*, and during one night, little Alexander, who had been stuffed into a sack for warmth, had no nourishment except the morsels of snow which his nurse placed from time to time in his mouth. Princess Orbeliani's own strength lasted in a way that surprised her; and except the loss of a front tooth, broken in a fall on rocky ground, she suffered no accident or ailment. Through a Tartar interpreter she was able to exchange some sentences with her captors, and to encourage her companions to endure to the end of a trial so unexpected and so severe.

At last the band reached Polhalsky, where she understood that the Imaum was then residing, and in him she expected to find less an enemy than a protector from the brutal temper and manners of his son and his soldiery. She knew Schamyl well by reputation. Just before their marriage her husband had been his prisoner, and by Imaum Ellico Orbeliani had been thrown into one of those pits in which the Circassians leave their victims to perish by hunger and by the attacks of vermin. Ellico was thrown in for refusing to disclose what he knew of the strategic movements of the Russian troops, and Schamyl thought to terrify him into betraying them. Finding in the young heir of the Sirdars of Tiflis a foeman worthy of himself, he not only caused Ellico to be drawn up, but set him free, telling him that he admired a man who, though he was engaged to be married, had preferred death to treachery.

On a meeting with Schamyl, Ellico Orbeliani's widow now built all her hopes.

But arrived at Polhalsky she was cruelly disappointed. Schamyl was not there; he had retreated to Wedène, much farther into the mountains, and the Christian prisoners had to recommence their weary march, and to penetrate this time far into the mountains of Daghestan. While they pursue it, let me explain, with a little more precision, who and what was this Schamyl, whose name was in every mouth, and who for so many years had terrorised the low country.

He was, indeed, no ordinary foe, as the *sotniks* of the Tzar had long known to their cost.

When the hostilities of Russia first began with the mountaineers of the Caucasus, they were fatal enough to the troops of Yermoloff, Paskievitch, Wilianoff, Titzianof, and Rosen, but they were not so formidable as they afterwards became, and for this reason. The different clans used to live in feuds among themselves, the mountain strongholds, like the mountain sheepfolds, being held by tribes who had often little in common with each other's speech, derivation, or creed. Though brave, they lacked the union which is strength. Much has been said about the patriotism of the Circassians, but in truth they and their compeers were indomitable

rather than wisely patriotic. It was Russian oppression which first taught them to combine. The forced labour on the military roads and forts exasperated them, and the destruction of their villages by order of Alexander I. showed them that extermination was the policy to be followed by Georgia's new liberators and rulers. There were at least twenty nomad races, Tcherkesses, Abkhases, Kirghis, Lesghians, Usbegs, Tartars, and Turcomans, who had no longer any issue into the plains, who were decimated, cribbed, and confined, and threatened with the loss of religion as well as of territory. They rose, fanaticism adding fuel to their wrath, and they found leaders. There had been Hadi-Ismail, Mullah-Mahommed, Hamid-bey and Amulad-bey, against whom Yermoloff (known in the Caucasus as the 'Russian devil') long contended. But Schamyl was the first to unite by his personal influence the many thousands who had till then lacked the strategical skill which might enable them to make use of their great natural advantages. Daghestan was the seat of his guerilla warfare, and his name is still surrounded there by legends as wild as any that have been made for a Hercules or a Theseus.

The inhabitants of Southern Daghestan are collectively known as Lesghians, but this name, painfully familiar to the Christian inhabitants of Kaketia and of the valleys of the Alazan and the Kour, is comparatively a modern one. It does not, for example, occur often in the history or in the geographical treatise of the Tzarévitch Wakhout, though he speaks of Sinois as a town belonging to the Lekzes or Lékios. Eugenius, however, writing in 1802, habitually uses it, applying it especially to the tribes in the district of Dschar. It now serves to describe many tribes, all equally fierce and unapt to labour, and never so happy as when plundering corn, and arms and jewels, and those fair Christian women and children, whom they either sell for ransom, or send into slavery, into Turkish harems.

In faith they are Mahometans, professing a modification of Sufism, of which the accounts vary so much as to be puzzling to the uninitiated.

It is certain that among the followers of the Prophet sectarianism exists. It is not multiple, nor has thought been led, as in Protestant Christendom, to all the thirty-two points of the compass; but none the less did sects of great note early declare themselves, bitter animosities exist, and every now and again some enthusiastic devotee appears, who, with the aid of his partizans, manages to overdevelop some feature, or features, of the Moslem's creed. The sect which had Schamyl for its Imaum was a mystical one—its adepts, while robbing homesteads and defending *Aouls*, were keen to make proselytes, and ready to prove their earnestness of conviction at the cost of their lives. These men, prepared by ascetic lives, by meditation, and by deeds of personal bravery, might be called the Jesuits of Islamism.

Here too, as in the company of Jesus, there was a complete

organisation. First, but lowest in order, was the mass of adherents, led and stimulated by the *murids* or 'strivers' after perfection. From this arrangement the sect has come to be spoken of as '*muridism*'; but the name is rather a nickname than a correct description, since above the *murids* there was a higher order, the *naibs*, or chiefs over three hundred men. These represented the practical and military, as the *murids* did the mystical and social element in the body. Supreme over all was the Imaum: Schamyl the warrior-evangelist, the prophet, lawgiver, and captain of this strange theocracy.

The son of a cobbler in Derbend, he had assumed office in 1837. He was then forty years of age, and full of belief in his own powers, while of his battles it must be said, that it was exceptional when they were not victorious. Dargo and Achulko were days that certainly deserved to be printed in black letters in the Russian annals. But *per contra* the Imaum had at Achulko lost his favourite son. Eleven years had elapsed since that battle, and the lad had grown to manhood, first in the University of Kiew, and latterly in the ranks of a Polish regiment, and there could be no doubt but that Schamyl suffered from the position of his son, both in his parental feelings, and in his position as a spiritual leader.

At the present moment he had retreated for further safety into the mountains, to Wedène, a place which is now a Russian post, but which was then a fortified *acoul*, in one of the most inaccessible valleys of the frosty Caucasus.

A heavy thunderstorm broke over the place just as Hasi-Mohammed and his train of captives reached it. A great multitude however flocked out to meet him, and to stare at the Georgian Christians. It was a bitter moment for the Princesses of the blood to be made a gazingstock for savages; but Princess Orbeliani walked proudly through their ranks. She might be clad in rags, and those rags might be dripping with rain-water, but she moved among them less as the descendant of Queen Tamara, than as a part of the irresistible Russian power. She represented among these fanatical children of Islam that Christianity which, not only preaches peace and goodwill, but which has raised, purified, and ennobled the position of the women whom Islamism has done too much to degrade.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATION UPON BOOKS.

Spider. Here, let us begin at the beginning, at the babyest of books for Edith's nursery.

Arachne. For children to read to themselves, or to learn upon, nothing is better than Griffith and Farren's *Story Book Readers*. Sixpence apiece is rather expensive for schools, but for tinies at home they are very good, as the story in them is continuous, and we are not violently carried away from Jem's dog to Ann's cat and Tom's pig. Our old friends the Robins appear, denuded of all their last syllables, but with Harrison Weir's illustrations.

S. This next book is not continuous, *Short Stories in Short Words* (Wells Gardiner), but it is very pretty.

A. There are, too, some nice picture books of Shaw's—the play series—cheap, and with very pretty pictures, after which the story meanders as they guide it. There are some pretty books a little older in tone, Mrs. Molesworth's *Little Peggy* (Macmillan). *Little Marfit* is also a charming Fairy book. It would be best to read it to children, for the spelling of the baby pronunciation would be difficult to them in reading. *Little Hal and the Golden Gates* (Shaw) is also pretty; but it is not good for children that the best and sweetest should die. *Little Neighbours in London* (Hogg) is more wholesome to my mind, with its companion *Little Nobody*, and *Miss Margery's Ways* (Smith and Innes), a last legacy of one of our earliest and best contributors, Miss Fanny Lefroy. Then there is a historical tale by Mr. Crake of the days of Stephen and Maude, called *Brian Fitz Count*, a sort of Front de Bœuf in his way, and a tale of western adventure in Elizabethan days, whose title, *For God or for Gold*, I much wish could be altered, since it can only betray people into irreverence. It is a curious picture of Puritanism and piracy. There are two delightful boys' books, *A Year at St. Dominics*, a public school story, and Mr. Manville Fenn's *Mother Carey's Chickens* (Blackie). No—nothing to do with *Magnum Bonum*. The ship is the 'Black Petrel,' and her crew have very exciting adventures with Malays and Volcanos.

S. To pass on from children's books, what novels for the book-box shall I order?

A. *A Double Wedding*, by the author of *St. Olave's*, has not much story in it, but it is a very notable lesson, and exceedingly clever, only it needs not to be read cursorily. The calm grave father, the wise mother, the mischievous coquette, Seline, the meddling Lady

Matilda, and the vain, empty, but really good Mr. Berrithorne, are excellently done. The failure is in Mr. Forrester. It was needful for the sake of the story to make him act so weakly that it is scarcely possible to believe in the perfections that we are told of, and which he only attempts to manifest by being prosy in one conversation.

S. Then here is quite a regular long novel, instead of only a tale, of Sarah Doudney's, *The Missing Rubies*.

A. Not at all a bad story if you want one quite colourless without any particular purpose, but quite harmless.

S. Of course there is more in George Macdonald's *Coming Home*.

A. It is a very common plot, treated so as to lead to a good deal of reflection on shams and realities—living from the outside, and from the inside.

S. Reeds or oaks in human life.

A. And turning to realities in books, here is the most inspiring life of *Elizabeth Gilbert* (Macmillan), the blind daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, written lovingly by her friend Miss Martin. She lost her sight from scarlet-fever at three years old, but was trained up among her many sisters to be thoroughly happy, joyous, and independent, so that she never seemed to feel, or think about, her privation till the circle was broken by marriages, and in London there was less possibility of her sharing in society and doing like the others. There was a time of depression, but then came before her the needs of other blind people, taught a trade, but unable to obtain employment, and sinking into beggary. Her energy was awakened, and she became the moving spirit and even the actual manager of the workshop where they can be employed, and their work disposed of. Altogether she was their Providence, and there never was a more wonderful instance of happy self-devotion and overcoming of difficulties, as well as of patience through many years of declining health—fifteen, indeed, of increasing helplessness but steady cheerfulness and thought, and not only work, but resignation to dropping of work. It is a book that should be read, and most of all by those who have anything to do with blind children, as showing what a blessing they may be to all about them.

S. Beautiful! But I must tell you about a book I picked up the other day, and read the first volume. I was told that the second was not so nice, and that it was no harm that I could not get at it. It was the *Memoirs of the Princesse de Ligne*. M. Perry, it seems, routed out of an old library the diary that she kept in her school days, from nine years old to fourteen, in childish writing and faded ink; and so we get the life of the pensionnaires in a convent in the years before the French Revolution.

A. Has he dressed it up?

S. He says it was necessary to arrange and omit, but that the accordance with other memoirs and dates shows that it was substantially correct. She was a little Polish princess, an orphan, and was

brought to Paris by her uncle, the Bishop of Wilna. Madame Geoffrin got her admitted to the Abbaye aux Bois, at Paris, where all the nuns and all the pupils were noble, every inch of them.

A. Did the noble nuns teach ?

S. Oh, yes. They seem all to have had real departments, with plenty of lay sisters under them. Three days in the week there came masters, the other three the girls studied under the nuns. The young ladies all went by their surnames, but when the little Pole arrived, Hélène Massalska, they gave up her Polish name in despair, and called her Hélène. The first thing was that her uncle had to give twenty-five louis for a feast for all the pensionnaires, at which ices were indispensable ! There were three classes—all in black frocks, but the youngest had blue sashes, the second, who were all being prepared for their first Communion, had white ones, and the elders, red—very naughty girls, some of them seem to have been.

A. Madame de Genlis' memoirs are full of almost incredible tricks played upon the nuns.

S. Once Hélène and her friend Mademoiselle de Choiseul got into the chapel at night, and filled up the *bénitier* with ink, and when the poor nuns came down to prayers in early morning, they all made black marks on their foreheads. The Superior said it was sacrilege, but the Maîtresse-Générale, Madame de Rochechouart, said she could only call it childish mischief. Another of their scrapes was making acquaintance with their next neighbour's *marmiton*, through the opening of a drain, where he used to play the flute to them, and call them by their names, Choiseul, Châtillon, Montmorency, and so on, till some one overheard them, and the drain was built up.

A. Quite time, I think.

S. Madame de Rochechouart treated them with such cutting sarcasm that they were heartily ashamed. They were very fond of her, and she must have very been sensible and good. One class mistress used to punish them for telling fibs, and they did tell a great many, by making them wear a pair of donkey's ears, and a false tongue of scarlet cloth ; but Madame de Rochechouart put a stop to this, and then the punishment was to kneel in chapel in the middle aisle with a night-cap on.

A. Did they have much religious teaching ?

S. The nuns were Jansenists, and gave them a Jansenist Catechism to learn. The nuns used to read the Fathers a good deal. The Archbishop of Paris came to visit them, and put seals on all the shelves of these books ; but they sent for the Général of the Order, and he took them off. After Hélène's first confession, the old nuns entreated her to pray for them, as she was made quite pure from sin, and would be sure of heaven. I think she did not tell so many stories after that, but still I am afraid she did not turn out very well in the end. And I think it was while she was in the white class that there was the great uproar. The girls had an unpopular class-

mistress, and knew that Madame de Rochechouart wanted to have her removed, but could not accomplish it; so, when she had really lost her temper, and behaved very ill to one of the girls, they all trooped into the kitchen, and barricaded themselves there, keeping only one young nun of sixteen, Sœur St. Clotilde, who entered into the fun as much as they did.

A. A regular barring out! How did it end?

S. The mothers of the girls were sent for, and called them out one by one, so that the party was broken up. They were all forgiven, and, after a month, their mistress was changed. Madame de Rochechouart was only twenty-seven. She and her sister had been made to take the veil at sixteen, and she died quite young, to the great grief of every one. There was a Mademoiselle de Montmorency, who also died young, but who must have been a very high-spirited young person. The Superior was sister to Marshal de Richelieu; and once, when in a great passion, she exclaimed to Mademoiselle de Montmorency, 'I could kill you,' the girl coolly answered, 'It would not be the first time a Montmorency has been murdered by a Richelieu.'

A. Rather strange both in Superior and pupil.

S. Very strange things there were. They had balls—all female, of course, for the pensionnat—and the young married ladies were allowed to come without their mothers-in-law. Once, two hid themselves in a cell, and came out at night, and ran all manner of rigs, fastening up the nuns in their cells, and so on. The Superior had the gates shut, and would not let them out till their families fetched them, when they went, very subdued.

A. Married very young of course.

S. There is the account of two weddings, the girls being told at twelve years old, and being pleased or unhappy according to whether they heard that the bridegroom was young and handsome, or old and ugly, and his mother good-natured or cross. Then, when he came to visit in state, all the young ladies watched him across the court, and made their remarks. The girl went home for the ceremony, and then was sent back to the convent to grow older, the only difference being that she was madame.

A. Poor child! It was just the disadvantage, which Madame de Genlis tried to show, that they had no training in family life.

S. They had in housekeeping though. The red class were told off to attend on the nuns in the store-room, the linen-room, the needle-work-room, the sacristy, even the porter's lodge, so that they might learn a little of everything. It rather amused me that I had just been reading Miss Holt's *In Convent Gates* (Shaw), where we get the picture of a convent under Edward III., and there really was a general resemblance.

A. Miss Holt's books would be very good historical studies if she would not be so very Protestant and protesting.

S. I really thought this book quite free from that till I came upon a discussion where she quotes in Latin those holy words, 'Do this in remembrance of Me,' as proving that there was no idea of sacrifice; whereas I am sure I have learnt that the Greek word conveys the very sense of offering.

A. Quite true. It is very dangerous to rush into controversy without knowledge. You may find plenty of the outlines of the English Church in Mr. Foxley Norris's *Ballads of the English Church* (Parker). It is very Anglican, and I wish I could say more for the poetry; but 'False Decretals' and the like do not come very happily into verse. Another little book that may be a help is the *Collects in Verse* (Masters). Here, too, is a nice sketch of *General Church History*, divided by subjects, not epochs, by Mrs. Mitchell (Masters).

S. Mamma told me to ask you for a book to read at family prayers.

A. It is a very difficult thing to find. *Seek and Ye shall Find* (Nisbett) is arranged for the purpose on the Prophets Isaiah and Daniel; but it seems to me that the comment attempts to deal with too long passages of Scripture, and therefore is too slight. Whitaker's *Daily Life*, Miss Spooner's *Daily Round* (S. P. C. K.), are of a good length for the purpose; but I think the best thing for intelligent servants is to take some book like *The Gospel Story*, or *Plain Church Teaching*, and read a portion according to time. Let me mention in good time Canon Bright's *Seven Sayings from the Cross* (Parker).

S. There are some excellent Letters for reading to working-parties, by the author of *Miss Toosey*, all about the good works in different places—Haggerston, the Home of Rest at Torquay, and many more, all told in a pleasant lively way. The right name is *Letters to our Working-party* (Smith and Innes).

A. A very useful book. And oh, how pretty the little illustrated booklets are this Christmas! There is Tennyson's *Brook*, brought out by Macmillan, and a beautifully got-up little book of the Bishop of Bedford's *Ballad of the Chorister Boy*, about the monks listening to the charming voice, and forgetting real pain in the beauty of the music. Among illustrated books, there is no forgetting Mr. Heywood Summer's beautiful *Undine* (Chapman and Hall). His soulless and soulful faces are a wonderful contrast. Of all the illustrations of her, I never see any so graceful or giving the idea of her wateriness so well.

S. And have you seen the two beautiful new pictures of the National Society's grand coloured series? I like the Easter-Eve one most particularly.

PAPERS ON ROME.

On the side of the Forum furthest from the Palatine were once five other Fora, built by different emperors to relieve the pressure on the Roman or Great Forum, as it was styled, as the population and the business kept increasing. Of these there are two beautiful relics in two half-buried columns, with entablature and bas-reliefs, which are all that is left of the Peribolus, or Enclosure, that surrounded the Forum of Nerva, and a porch of magnificent fluted pillars of white Luna (Carrara) marble, which belonged to the Temple of Mars the Avenger in the Forum of Augustus. But by far the most numerous remains are those of what must have been much the finest Forum, being indeed considerably larger than the Great Forum itself—that of Trajan. It originally comprised a temple, a basilica with Exedrae, or halls for the recitation of literary productions or for philosophic discussions, two libraries, one for Greek and the other for Latin books, and a lofty column sculptured in spiral bands with marble reliefs of scenes from the Emperor's campaigns, and surmounted by his statue. Of these all have perished but the column, which remains intact with the exception of being crowned by a figure of St. Peter instead of Trajan. But excavations have brought to light at a considerable depth below the present level of the ground the site of the Basilica strewn with broken columns, a large number of which have been again erected on their bases; and against the side of the Quirinal are shops, following the curve of the Exedrae, before which may be made out fragments of the old polygonal pavement of basalt. I do not know why—whether it is because it is sunny, or because, being sunk so low, it is safe from intruders—but I never saw such a resort for cats as Trajan's Forum has become. I counted twenty-six in it one fine morning.

Near the Station is to be seen a very interesting bit of the fortifications of Servius Tullius, one of the early kings of Rome. By the time he reigned Rome had grown from its original site on the Palatine to a size which embraced all the seven well-known hills (by the way, they are very much more of hills still, after the accumulation of rubbish at their feet for centuries, than I was at all prepared to see); and he defended all the more exposed part of the circuit by carrying across the plateau, from which the Quirinal, the Viminal, and the Esquiline slope towards the city, a huge rampart of earth (agger), lined on the outside with a thick, and on the inside with a thinner, skin of masonry. And these fortifications with their broad

ditch continued to be the sole protection of Rome, the greater part of which in Imperial times lay outside it, till the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, who built the wall which forms its present ceinture, the extensive remains of which, with their imposing towers, their gates, bastions, and arcades forming a sheltered path for the rounds of sentinels, make such a picturesque object from all points commanding a panoramic view of the city.

Houses being forbidden within a certain distance of it, Horace tells us (*Sat. i. 8, 14*) that the citizens of his day used to sun themselves on the Servian rampart, as you may now do on the walls of Chester, another Roman town, where they are not overshadowed by buildings. Subsequently, however, these restrictions were removed, and you may see in the ruins of stuccoed and reticulated walls where houses have been built abutting on the Wall. All that is left of it now is the outer skin of masonry; and this is so thick, and composed of such huge stones both here and in the other fragments which are still standing in the Palazzo Antonelli and on the Aventine, as, with the Tabularium and the Cloaca Maxima, to give us a great idea of the power and magnificence of Rome towards the end of the Regal period. Much of its so-called history may be legend; but its monuments, which Mr. Parker of Oxford has done so much to bring to light and interpret, concur with the scanty authentic documents that survive in witnessing to a grandeur and dominion which it took the Republic a century and a half to recover.

Other interesting relics are the Theatre of Marcellus in the Piazza Montanara, and the Portico of Octavia at the entrance to the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter. The former, of which all that remains is the circular part for the spectators, having its wall on the outside decorated with two fine arcades of Doric pillars below and Ionic above (the third and uppermost has perished), was dedicated by Augustus to his nephew and heir, whose premature death is so touchingly alluded to by Virgil (*Æn. vi. 860*). In the Middle Ages it became a palace successively of the Savelli and Orsini, and is now let out in tenements to blacksmiths, greengrocers, and rag and bone shops. The other, a splendid fragment of a porch, with four marble fluted Corinthian columns, to what was once a vast colonnade including two temples, was built by the same Emperor in honour of his sister, the mother of Marcellus and the ill-used wife of Anthony. One of the pillars of the colonnade, with a punning allusion to the names of its architects, Batrachos and Sauros, in the shape of figures of a frog and a lizard in the volutes of its capital, is now to be seen in the nave of S. Lorenzo fuori le mura. Within its precincts Vespasian and Titus are said to have celebrated their triumph over Jerusalem. And the street which forms the continuation of the ancient Roman fishmarket on which the portico abuts bears the appropriate name of Weeping Street (*Via del Pianto*); for, as I said, it is now in the Ghetto, the quarter to which the bigotry of Paul IV.,

the fierce Caraffa pope, confined the descendants of the extraordinary people who, in the destruction of the Holy City, lost their country and the home of their religion, and where their modern representatives continue to swarm in filth and rags at this day. Looking down it through an arch close to the Portico you see a sight which for picturesque squalor it would be hard, I should think, to match in Europe. They say it is going very shortly to be swept away, and a brand new street run through the heart of that teeming population. It is so obviously right in the interests of health and morality, though a sad necessity, that I feel compelled to play the Stoic and sternly repress the tears which rise unbidden from my artistic soul. I have a vivid recollection of how I held my nose, and my companion puffed at his cigar, while we wended our admiring way through the dirt and stinks.

Down by the river not far from the Ghetto is an exquisite little circular temple, with a peristyle of white marble Corinthian columns, dedicated to Hercules. Once it probably had a marble dome covered with bronze tiles, much like that of the Pantheon. At present it is protected from the weather by a mean tiled roof, which gives it something of the appearance of a court beauty in a rustic hat. Close by is a small oblong temple, with elegant Ionic pillars embedded in the walls of its cella, said to be that of Fors Fortuna (the Romans seem to have taken a rather childish delight in these jingling names, *cf.* Mater Matuta, Deus fidius, etc.). Both are now Christian Churches. And near them the most interesting of all the relics of Regal greatness, the Cloaca Maxima, which having been originally constructed to drain the swampy Forum still performs its useful office, and empties itself into the Tiber. But that turbulent stream is in process of being controlled by such lofty stone embankments, and its shores are so given over to stone-sheds and masons, and barges, and building paraphernalia of all sorts, that I could not get near enough to see its interesting masonry, the first-known instance in Rome of the use of the arch.

Across the bridge of S. Angelo is the vast mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian, once stately with marble and surmounted by a dome ending in the huge pineapple to be seen in the Vatican, now an immense core of brickwork, on the summit of which stands guard a colossal statue of St. Michael holding his flashing sword over the city. And in a street leading out of the Corso is all that is left of the Mausoleum of Augustus. The last was the Imperial tomb down to the reign of Nerva, and the other for the succeeding Emperors down to Severus, with the single exception of Trajan, who was buried in a chamber below his column. Both in later days were converted into fortresses; but, while Hadrian's tomb remains one still under the name of the Castle of S. Angelo, the Mausoleum of Augustus has undergone a more ignoble transformation. Within it is erected a very fourth-rate theatre, to which its circular form

conveniently lends itself. As I paced its dark chambers filled with theatrical and other lumber, every now and then through open doors I caught sight of a semi-circle of tawdry white and gilt boxes and red hangings; and, remembering that its tombs had been ruthlessly violated by the hand of the Goth and their ashes dispersed—one urn now in the Vatican museum, the pedestal of another, that of the noble Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, in the courtyard of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, and showing by an inscription on it that it had once been used as the city's grain measure, the rest no one knows where—and glancing at the base uses to which their place of sepulture had been turned, I had Hamlet's reflections on the transitoriness of human greatness forcibly brought to my mind—

‘Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!’

And I wondered what Shakespere's feelings would have been, if he could have known that the fancy which he ascribes to the diseased brain of his distracted hero was indeed little more than sober truth. I must pass by with a mere mention of a fine column, much like that of Trajan, in the Piazza Colonna to which it gives its name, sculptured with the achievements of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; picturesque bits of aqueducts clothed with ivy and trailing creepers which one meets with here and there, especially against the slope of the Palatine facing S. Gregorio and in the once beautiful, but now, alas, neglected grounds (they are being sold in building plots) of the Villa Wolkonsky; and the interesting remains of a station of the Roman fire-brigade in the slums of the Trastevere near the church of S. Crysogono; and I must go on to speak somewhat more in detail of three other most interesting relics of old pagan Rome, the Via Appia, the Baths, and the Pantheon. The Via Appia, made by Appius Claudius the Censor, circ. B.C. 312, as far as Capua, and afterwards extended to Beneventum and Brundisium (the modern Brindisi), after passing under the Arch of Drusus which carries the aqueduct for supplying water to the Baths of Caracalla, issues from the Porta di S. Sebastiano in the Aurelian walls, and for the first mile or more is uninteresting enough, running between high walls which shut out all view. But from that point as far as we followed it for a drive of three hours it keeps increasing both in interest and beauty. It is a drive, as used to be the case on all the great Roman roads, between tombs, the most interesting of which now are those of the Scipios and of Cæcilia Metella, which last, like Hadrian's, has been turned into a mediæval castle. But, though the inscriptions and most characteristic features of the rest have been carried off and placed in museums, the fragments which strew the sides of the road are still picturesque and graceful, and form a scene wholly unlike what one sees anywhere else. And on such a day as that we were

favoured with the view is most charming. The broad expanse of the breezy Campagna was crossed with long lines of ruined aqueducts. On our left the Sabine Mountains lifted their grey limestone summits, lit up by a brilliant sun, through the distant blue haze, while in front the Alban range culminating with the peak of Monte Cavo, and with the glittering villages of Frascati, Castel Gandolfo, etc., nestling on its flanks, was thrown into strong relief and vivid colouring by a black storm-cloud which was muttering in thunder behind them. The road is still largely paved with its original polygonal boulders made of the basaltic lava which once flowed from the craters of those Alban Mountains, as also is the Sacra Via which is its continuation within the city walls, and leads, as we have seen, through the Forum up to the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter. It has been said that the sources of our laughter and our tears lie not far apart. It may be a case in point that, while my first feeling on gazing at these stones was one of profound emotion, as I remembered that they had been pressed by the feet of the great Apostle of the Gentiles as he walked over this part of the road between Appii Forum and the city, my next, as spite of our springs our carriage jolted along, now rising over a bossy surface, now bumping down into a rut, was of a very different complexion. I could not help wondering how it used to fare with those old Romans without springs; and fancying that the general in a triumphal procession, standing up laurel-crowned in his chariot, must not only have found it hard to maintain a dignified serenity of attitude, but by the time he reached the Capitol must have undergone suffering enough to make the admonition of the slave, who stood at his ear to whisper to him that he was but mortal, quite superfluous.

The vast size and magnificence of the Public Baths is something that nearly takes your breath away. They give you an idea such as nothing else does of the population and luxury of Imperial Rome. Those of Constantine have disappeared; the grounds of the Palazzo Colonna and a new theatre in the Via Nazionale are on part of their site. Those of Titus near the Colosseum are mere fragments. Those of Diocletian near the Railway Station are being to a great extent destroyed through the exigencies of traffic. But those of Caracalla under the slopes of the Aventine, half-way between the Circus Maximus and the Porta Latina, though but a core of concrete and brickwork, from which all the splendid marble veneer has been torn and with all the roofs fallen in, are still sufficiently perfect to allow you to trace the different apartments, and form some idea of what they must have been when whole.

The height and the thickness of the walls, the massiveness of construction throughout, the vastness of the area covered, the beauty of the fragments of cornice and pillar which still here and there cling to the wall or lie about, the acres of tessellated pavement in porphyry and variously coloured marbles which are discernible under the thin

layer of soil, the tiles for drainage and heating discoverable at wonderful heights and evidently carried through every storey of the building, impress one's imagination more, I think, than anything else. If these were Roman notions of what was necessary for the populace, what must the palaces of their masters have been! Even the outrageous sums mentioned by classical writers as having been paid for houses, furniture, etc., by wealthy Romans—Cicero gave for a house on the Palatine £31,000 of our money, Clodius for one near it, £131,000; several thousands were sometimes given for a single table—even these become credible as one gazes at the Baths. There is a big hall from which the mosaic pavement was taken that is now in the Lateran Museum, with portraits of popular pugilists.

The Frigidarium, or cold swimming bath, is a huge parallelogram. The Tepidarium is of similar proportions. There are several Laconica, or rooms for the hottest vapour baths; and the dressing and anointing rooms and rooms for attendants, etc., are legion. This central block of baths covers a larger area than our Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall. And, besides it, there is a stadium for horse races, exedræ for literary purposes, and I know not what else within the circuit. Now consider that these Baths were built for 1500 bathers, and those of Diocletian for 3600, and you can understand of what enormous dimensions the last must be. The church of S. Maria degli Angeli standing within the enclosure has its transepts, by far the largest feature of the church, made out of part of a Tepidarium, several of the grand monolith columns of Egyptian granite being still *in situ*, though their bases are eight feet below the present pavement; and its vestibule consists of one of the laconica, domed like the Pantheon. A long way off the church of S. Bernardo is made out of another of the laconica, or hot vapour baths. And the galleries and museums of Rome and the Baptisteries of the great Basilican churches are filled with huge basins of porphyry, cipollino, pavonazzetto, and other priceless marbles, which have been baths in the more private rooms of these enormous Public Baths, and look fitter for Titans than for men. There is an interesting tradition connected with the Baths of Diocletian to the effect that they are largely the work of Christian prisoners who were afterwards martyred.

I have but one more building of old Rome to mention, and that is the Pantheon. Antiquaries used to think it was originally meant for the laconicum of Agrippa's Thermæ, or Public Baths, but recent investigations have shown this to be a mistake. It was built at the outset by that friend and minister of Augustus as a temple in front of his Baths, portions of which, on a smaller scale than those of later imperial times, remain behind it. For grand simplicity, for producing the profoundest impression without the aid of costly materials or elaborate detail, I should think it stands unrivalled. I am not a partisan of what is called classical architecture; but I

confess that before the Pantheon I experienced the same emotions as only the most glorious achievements of Art in its several departments can inspire. It is simply at present a great rotunda of the most massive brickwork (its walls are over nineteen feet thick), stripped of almost all of the costly marbles that lined its walls inside and out, of the gilt bronze tiles which covered its dome and vaulted its portico. But I cannot imagine that with them it could ever have produced a finer effect than it does without them. In fact I should not be surprised if it looks better now. The Romans were not great architects. They debased the styles they borrowed from Greece with florid and meretricious ornament. They veneered their walls with marbles with lavish prodigality, covered them all over with stucco, made false joints in the masonry to increase the apparent height, and sinned against the law of truthfulness in many ways which, if Mr. Ruskin had been an ædile, would have driven him frantic. But they were wonderful as builders and engineers; and that is why so many of their buildings are grander and more imposing, now that they are reduced to mere skeletons of their former selves, than they probably were in their palmiest days. To come back to the Pantheon. After passing through a portico of the stateliest size and proportions—its columns monoliths of Egyptian granite with white marble capitals—you enter by the ancient bronze doors into a circular building, with four large recesses flanked by pillars of the rare Numidian giallo antico. It is roofed with what is a dome in appearance, though not in construction, being all cast in concrete, with no lantern, as usual, at the summit, but an aperture open to the sky. The whole of the light admitted—for there are no windows—comes through it. This arrangement has its practical disadvantages. Although there is a drain in the floor to carry off the effects of a shower, a thunderstorm one day when I was in Rome flooded it so with water and mud as to necessitate its being closed for twenty-four hours. But the appearance of the blue sky through that opening and the contrast of a white cloud occasionally sailing across it with the motionless stillness within add not a little to its air of serenity and its weird impressiveness. In each of three out of the four recesses stands at present an altar (the Pantheon was made a church by Pope Boniface IV., A.D. 608); and the red and gold drapery of hangings between the flanking pillars mars somewhat the breadth and simple solemnity of the general effect. But the massive bronze sarcophagus of Victor Emmanuel in the fourth recess, relieved only by beautiful wreaths of white and violet flowers kept constantly renewed by a grateful people, and the plain tombstone of Raffaella, who lies the foremost among many other painters buried here, by the high altar, have a noble austerity which is in admirable keeping with it.

If I were to have to say what impressed me most in Rome where there is so much that is of overwhelming interest, I think I should say the Pantheon and the Dying Gladiator. And the mention of him

brings me to the last legacy of pagan antiquity which I purpose saying something about, and with which I will close this paper—I mean the sculpture.

I had seen the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, and I saw nothing nobler at Rome. I had seen too a few fine modern works, some of Böehm's, Sir F. Leighton's Athlete, some busts of Woolner, and Canova's Mother of Napoleon I. But, with these exceptions, statuary woke in me neither admiration nor emotion. All I was accustomed to see, whatever the merits of the execution, was poor in conception, commonplace and lifeless to the last degree. Pretty insipidity was about the highest praise you could give it. The statues in the Museums of the Capitol and the Vatican were a new revelation to me. Whether they are originals, or copies of the great Greek masters—most of whose choicest works at one time or other found their way to Rome—I have had no such artistic training as would enable me to pronounce, even to my own satisfaction. But this I do know that, not one or two here and there, but almost all live, and have an individual being. One could almost fancy they moved and spoke. The most exquisite ideal conceptions are not mere academical abstractions. They are true men and women, though glorified beyond the furthest flights of one's imagination. And the portrait statues have a lifelike individuality which fixed them in my memory as if with a graver's tool. I do not hesitate to say that the hour I spent in the Sala dei Imperatori in the Capitol, studying the busts of the more important emperors, taught me to understand and enter into the history of Imperial Rome better than a great many hours spent over books had ever done before. Augustus, with his perfectly beautiful but somewhat hard and relentless face, like the first Napoleon; Tiberius, handsome, capable, and, if selfish, not like the mean monster whom historians have conspired to paint him; Caligula, with roving eyes and the mobile restless beauty of his small head set upon a long neck, agreeing well with the indications of madness in his character; Claudius, especially when, as in one statue in the Vatican, he figures as Jove, striving to look as if he was unconscious that he was a fool, the ass in the lion's skin; Nero, with a wonderfully wicked beauty, as if he had it in him to be a god or a fiend; Galba, a war-worn able soldier and statesman, worthy of a better fate; Otho, a bloated sensualist; Vitellius, a gross beast, Sir John Falstaff of Shakspeare's painting; Vespasian, a keen successful stockbroker; Titus, a prototype of the present Lord Derby; Nerva, with his finely-chiselled high-bred features; Trajan, broad capable forehead, large nose, long projecting upper lip, and resolute expression, as if he found Empire a burden, but was determined to do his duty; Marcus Aurelius, with a somewhat smug and self-satisfied look (due perhaps partly to the unfortunate way in which the hair seems then to have been worn) that gives one the feeling that, with all his goodness, he might have been a bit of a

prig—these are some of the legacies of Rome, priceless to me as a key to understanding her past, which I trust I shall ever keep, and delight in, and use, even if I should never look again on the marble presentations through which she bestowed them on me. I will not yield to the temptation of talking about the statues of other eminent Romans, Germanicus and his wife Agrippina, Cicero, Mæcenas, the two Bruti, one of whom expelled the Tarquins, and the other assassinated Julius Cæsar. It is enough to say of these two last that, if I could gather it from no other source, I should judge from the work of the artists that one was a pure-minded patriot, and the other a self-seeking conspirator, who had personal ends to serve, as well as public. So too I will not dwell upon the marvellous beauty of the bas-reliefs of mythological subjects in the Capitol and the Spada Palace, which were found face downwards in the pavement of the church of S. Agnese fuori le mura, or the grandeur of the historical ones, taken from the destroyed Arch of Marcus Aurelius, which now hang on the wall of a landing of a staircase in the Palazzo dei Conservatori. I will pass over the lovely Cuidian Venus of the Vatican, either an original or a copy of Praxiteles, whom one of the Popes is said to have had half-draped, and her Capitoline sister, left in the beauty of her natural charms alone—the Barberini Juno, and the Juno of the Ludovisa Villa, as well as those matchless three, the Apollo Belvedere, the Mercury, and the Meleager. Each deserves a page, and I could not think of putting them off with the indignity of a line. I must not tell of the fine statues lately discovered, and on view in a chamber of the Baths of Diocletian, or the exquisite archaic engraving on the so-called Ficoronian Cista in the Museo Kircheriano, or the amusing lines on a monument in the Palazzo dei Conservatori to a precocious little boy who killed himself with writing a prodigious quantity of Greek verses. But I must say a little more about the Dying Gladiator, or, as I am afraid we must consent to call him, the Dying Gaul.

He came to the Capitol from the Ludovisi Villa, where he formed one of a group representing Gaulish warriors refusing to be conquered. One is stabbing his wife, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Romans; and I fear we must give up Byron's well-known and grand interpretation of this figure, and see in it probably a Gallic warrior, who has stabbed himself rather than submit to the same fate. But, whatever be the true interpretation, the statue itself seems to me beyond all praise. So true to nature in the smallest detail, telling its story of the faintness of death settling down upon the spirit of a brave man defeated with such unaffected straightforwardness and simplicity, such an entire freedom from exaggeration of any kind, such power, and yet withal such restraint—the presentation of this dying hero is the most pathetic work of art I have ever seen. I cannot think of it without something of the same emotion as I felt

when I saw it ; and, if Rome contained nothing of interest but it, I should say the sight of it would be well worth the journey thither. And so with the mention of this most consummate specimen of her ancient Art treasures, we will make our adieu to Pagan Rome, and say something about Christian Rome and Modern Rome in Papers to come.

PADRE AGOSTINO DA MONTEFELTRO.

THE supreme ecclesiastical excitement in Florence, during the Lent of 1887, has been the preaching of the Franciscan monk, Padre Agostino da Montefeltro. He preached the Lent sermons in the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, addressing vast multitudes beneath that glorious dome of Filippo Brunelleschi, where, four centuries ago, the voice of Fra Girolamo Savonarolo, the brave son of S. Dominic, called the people of Florence to penitence and amendment of life. Indeed, Padre Agostino has, in his fervent eloquence, been compared to Fra Girolamo. The custom in some parts of Italy is to draw an enormous dark curtain above a portion of the nave of the churches in which the Lent sermons are preached. This inner ceiling has the practical advantage of enclosing the preacher's voice, which would otherwise echo far beyond the hearing of the congregation. The process of 'going to the sermon' was not physically a pleasant one; but a price must be paid for most good things, and this was well worth the price. The sermon itself was worth a great deal; but the sight of the dense multitude crowded into the nave of the vast Cathedral, of those earnest, upturned faces, intent on hearing something about the things of life eternal, was worth even more. What a thought too, that, as the ancient Basilica of Santa Reparata stood on the site of the nave of the present Cathedral, the worship of God had been taking place on that very spot for twelve centuries! The sermons were preached every day except Saturdays—mercifully Saturday was always a true 'Sabato' to the exhausted Padre. On certain days special trains brought in people from the neighbouring towns, and Jews, unbelievers, different varieties of Protestants were among the congregation, and many arrived every day at eight or nine o'clock, in order to secure places near the pulpit, and waited until the sermon began at eleven. I was there generally at ten, when the crowd, already great, was continually increasing; a solid wall of men standing, closed round and round our chairs, and one realised that 'there was no turning back.' Except that some old ladies indulged in the discussion of their domestic affairs in audible voices, there was silence, broken by whispered prayers, and by the tinkle of the Sanctus bell. Soon after ten the organ pealed through the aisle, and at the far-distant High Altar, the *Missa Cantata* began. Then the congregation turned slowly (indeed any movement was very difficult, and kneeling was nearly impossible), and facing the altar, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, and so beautifully was the Mass rendered, that every 'Dominus vobiscum'

could receive its 'Et cum spiritu tuo.' When 'Habemus ad Dominum' responded to 'Sursum corda,' and 'Dignum et justum est' to 'Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro,' it was like a duet between heaven and earth, and 'Vere dignum et justum est, sequum et salutare' died away, as it were, in another world. Just at eleven o'clock, a black sedan-chair was carried down one of the side aisles, Padre Agostino stepped out, noiselessly mounted the stair, and in a few seconds a brown Franciscan habit, and a bright, clear face appeared in the pulpit, and the familiar voice began, 'Signori!' literally, 'Ladies and gentlemen.' At first his voice often sounded tired and hoarse, but it improved, as, with a rapidity that can only be compared to a swift blowing gale, he rushed on, and though so exceedingly rapid in his utterance, every word was distinct, every sentence well constructed, and easily understood. His teaching was at once Evangelical and Catholic, and always most practical. His first sermons were on the immortality of the soul, when he combated Materialism, and challenged Atheists. He then proceeded to 'The Commandments,' to 'Family Life,' to 'Sorrow,' and to many other subjects familiar to us all, and the last sermons I heard were on keeping holy the Lord's Day, 'L'osservanza della Domenica'—Domenica he called 'il giorno di Dio e dell'uomo, è il giorno della famiglia'—on the Holy Eucharist, and on Confession. His simple fervour, combined with his flowing eloquence, seemed the secret of his wonderful power in thus drawing together, and then holding captive, these never-to-be-forgotten congregations. His sermon ended, the listeners clapped their hands, Padre Agostino disappeared into his sedan-chair, and was carried from the Cathedral to his lodgings in the Piazza del Duomo.

It has added not a little to the interest surrounding this gifted Franciscan monk to know that he was not always 'a pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.' It is said he was once a married man; three years after marriage his young wife died, and when the little girl she bore him died also, he put on the habit of S. Francis of Assisi. He has since dedicated his glorious gift to the service of Him Who gave it, and has preached with great eloquence at Pistoia, Arezzo, Lago, Faenza, Sienda, Trieste, Ravenna, Bologna, and Pisa.

SUNDAY IN A WORKHOUSE INFIRMARY.

‘Yes! the sorrow and the suffering
Which on every side we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings,
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that Face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.’

‘Oh! ma’am, it’s so good of you to come, and we do so enjoy it; for, till you came, there was nothing of the Sabbath about the day at all for us.’ These words were said in a workhouse infirmary, by a poor paralysed woman, to a lady, who went every Sunday afternoon to hold a little service in the wards, where the poor old pauper women, sick and dying, lived, and where no service of any sort was held for them on a Sunday. This, alas! is the rule, and not the exception in most of our workhouses, and a very sad fact it is.

Of course one must be fair all round, and often the overworked chaplain (frequently the Vicar of a neighbouring parish, too) has only time on Sunday, in the midst of his own work, for one service in the workhouse chapel (where there is one) for the able-bodied inmates, and no time at all for the sick and dying in the infirmary, who need it so much, who have no one to care for them.

For such as these Sunday should be at least a real day of comfort, and only those who have held these little services in the infirmary wards, can know how truly comforting they are, these little services of hymns and prayers, for which this short paper pleads.

Have you ever been in a workhouse infirmary? Oh! the dreariness and barrenness even of the best of them. The beds filled with the poor sick people waiting for their last summons, or the chairs with others, just able to crawl about perhaps, poor old dames, so old, so deaf, so childish and weird-looking, that some at least look almost unhuman; no one wants them, and they belong to nobody, and the utter hopelessness strikes one, as too pathetic.

Few places are sadder than a workhouse infirmary. Oh! that England could have followed the example of its sister-isle of Man, and never had a union; for there the deserving poor are looked after from a central fund, and at present there is only a voluntary rate, and no workhouses in the whole island.

In our infirmaries, one nurse with perhaps one attendant has about six or eight wards to look after, men and women, with about

seven beds in each (of course the numbers vary), and this nurse, remember, does night and day work. Many of the patients are of course very ill, and all more or less suffering.

In a few workhouses the following plan has been tried. A lady goes on Sunday afternoon, and holds a short service in each ward (two wards can be included in one service, if a door communicates, and can be left open, as is sometimes the case).

Generally the people, even those most ill, like as much music and singing as possible. 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' or 'Moody's and Sankey's' are favourites, and it is most touching to see the way the poor creatures try to join in and sing.

Sometimes two or three ladies, the nurse, and a few attendants form a little choir; in one case six or seven orphan girls from a neighbouring Home came in with the lady, and helped to sing, an arrangement which gave mutual satisfaction.

After the singing, a chapter in the Bible is read; then some of the Church prayers—the General Confession, the Lord's Prayer, the Collect for the day, the General Thanksgiving, a prayer or two for the sick, and any other which seems particularly suitable for individual cases. This is repeated in each ward, even the men enjoying it, and asking for a repetition another Sunday. The deep gratitude of the inmates always repays for any trouble or fatigue, and surely, after all, two hours on a Sunday afternoon could be spared by some ladies in the neighbourhood of a workhouse (where of course, the permission of the Guardians has been obtained); surely where people frequent so many services on one day, one could at least be given up in order that those, who have so very little spiritual help, might have at least one little service for themselves when they need it so much. A small portable harmonium, a few hymn-books in large type, and earnest, cheerful workers, are all that is needed, and no money is required. These poor sick folk have souls as dear to the Master as that of the most cared-for invalid surrounded with every comfort—and with one, if not two nurses all to herself—the patience and cheerfulness often in a workhouse infirmary is simply wonderful, and the people are so thankful for so little, it makes one feel quite ashamed to have done so little after all. I remember (at the service in which I was allowed to help) one poor paralysed creature—deaf and dumb—of course bed-ridden, and yet who seemed, in the most touching way, to follow one with her eyes; while in a bed in the corner another poor woman was dying of cancer. She followed and even joined in the hymns, and was so comforted. We chose the lesson about the New Jerusalem; in three days' time she had passed into that land where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain,' and where she, a poor pauper, now *knows* far more than the most enlightened Christian on earth. We want more ladies to volunteer for this work, it is a noble, comforting Christian work. The services are much needed and much

appreciated, and the giver gains far more than she gives, by thus sparing some fragments, out of her abundance, for those who have so very few spiritual privileges.

‘He who hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and look, what he layeth out it shall be paid him again.’

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

MOTHER CAREY AND THE LEAVES.

(With apologies to the 'Water-babies'.)

BY M. BRAMSTON.

At last little Tom came to Peace-pool, where Mother Carey lived, as his father had done before him.

'So, my little dear,' said Mother Carey, smiling at Tom, 'you have come to find me just as your father did before you. And what can I do for you?'

'Please, ma'am,' said little Tom, very respectfully, 'father told me he saw you make things make themselves, and perhaps you would let me see you do the same.'

'If you look at me,' said Mother Carey, 'you will see as much as you can understand of my work.'

So Tom looked as his father had done, and a great awe came into his soul, as he saw how Mother Carey worked, without lifting a finger, at making things make themselves; but he could understand nothing, only he felt more and more weak and empty and foolish, and yet more and more glad that something outside him was so strong and full and wise; and at last he burst into tears, and cried as if his heart would break; but his heart was not breaking at all, it was only stretching beyond what he could quite bear. Then Mother Carey took him on her lap, and pressed him to her breast and soothed his crying, and put a glass into his hand, saying—

'Here, my child, is the glass of Time set in the frame of Space. What you cannot take in in the Infinite you may learn to understand in the Finite. Look through this glass while you sit on my lap and I go on with my work.'

Tom did as he was told, and looked through the glass. And the iceberg and Peace-pool vanished away, and he saw before him a growing seed, just pushing out its seed-leaves and uncurling its shoot into the air. Beside it stood a fairy who looked at it, as Mother Carey looked at the water of Peace-pool; and she talked to the leaves, and they talked back to her.

'Fairy, dear,' said the shoot, 'I wish you would help me. I am in such a very narrow place between these seed-leaves. I can't expand, as it is my duty to do.'

'Patience, and push away!' said the fairy. 'I never do for any thing what it can do for itself.'

So the stem pushed, and presently it got its shoot free, and uncurred into a lovely curve.

‘Grow away,’ said the fairy; ‘you have to carry the leaves higher and higher, one out of the way of the other.’

When the first leaf uncourled, and saw how much prettier it was than the plain round seed-leaves, it was much pleased with itself.

‘They were born,’ it said, ‘that I might crown them with beauty, two at the bottom, one at the top. Three is a perfect number.’

But the shoot went on growing, and the leaf was distressed, because four is not a perfect number, and also because it was no longer at the top. But the fairy said—

‘As the seed-leaves nourished and fed you, so do your share in nourishing and helping the rest.’

‘But the next leaf will get into my way!’ said the first leaf.

‘Not at all!’ replied the fairy. ‘You must shift your place a little, and then the second leaf will have stalk enough to keep out of your way, and as the plant gets larger and stronger, more sap will come into your veins.’

So the first leaf resigned itself, and the plant grew till it had many leaves, each on its own stalk, so as to keep out of the way of the others, and each did its own work nobly, and helped on the life of the rest.

‘Now,’ said the fairy to the little leaves folded in the shoot, ‘it has been the duty hitherto of all the leaves to grow large and have their independent place and their independent life. But all of you must resign independent place, and do without leaf-stalks, as I can do no more for you at all.’

The little leaves sighed, but resigned themselves, and the fairy waved her wand over the shoot, and the leaves found themselves growing closely wrapped together inside a covering made of a few of their number, who grew with a soft downiness over their inner sides.

‘We shall never get green,’ sighed the wrapped-up leaves. ‘We shall always remain poor bleached things, packed up so long in this case away from air and light.’

‘Patience,’ said the fairy. ‘You don’t know what is in store for you.’

‘But we can’t have any chlorophyll!’ said some of the leaves; ‘and without that we can’t be green.’

‘You won’t be green,’ said the fairy. ‘You will have neither the work nor the independent place of the foliage leaves; but you will be lovely and useful all the same. And if any of you will give up the likeness of leaves altogether and resign yourselves into my hands, a greater gift still shall be given you.’

Accordingly many of the leaves did resign themselves into the fairy’s hands, and this is what she did with them. She took a few of them, she stopped their growth, she joined their edges, and pressed them tightly together, so that they could hardly breathe; and though they needed all their space—or thought so—for their own existence, she inserted into each tiny little grains hung on slender threads.

‘You,’ she said, ‘are Carpels. Be patient; you will breathe by-and-

by.' She took some of the others, and moulded and pinched them out of all likeness to leaves, till they cried out, 'All our leaf-stuff is gone!' But she smiled and said, 'You will have something better than leaf-stuff. Be patient, little Stamens!'

And the sun shone, and the showers fell, and the bud opened, and behold! the folded leaves were radiant with rosy bloom, and sweet with honey, and odorous with scent, and the carpels had joined together and sent a velvet style out into the air, and the stamens danced as the wind blew, no longer laden with green leaf-stuff, but with gold dust.

The flower ripened, and all its leaves rejoiced in its beauty. One day a stamen said to the fairy—

'Fairy, help me! My gold-dust is escaping! What shall I do without it?'

'You will die,' said the fairy, smiling; 'but the gold dust will have given life to the grains in the carpels.'

Now the stamens and the carpels loved each other dearly, and the Stamen said to the Carpels: 'To die for your good, beloved, is not hard.'

But a bee came by, and carried away the gold dust out of the flower without touching the Carpels, which were not yet ripe to receive the gold dust, and went to another plant, where he bestowed the gold dust upon the style. So the Stamen died; but it was not even the Carpels in his own flower that profited by his death. But the fairy said—

'The Carpels will not lose your love, though it is another hand than yours that gives them the gift they desire.'

But the same bee came back when the Carpels were ripe, and brought gold dust from another plant; and the gold dust fell upon the style, and began to send down shoots to find the germ in the little grains; and in a short time there was no gold dust left, only life in the grains which before were lifeless. And then the rosy leaves, and the Stamens, and the velvet style of the Carpels, all died, and all the life of the plant was in the swelling grains of seed. And as Tom watched, the Carpels, now old and dry and brown, opened, and the wind blew away the seeds, to begin again.

'It is hardly worth their having a life of their own,' said Tom to the fairy, 'since all they can do with it is to give it away.'

'Nay,' said the fairy, smiling, 'that is where the Divinity of their being lies. When we keep our own life, we die; when we give it away, we live.'

And as Tom put the glass down, he looked into the depths of Mother Carey's wonderful blue eyes, and he understood.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

‘Mud and Misery, Mire and Mope,
All the Country Mice can hope!’

‘Fuss and Fidget, Fog and Fret,
All the Town Mice ever get!’

WITH all respect to *Lamda* and *Spermologos*, it seems to Chelsea China that these two couplets pretty well sum up their respective views on the subject. Chelsea China decidedly leans to the country side, with the modification that she would like to choose the country village, and that long residence and good social position have more to do with the comfort of life in the country than in the town. But she does repeat very decidedly what she mentioned last month, that the kindly relations between neighbours of different classes, independent of any mission to teach or improve the lower ones; the simple old acquaintanceship of side by side living between folks of all degrees, the good inheritance of long, honest, and genial housekeeping; is one of life's lasting blessings, and belongs much more to country and suburban, than to town life. It is not impossible in London, but it is very difficult, and can hardly come except to people of exceptionally sociable and outgiving natures.

Owing to some mistake, the papers on Gossip have not reached Chelsea China, and must stand over till next month. No fresh subject will be set, as Gossip and Religious Societies are still on hand.

Lamda, as a Town Mouse, has thrown down the gauntlet; I, as a born and bread Country Mouse, must take it up, all the more that *Lamda* seems to think it mere affectation for any one to prefer a country life who is not devoted to tennis and hunting. She will, no doubt, think what I am going to say mere twaddle; but then, I am *Spermologos*—a babbler.

As to dulness or dreariness, I positively cannot understand it, though I have lived all my life in a village of hundreds. There are all varieties of intellects and ranks within reach, so far as humanity is concerned, and as to the interests of public life, newspapers can generally be had in the country quite as early as London people are ready to read them; books can be had in plenty, and, on the whole,

I think the mind is better without the agitations of club gossip at second hand, or bawling news-boys.

That *Lamda* has no idea of the real resources and delights of the country is plain, when she tells us to study natural science in a museum. I don't undervalue museums; a visit to one is an intense pleasure to me as a country cousin, but it is like a dictionary of a language compared with a book. And as to the pleasure! What is a stuffed bird compared with hearing a tom-tit's first spring squeak, or seeing him hang upside down on a branch, or watching 'the ouzel cock so black of hue, with orange tawny bill,' hunt worms on the lawn? And as to exhibitions, the daffodil copse, the primrose banks, the heather, the leaves in spring, the changes of autumn tints, are one perpetual exhibition, always varying. Each plant, etc., remember, can have its beauty and its mystery personally examined; each bird or insect watched alive, instead of being peeped at under a glass case. I like living things better than specimens; and I do not believe that 'lectures and museums' would ever be the solace in sickness or sorrow, that a bird's free song, a sunset sky, a nosegay of flowers, are continually.

Flowers can be had in London, black-stemmed bought things, or else squeezed up in a box to be revived when let out. Thank you, I had rather see them spring up, bud, and blow!

However, *Lamda* evidently cares for none of these things, scientifically, or for their outward charm, or she could not throw the country over to children and lawn-tennis players, nor could she have wearied there herself. To me blacks, endless noise, crowded streets, fogs, smoked skies, unrest, are infinitely more wearying than ever a field or hedgeside could be with their endless, peaceful, wonderful stores. And for outlet. Is there not infinite variety in country pariah work? And does not the post bring plenty of contact with the outer world? However, I grant that music and art, services, sermons, and lectures, and all that is new, are at their fullest in London, and can be enjoyed with great delight.

But I think an occasional taste of these things is better than a constant course of them. They sink in, and the impression deepens if we do not hurry from one to another; and I decidedly object to flying about in search of æsthetic services and popular preachers. I believe it is more wholesome to be subject to public opinion, which makes itself felt. Nor is there any reason why people should gossip more in the country than in town. It is the will, not the circumstances. And surely the character is better formed and toned where it is possible to take an absolutely quiet walk to think or to look, than when one is jostled by crowds, and never in calm.

It is excitement *versus* study, being taught *versus* learning; for stagnation *anywhere* is the fault of the stagnant. The advantages of London good society are knowing one's place instead of being something of a magnate, knowing how to talk; also how to modulate

the voice, and seeing how a variety of minds view subjects of the day, and *how* affairs are transacted.

It is well to acquire this perception at one time or other in the lifetime, and for those whose lot is cast in London, it is well to be content, there and enjoy the advantages; but for the growth of a character able to think, observe, and drink in—

‘The silent teachings of the woods and hills,
commend me to the country !

SPERMOLOGOS.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

HISTORY OF ROME.

*Final Class List.**First Class.**First Prize.*

Grasshopper 418. *Rome and the Campagna—R. Burn.*

Second Prize.

Lisle 383. *The Æneid—J. Corrington.*

Third Prize.

Bluebell. 359. *Gallus—W. A. Bekker.*

Fourth Prize.

Vorwärts 357. *Lays of Ancient Rome—Macaulay.*

Water-wagtail.	338	Emu	320
White Cat	335	Wylmecote.	319
Tortoise	332	Charissa	314
Repullulat	331	Livy	308
Lachesis	330		

Second Class.

Budgerigar }	282	Carlotta	251
Speranza }		Tacitus.	249
Atropos	279	Robin	246
Clotho	274	Carlo	240
Claudia }	268	Portia	237
Marius }		Ignavus	236
Midge	267	Romola	219
Fieldfare	256	Rags	212
Horatius	255	Chrysé	206
Countess	254		

Third Class.

Edelweiss	189	Portia (Ealing)	141
Woodpecker	175	Lille Fröken	140
Lily	174	Nesra	137
Mabel	164	C Major	136
C Minor	161	Mollusk	112
Sophonisba	146	Terpsichore	104
Elpis	144	Spear-maid	100

Fourteen others obtained less than one hundred marks each.

The Prize-winners in the Roman History Competition are as follows: First, Miss E. Fenwick (*Grasshopper*), Thurning Rectory, East Dereham, Norfolk. Second, Miss Alice L. Manley (*Lisle*), Woodside, Lower Sydenham. Third, Miss Agnes W. Huntingford (*Bluebell*), Barnwell Rectory, Oundle. Fourth, Miss Pedder (*Vorwärts*), 13, Somerset Place, Bath.

CLIO.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Questions for February.

5. Give a description of the Persecution under Nero.
6. What are the authorities for St. Peter's presence in Rome, and martyrdom there.
7. Give a short account of Simon Magus, Flavius Clemens, Symeon, Bishop of Jerusalem, and St. Clement of Rome. (About a dozen lines each.)
8. Relate what is known of the latter days of St. John the Divine.

Extra work recommended—

'*The Pupils of St. John the Divine*,' by C. M. Yonge (Macmillan's Sunday Library).

Bog-Oak acknowledges subscriptions from *Gwladys, Frideswide, Francesca, Dormouse, Malacoda, Sycorax, Red-deer, Epsilon, Snapdragon, Irene, Portia*, and *Cecilia*, and from *H. J. Turner*, who must adopt a *nom de plume*.

In answer to several correspondents, Bog-Oak must repeat that she cannot answer letters privately.

Also, one correspondent, who asks if there are any rules beyond the subscription, and sending in the answers, is informed that *all* the Rules given in the 'Monthly Packet' for December, 1887, are to be strictly attended to.

Notices to Correspondents.

Wanted, a continuation by some other hand of Collin's Eclogue of Abra, or the Georgian Sultana. The second part contains the lines:—

'Abra was ready ere he called her hame,
And when he called another Abra came.'

CHELSEA CHINA.

Money Spinner.—*The Castle-builders* surely does not deal in dates, and it may be assumed that the circumstance took place some little time before the narrative was written.

An American Post Card.—Probably Robert Devereux was in his old parish, but there is nothing to bring him forward.

Trookle's bed must, no doubt, be a facetious expression, like Shanks's mare; for there is no doubt that truckle comes from truck, a wheel in old English, and that beds were so called which were on wheels, were slept in by attendants, and stowed away in the daytime under the principal bed in the chamber.

'Mrs. Ted' must kindly send her name as well as her abode, in order to receive payment for her story, as both name and address have been mislaid.

A. F. would be much obliged to any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' who could tell her where to find the following lines—

'Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest, and more hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in Nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?'

In answer to *Torfrida's* request for the author and source of the lines—

' In earthly races
To winners only do the heralds call;
But see in yonder high and holy places
Success is nothing, but the work is all.'

They are part of a poem written by Archdeacon Farrar on the decease of Matthew Wilkinson, first Master of Marlboro' College. I have only got them in MS., and I believe they were only published as a leaflet, or in the College paper; but if *Torfrida* sends me her address I shall be happy to send them to her.—MISS BEALEY, Oak Lea, Harrogate.

E. A. Williams says it is in the 'Manual of Devotion' for Sisters of Mercy, Part III., p. 6.

Jesus College, Cambridge, was founded in 1496, by John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, who had obtained from King Henry VII. a grant of the nunnery of S. Radegund, then lately suppressed. All the lands which had been bestowed upon that monastery were given as an endowment, and the buildings were converted into a College. DIDO.

Jesus College, Oxford, owes its foundation to the zeal of Hugh ap Rice, or Price, a native of Brecknock, who, when advanced in life, meditated the establishment of a College which should extend the

benefits of learning to the natives of Wales, an advantage which, previous to his time, had not been provided for at Oxford. With this intention, he petitioned Queen Elizabeth that she would be pleased to found a College, on which he might bestow a certain property. Her Majesty accordingly granted a charter of foundation dated June 27th, 1571, prescribing that the College should be erected by the name of Jesus College, within the City and University of Oxford, etc. DIDO.

The lines 'The dearest spot on earth to me is home,' etc., were composed by Knight. DIDO.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S HOME FOR BOYS, CLEWER.

Help is very earnestly solicited for the maintenance of this Home, which, since 1883, has been principally supported by alms collected in 'begging' trips by the Sister under whose care the Home has been placed. There are no other means provided for the support of the work—the very small sum of £10 per annum, which is in some cases paid with the boys, being wholly inadequate to meet the continual expenses. Our urgent need just now is a consequence of the entire failure in health of the 'Begging' Sister, who, since February, has been unable to plead for the Home, and for whose ultimate recovery there is little hope. The fund she had, up to the last moment, been carefully gathering together, is now almost exhausted, and she earnestly implores the kind help of those who may read this little appeal. The Home is for the reception of boys from five to thirteen years of age, of evil or difficult disposition, or such as are surrounded by evil influence. Twenty-five of these lads are now in the Home, which, though the work is really 'rescue' work, is truly a 'Home,' and not a reformatory, and has been, hitherto, singularly blessed. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to—

SISTER EMMA, C.S.J.B.,

St. Stephen's College, Clewer, Windsor.

Referee—The Rev. T. T. CARTER, Warden of the Community, or the Mother Superior, House of Mercy, Clewer.

YOUNG WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

In the 'Englishwoman's Year-book' (Hatchard's) I find the following addresses of Homes for young women in business: 11, Red Lion Square, Holborn (in connection with the G. F. S.), and Norfolk House, 50, Wells Street, Hackney; Garfield House, 361, Brixton Road; Alexandra House, 88, St. John's Street, E.C.; Victoria House, 135, Queen's Road, Bayswater; Morley House, 14, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square; Gordon House, 8, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.; Woodford House, 28, Duncan Terrace, Islington. My copy is 1883, but I believe these addresses are still correct. I enclose them all, as it is important for workers to live near their work. I. C. E.

Wandering Jew.—In Southey's fine poem of 'Thalaba the Destroyer,' the concluding lines of the canto which tells how Thalaba forgot his mission, and yielded to the claims of love, are—

'Who comes from the bridal chamber?
It is Azrael, the Angel of Death!'

I. C. E.

The Monthly Packet.

MARCH, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ROCKS OF ROCKSTONE.

LORD ROTHERWOOD came in to try to wile his cousin to share in the survey of the country; but she declared it to be impossible, as all her avocations had fallen into arrear, and she had to find a couple of servants as well as a house for the Merrifields. This took her in the direction of the works, and Gillian proposed to go with her as far as the Giles's, there to sit a little while with Lilian, for whom she had a new book.

'My dear, surely you must be tired out!' exclaimed the stay-at-home aunt.

'Oh no, Aunt Ada! Quite freshened by that blow on the common.'

And Miss Mohun was not sorry, thinking that to leave Gillian free to come home by herself would be the best refutation of Mrs. Mount's doubts of her.

They had not, however, gone far on their way—on the walk rather unfrequented at this time of day—before Gillian exclaimed, 'Is that Kally? Oh! and who is that with her?' For there certainly was a figure in somewhat close proximity, the ulster and pork-pie hat being such as to make the gender doubtful.

'How late she is! I am afraid her mother is worse,' said Miss Mohun, quickening her steps a little; and, at the angle of the road, the pair in front perceived them. Kalliope turned towards them; the companion—about whom there was no doubt by that time—gave a petulant motion and hastened out of sight.

In another moment they were beside Kalliope, who looked shaken and trembling, with tears in her eyes, which sprang forth at the warm pressure of her hand.

'I am afraid Mrs. White is not so well,' said Miss Mohun kindly.

'She is no worse, I think, thank you; but I was delayed. Are you going this way? May I walk with you?'

'I will come with you to the office,' said Miss Mohun, perceiving that she was in great need of an escort and protector.

'Oh, thank you, thank you, if it is not too much out of your way.'

A few more words passed about Mrs. White's illness, and what advice she was having. Miss Mohun could not help thinking that the daughter did not quite realise the extent of the illness, for she added—

'It was a good deal on the nerves and mind. She was so anxious about Mr. James White's arrival.'

'Have you not seen him?'

'Oh, no! Not yet.'

'I think you will be agreeably surprised,' said Gillian. And here they left her at Mrs. Giles's door.

'Yes,' added Miss Mohun, 'he gave me the idea of a kind, just man.'

'Miss Mohun,' said the poor girl, as soon as they were *tête-à-tête*, 'I know you are very good. Will you tell me what I ought to do? You saw just now——'

'I did; and I have heard.'

Her face was all in a flame and her voice choked:

'He says—Mr. Frank does—that his mother has found out, and that she will tell her own story to Mr. White; and—and we shall all get the sack, as he calls it; and it will be utter misery, and he will not stir a finger to vindicate me; but if I will listen to him, he will speak to Mr. White, and bear me through; but I can't—I can't. I know he is a bad man; I know how he treated poor Edith Vane. I never can; and how shall I keep out of his way?'

'My poor child,' said Miss Mohun, 'it is a terrible position for you; but you are doing quite right. I do not believe Mr. White would go much by what that young man says, for I know he does not think highly of him.'

'But he does go altogether by Mr. Stebbing—together; and I know he—Mr. Stebbing, I mean—can't bear us, and would not keep us on if he could help it. He has been writing for another designer—an artist—instead of me.'

'Still, you would be glad to have the connection severed?'

'Oh, yes, I should be glad enough to be away; but what would become of my mother and the children?'

'Remember your oldest friends are on their way home; and I will try to speak to Mr. White myself.'

They had reached the little door of Kalliope's office, which she could open with a latch-key, and Miss Mohun was just about to say some parting words, when there was a sudden frightful rumbling sound, something between a clap of thunder and the carting of

stones, and the ground shook under their feet, while a cry went up, loud, horror-struck men and women's voices raised in dismay.

Jane had heard that sound once before. It was the fall of part of the precipitous cliff, much of which had been quarried away. But in spite of all precautions, frost and rain were in danger of loosening the remainder, and wire fences were continually needing to be placed to prevent the walking above on edges that might be perilous.

Where was it? What had it done? was the instant thought. Kalliope turned as pale as death; the girls came screaming and thronging out of their workshop, the men from their sheds, the women from the cottages, as all thronged to the more open space beyond the buildings where they could see, while Miss Mohun found herself clasped by her trembling niece.

Others were rushing up from the wharf. One moment's glance showed all familiar with the place that a projecting point, forming a sort of cusp in the curve of the bay, had gone, and it lay, a great shattered mass, fragments spreading far and wide, having crashed through the roof of a stable that stood below.

There was a general crowding forward to the spot, and crying and exclamation, and a shouting of 'All right' from above and below. Had any one come down with it? A double horror seized Miss Mohun as she remembered that her cousin was to inspect those parts that very afternoon.

She caught at the arm of a man and demanded, 'Was any one up there?'

'Master's there, and some gentlemen; but they bain't brought down with it,' said the man. 'Don't be afraid, miss. Thank the Lord, no one was under the rock—horses even out at work.'

'Thank God, indeed!' exclaimed Miss Mohun, daring now to look up, and seeing, not very distinctly, some figures of men, who, however, were too high up, and keeping too far from the dangerous broken edge for recognition.

Room was made for the two ladies, by the men who knew Miss Mohun, to push forward, so as to have a clearer view of the broken wall and roof of the stable, and the great ruddy blue and white veined mass of limestone rock, turf, and bush adhering to what had been the top.

There was a moment's silence through the crowd, a kind of awe at the spectacle and the possibilities that had been mercifully averted.

Then one of the men said—

'That was how it was. I saw one of them above—not Stebbing—No—coming out to the brow; and after this last frost, not a doubt but that must have been enough to bring it down.'

'Not railed off, eh?' said the voice of young Stebbing from among the crowd.

'Well, it were marked with big stones where the rail should go,' said another. 'I know, for I laid 'em myself; but there weren't no orders given.'

'There weren't no stones either. Some one been and took 'em away,' added the first speaker.

'I see how it is,' Frank Stebbing's metallic voice could plainly be heard, flavoured with an oath. 'This is your neglect, White, droning, stuck-up sneak as you always were and will be! I shall report this. Damage to property, and maybe life, all along of your confounded idleness.'

And there were worse imprecations, which made Miss Mohun break out in a tone of shocked reproof—

'Mr. Stebbing!'

'I beg your pardon, Miss Mohun, I was not aware of your presence——'

'Nor of a Higher One,' she could not help interposing, while he went on justifying himself.

'It is the only way to speak to these fellows; and it is enough to drive one mad to see what comes of the neglect of a conceited young ass above his business. Life and property——'

'But life is safe, is it not?' she interrupted with a shudder.

'Aye, aye, ma'am,' said the voice of the workman, 'or we should know it by this time.'

But at that moment a faint, gasping cry caught Jane's ear.

Others heard it too. It was a child's voice, and grew stronger after a moment. It came from the corner of the shed outside the stable.

'Oh, oh!' cried the women, pressing forward, 'the poor little Fields!'

Then it was recollected that Mrs. Field—one of those impracticable women on whom the shafts of school officers were lost, and who was always wandering in the town—had been seen going out, leaving two small children playing about, the younger under the charge of the elder. The father was a carter, and had been sent on some errand with the horses.

This passed while anxious hands were struggling with stones and earth, foremost among them Alexis White. The utmost care was needful to prevent the superincumbent weight from falling in and crushing the life there certainly was beneath, happily not the rock from above, but some of the *débris* of the stable. Frank Stebbing and the foreman had to drive back anxious crowds, and keep a clear space.

Then came running, shrieking, pushing her way through the men, the poor mother, who had to be forcibly withheld by Miss Mohun and one of the men from precipitating herself on the pile of rubbish where her children were buried, and so shaking it as to make their destruction certain.

Those were terrible moments; but when the mother's voice penetrated to the children, a voice answered—

'Mammy, mammy, get us out; there's a stone on Tommy,'—at

least so the poor woman understood the lisplings, almost stifled; and she shrieked again, 'Mammy's coming, darlings!'

The time seemed endless, though it was probably only a few minutes before it was found that the children were against the angle of the shed, where the wall and a beam had protected the younger, a little girl of five, who seemed to be unhurt. But, alas! though the boy's limbs were not crushed, a heavy stone had fallen on his temple.

The poor woman would not believe that life was gone. She disregarded the little one, who screamed for mammy and clutched her skirts, in spite of the attempts of the women to lift her up and comfort her; and gathering the poor lifeless boy in her arms, she alternately screamed for the doctor and uttered coaxing, caressing calls to the child.

She neither heard nor heeded Miss Mohun, with whom, indeed, her relations had not been agreeable; and as a young surgeon, sniffing the accident from afar, had appeared on the scene, and had, at the first glance, made an all too significant gesture, Jane thought it safe to leave the field to him and a kind, motherly, good neighbour, who promised her to send up to Beechcroft Cottage in case there was anything to be done for the unhappy woman or the poor father. Mr. Hablot, who now found his way to the spot, promised to walk on and prepare him: he was gone with a marble cross to a churchyard some five miles off.

Gillian had not spoken a word all this time. She felt perfectly stunned and bewildered, as if it was a dream, and she could not understand it. Only for a moment did she see the bleeding face and prone limbs of the poor boy, and that sent a shuddering horror over her so that she felt like fainting; but she had so much recollection and self-consciousness that horror of causing a sensation and giving trouble sent the blood back to her heart, and she kept her feet by holding hard to her aunt's arm; and presently Miss Mohun felt how tight and trembling was the grasp, and then saw how white she was.

'My dear, we must get home directly,' she said kindly. 'Lean on me—there.'

There was leisure now, as they turned away, for others to see the young lady's deadly paleness, and there were invitations to houses and offers of all succours at hand; but the dread of 'a fuss' further revived Gillian, and all that was accepted was a seat for a few moments and a glass of water, which Aunt Jane needed almost as much as she did.

Though the girl's colour was coming back, and she said she could walk quite well, both had such aching knees and such shaken limbs that they were glad to hold by each other as they mounted the sloping road, and half-way up Gillian came to a sudden stop.

'Aunt Jane,' she said, panting and turning pale again, 'you heard

that dreadful man. Oh! do you think it was true? Fergus's bit of spar—Alexis not minding. Oh! then it is all our doing!'

'I can't tell. Don't you think about it now,' said Aunt Jane, feeling as if the girl were going to swoon on the spot in the shock. 'Consequences are not in our hands. Whatever it came from, and very sad it was, there was great mercy, and we have only to thank God it was no worse.'

When at last aunt and niece reached home, they had no sooner opened the front door than Adeline came almost rushing out of the drawing-room.

'Oh! my dearest Jane,' she cried, clasping and kissing her sister, 'wasn't it dreadful? Where were you? Mr. White knows no one was hurt below, but I could not be easy till you came in.'

'Mr. White!'

'Yes; Mr. White was so kind as to come and tell me—and about Rotherwood.'

'What about Rotherwood?' exclaimed Miss Mohun, advancing into the drawing-room, where Mr. White had risen from his seat.

'Nothing to be alarmed about. Indeed, I assure you, his extraordinary presence of mind and agility——'

'What was it?' as she and Gillian each sank into a chair, the one breathless, the other with the faintness renewed by the fresh shock, but able to listen as Mr. White told first briefly, then with more detail, how as the surveying party proceeded along the path at the top of the cliffs, he and Lord Rotherwood comparing recollections of the former outline, now much changed by quarrying, the marquis had stepped out to a slightly projecting point; Mr. Stebbing had uttered a note of warning, knowing how liable these promontories were to break away in the end of winter, and happily Lord Rotherwood had turned and made a step or two back, when the rock began to give way under his feet, so that, being a slight and active man, a spring and bound forward had actually carried him safely to the firm ground, and the others, who had started back in self-preservation, then in horror, fully believing him borne down to destruction, saw him the next instant lying on his face on the path before them. When on his feet, he had declared himself unhurt, and solely anxious as to what the fall of rock might have done beneath; but he was reassured by those cries of 'All right' which were uttered before the poor little Fields were discovered, and then, when the party were going to make their way down to inspect the effects of the catastrophe, he had found that he had not escaped entirely unhurt. Of course he had been forced to leap with utter want of heed, only as far and wide as he could, and thus, though he had lighted on his feet, he had fallen against a stone, and pain and stiffness of shoulder made themselves apparent; though he would accept no help in walking back to the hotel, and was only anxious not to frighten his wife and daughter, and desired Mr. White, who had volunteered to go to tell the ladies next

door that he was convinced it was nothing, or, if anything, only a trifle of a collar bone. Mr. White had, since the arrival of the surgeon, made an expedition of inquiry, and heard this verdict confirmed, with the further assurance that there was no cause for anxiety. The account of the damage and disaster below was new to him, as his partner had declared the stables to be certain to be empty, and moreover in need of being rebuilt; and he departed to find Mr. Stebbing and make inquiries.

Miss Mohun, going to the hotel, saw the governess, and heard that all was going on well, and that Lord Rotherwood insisted that nothing was the matter, and would not hear of going to bed, but was lying on the sofa in the sitting-room. Her ladyship presently came out, and confirmed the account; but Jane agreed with her that, if possible, the knowledge of the poor child's death should be kept from him that night, lest the shock should make him feverish. However, in that very moment when she was off guard, the communication had been made by his valet, only too proud to have something to tell, and with the pleasing addition that Miss Mohun had had a narrow escape. Whereupon ensued an urgent message to Miss Mohun to come and tell him all about it.

Wife and cousin exchanged glances of consternation, and perhaps each knew she might be thankful that he did not come himself instead of sending, and yet feared that the abstinence was a proof more of incapacity than of submission.

Lying there in a dressing-gown over a strapped shoulder, he showed his agitation by being more than usually unable to finish a sentence.

'Jenny, Jenny—you are—are you all safe? not frightened?'

'Oh no, no, I was a great way off; I only heard the noise, and I did not know you were there.'

'Ah! there must be—something must be meant for me to do. Heaven must mean—thank Him! But is it true—a poor child? Can't one ever be foolish without hurting more than oneself?'

Jane told him the truth calmly and quietly, explaining that the survivor was entirely unhurt, and the poor little victim could not have suffered; adding with all her heart, 'The whole thing was full of mercy, and I do not think you need blame yourself for heedlessness, for it was an accident that the place was not marked.'

'Shameful neglect,' said Lady Rotherwood.

'The partner—what's-his-name—Stebbing—said something about his son being away. An untrustworthy substitute, wasn't there?' said Lord Rotherwood.

'The son was the proficient in Leopardine Italian we heard of last night,' said Jane. 'I don't know what he may be as an overlooker here. He certainly fell furiously on the substitute, a poor cousin of Mr. White's own; but I am much afraid the origin of the mischief was nearer home—Master Fergus's geological researches.'

‘Fergus! Why, he is a mite.’

‘Yes, but Maurice *encore*. However, I must find out from him whether this is only a foreboding of my prophetic soul!’

‘Curious cattle,’ observed Lord Rotherwood.

‘Well,’ put in his wife, ‘I do not think Ivinghoe has ever given us cause for anxiety.’

‘Exactly the reason that I am always expecting him to break out in some unexpected place! No, Victoria,’ he added, seeing that she did not like this, ‘I am quite ready to allow that we have a model son, and I only pity him for not having a model father.’

‘Well, I am not going to stay and incite you to talk nonsense,’ said Jane, rising to depart; ‘I will let you know my discoveries.’

She found Fergus watching for her at the gate, with the appeal, ‘Aunt Jane, there’s been a great downfall of cliff, and I want to see what formations it has brought to light, but they won’t let me through to look at it, though I told them White always did.’

‘I do not suppose that they will allow any one to meddle with it at present,’ said Aunt Jane; then, as Fergus made an impatient exclamation, she added, ‘Do you know that a poor little boy was killed, and Cousin Rotherwood a good deal hurt?’

‘Yes,’ said Fergus, ‘Big Blake said so.’

‘And now, Fergus, I want to know where you took that large stone from that you showed me with the crack of spar.’

‘With the micaceous crystals,’ corrected Fergus. ‘It was off the top of that very cliff that fell down, so I am sure there must be more in it; and some one else will get them if they won’t let me go and see for them.’

‘And Alexis White gave you leave to take it?’

‘Oh yes, I always ask him.’

‘Were you at the place when you asked him, Fergus?’

‘At the place on the cliff? No. For I couldn’t find him for a long time, and I carried it all the way down the steps.’

‘And you did not tell him where it came from?’

‘He didn’t ask. Indeed, Aunt Jane, I always did show him what I took, and he would have let me in now, only he was not at the office, and the man at the gate, Big Blake, was as savage as a bear, and slammed the door on me, and said they wouldn’t have no idle boys loafing about there. And when I said I wasn’t an idle boy but a scientific mineralogist and that Mr. Alexis White always let me in, he laughed in my face, and said Mr. Alexis had better look out for himself. I shall tell Stebbing how cheeky he was.’

‘My dear Fergus, there was good reason for keeping you out. You did not know it, nor Alexis, but those stones were put to show that the cliff was getting dangerous, and to mark where to put an iron fence; and it was the greatest of mercies that Rotherwood’s life was saved.’

The boy looked a little sobered, but his aunt had rather that his

next question had not been : ' Do you think they will let me go there again ? '

However, she knew very well that conviction must slowly soak in, and that nothing would be gained by frightening him, so that all she did that night was to send a note by Mysie to her cousin, explaining her discovery ; and she made up her mind to take Fergus to the inquest the next day, since his evidence would exonerate Alexis from the most culpable form of carelessness.

Only, however, in the morning, when she had ascertained the hour of the inquest, did she write a note to Mrs. Edgar to explain Fergus's absence from school, or inform the boy of what she intended. On the whole he was rather elated at being so important as to be able to defend Alexis White, and he was quite above believing that scientific research could be reckoned by any one as mischief.

Just as Miss Mohun had gone up to get ready, Mysie ran in to say that Cousin Rotherwood would be at the door in a moment to take Fergus down.

' Lady Rotherwood can't bear his going,' said Mysie, ' and Mr. White and Mr. Stebbing say that he need not ; but he is quite determined, though he has got his arm in a sling, for he says it was all his fault for going where he ought not. And he won't have the carriage, for he says it would shake his bones ever so much more than Shank's mare.'

' Just like him,' said Aunt Jane. ' Has Dr. Dagger given him leave ? '

' Yes ; he said it wouldn't hurt him ; but Lady Rotherwood told Miss Elbury she was sure he persuaded him.'

Mysie's confused pronouns were cut short by Lord Rotherwood's own appearance.

' You need not go, Jane,' he said. ' I can take care of this little chap. They'll not chop off his head in the presence of one of the Legislature.'

' Nice care to begin by chaffing him out of his wits,' she retorted. ' The question is, whether you ought to go.'

' Yes, Jenny, I must go. It can't damage me ; and besides, to tell the truth, it strikes me that things will go hard with that unlucky young fellow if some one is not there to stand up for him and elicit Fergus's evidence.'

' Alexis White ? '

' White, aye, a cousin or something of the exemplary boss. He's been dining with his partners—the old White, I mean—and they've been cramming him—I imagine with a view to scapegoat treatment—jealousy, and all the rest of it. If there is not a dismissal, there's a hovering on the verge.'

' Exactly what I was afraid of,' said Jane. ' Oh, Rotherwood, I could tell you volumes. But may I not come down with you ? Could not I do something ? '

‘Well, on the whole, you are better away, Jenny. Consider William’s feelings. Womankind, even Brownies, are better out of it. Prejudice against *protégés*, whether of petticoats or cassocks—begging your pardon. I can fight battles better as an unsophisticated stranger coming down fresh, though I don’t expect any one from the barony of Beechcroft to believe it, and maybe the less I know of your volumes the better till after——’

‘Oh, Rotherwood, as if I wasn’t too thankful to have you to send for me!’

‘There! I’ve kept the firm out there waiting an unconscionable time. They’ll think you are poisoning my mind.’ Come along, you imp of science. Trust me, I’ll not bully him, though it’s highly tempting to make the *chien chasser de race*.’

‘Oh, Aunt Jane, won’t you go?’ exclaimed Gillian in despair, as her cousin waved a farewell at the gate.

‘No, my dear; it is not for want of wishing, but he is quite right. He can do much better than I could.’

‘But is he in earnest, aunt?’

‘Oh yes, most entirely, and I quite see that he is right—indeed I do, Gillian. People pretend to defer to a lady, but they really don’t like her poking her nose in, and, after all, I could have no right to say anything. My only excuse for going was to take care of Fergus.’

A further token of Lord Rotherwood’s earnestness in the cause was the arrival of his servant, who was to bring down the large stone which Master Merrifield had moved, and who conveyed it in a cab, being much too grand to carry it through the streets.

Gillian was very unhappy and restless, unable to settle to anything, and linking cause and effect together disconsolately in a manner Mysie, whom she admitted to her confidence, failed to understand.

‘It was a great pity Fergus did not show Alexis where the stone came from, but I don’t see what your not giving him his lessons had to do with it. Made him unhappy? Oh! Gilly dear, you don’t mean any one would be too unhappy to mind his business for such nonsense as that! I am sure none of us would be so stupid if Mr. Pollock forgot our Greek lessons.’

‘Certainly not,’ said Gillian, almost laughing; ‘but you don’t understand, Mysie. It was the taking him up and letting him down, and I could not explain it, and it looked so nasty and capricious.’

‘Well, I suppose you ought to have asked Aunt Jane’s leave; but I do think he must be a ridiculous young man if he could not attend to his proper work because you did not go after him when you were only just come home.’

‘Ah, Mysie, you don’t understand!’

Mysie opened a round pair of brown eyes, and said, ‘Oh! I did

think people were never so silly out of poetry. There was Wilfrid in *Rokeby*, to be sure. He was stupid enough about Matilda; but do you mean that he is like that?’

‘Don’t, don’t, you dreadful child; I wish I had never spoken to you,’ cried Gillian, overwhelmed with confusion. ‘You must never say a word to any living creature.’

‘I am sure I shan’t,’ said Mysie composedly; ‘for as far as I can see, it is all stuff. This Alexis never found out what Fergus was about with the stone, and so the mark was gone, and Cousin Rotherwood trod on it, and the poor little boy was killed; but as to the rest, Nurse Halfpenny would say it was all conceited maggots; and how you can make so much more fuss about that than about the poor child being crushed, I can’t make out.’

‘But if I think it all my fault?’

‘That’s maggots,’ returned Mysie with uncompromising common sense. ‘You aren’t old enough, nor pretty enough, for any of that kind of stuff, Gill!’

And Gillian found that either she must go without comprehension, or have a great deal more implied, if she turned for sympathy to any one save Aunt Jane, who seemed to know exactly how the land lay.

(To be continued.)

ANGELA : A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART I.

CHAPTER III.

PARACELSUS. 'I am he that aspired to *know*; and thou?'APRILE. 'I would *love* infinitely.'—*R. Browning.*

'HAVE you any brothers or sisters?' It was Angela speaking from the couch by the drawing-room window, where Vyvyan had found her after dinner, when Mr. Merton told her it was too dewy for her to step out on the terrace as usual, and patrol with him whilst he smoked his cigar. But Vyvyan had thrown himself into the opposite corner of the couch, and Angela was content.

'One sister I have; and she has a nursery full of little children,' was the answer.

'Mrs. Raisins says if I had other little children to play with, I shouldn't care so much for my pets, but you see I've never had any,' said Angela reflectively, adding, with a sudden flush of eagerness, 'Tell me about when you were a little boy—if you can remember. Had you ever a white rabbit you loved very much indeed, and it died?'

'I lived in London, and so we had no room for rabbits,' he replied, stretching out a hand to reach that little hand of hers, 'and I had only one sister, much younger than myself, and we had a very cross nurse.'

'And had you a mother?' asked Angela softly.

'Yes, I had a mother.'

'Mothers love you even more than uncles and housekeepers do, I s'pose,' observed Angela; 'but do tell me about when you were a little boy—tell me a story.'

In the way that thinking elders sometimes relieve their own minds at the expense of the children's, he told her, ramblingly and abstractedly, the story of a boy who was always wanting something more than he had got; school did not give it him, college did not give it him, though his tutor there was his dearest master always, who did his best to make a clever, good man of him.

'But he disappointed everybody, Angela—this restless boy,' said

Vyvyan, with his head on his hand and his eyes on the child, 'because he was never satisfied.'

'P'raps if he'd had a white Guinevere,' suggested Angela hesitatingly.

'Ah! but then white rabbits die, I thought,' replied Vyvyan, just for the sake of seeing what she would say; but he was not prepared for the trembling lip as she murmured—

'*Please* don't talk about it.—Well, and then,' she went on with a queer little effort at self-control,—'and then, what did the boy do?'

'He wore a fool's cap and bells for some time, and he liked the jingle of it, but he soon got tired of that; then he tried conjuring tricks, but they came to grief; then he went and lived in a very big crowd of people, and if he's not dead, he is living there still.'

'Without his mother?'

'Yes, all alone.'

'I don't very much care for that story,' said Angela contemptuously, 'nothing happens in it. Mrs. Raisins can tell far better stories than *that* about when she was a child. She was a very different sort of child! And Uncle Roger's stories are—I can't say what!' Angela clasped her hands in a small ecstasy.

'I knew Mrs. Raisins when I was a little boy,' said Vyvyan.

'Did you? She wasn't a little girl then, I s'pose?'

'Not quite,'—and Vyvyan smiled at the thought of his forty years and Mrs. Raisins' upwards-of-sixty winters.

'And did she ever show you her sampler?'

Vyvyan thought not.

'Oh! then you *must* come and see it now!' and Angela jumped off the couch and held out her hand; 'it hangs on the wall in her room. She won't be there now; she might not like you to find her sitting without her cap, for she takes it off "of evenings," as she says, 'cos her head aches sometimes. It won't be too dark. Please *do* come and see it before the coffee comes!' Thus implored, Vyvyan suffered her to lead him across the hall, through the swing baize door, and into the most charming of western sitting-rooms—an ideal housekeeper's room. Full of 'such old things,' said Angela; full also of the scent of mignonette growing luxuriantly underneath the open window. The light from a golden sky fell full on that old sampler, before which Angela dragged him, eagerly pointing with her finger as she said—

'*All* that was worked by Mrs. Raisins' mother, Jane Hobbs, aged eleven years. She was *much* nicer than her name, I know; I should have called her Enid Maltravers. When I say so to Mrs. Raisins she *always* says, "My dear, that would have been quite out of that state of life in which she did her duty"—or "dooty" she calls it. Isn't that a funny bird? it's not like any I've ever seen. P'raps birds in England were green and orange then, when Jane Hobbs worked it; and p'raps they had no beaks either, but I think they must always

have had two legs, and this has only one. And do you think that churchyard is pretty? I don't; but Mrs. Raisins' grandfather is buried there, under that tombstone—do you see? worked in bumpy grey stitches; and those words are on it—on the real tombstone, and perhaps you can't read them, so I will: “I—see—that—all—things—come—*tonend*”—(that's how Mrs. Raisins always says it)—“but—Thy—commandment—is—ex—ceeding—broad.” And I asked Uncle Roger once what “exceeding” meant, and he said it means *exceedingly* EXCEEDINGLY.’

‘Does Uncle Roger ever say those words to you then?’—Vyvyan was reading the words in the upturned face, not on the old-fashioned piece of needlework.

‘Oh, no,’ she answered gravely; ‘Uncle Roger never comes in here—only I asked him. And Mrs. Raisins says I shall understand it when I am older. I s’pose you understand everything?’

What made Vyvyan—the cynic, as some called him—go down on his knees before her then, and kiss her almost reverently? as he made answer—

‘I understand *nothing*, little one; I know nothing.’—The chink of cups and saucers on a tray went past the door, and Angela exclaimed—

‘That’s the coffee; and I must pour it out for Uncle Roger—I always do; he calls me “Hebe” then; I told Mrs. Raisins why, and she says it’s *heathenish*.’—Still holding his hand, she hurried him back through the baize door again, across the hall into the drawing-room, now lighted by the pale light of shaded lamps, and scented by the summer breeze with fragrance of evening, as it stole from the garden in at the open windows.

‘Uncle Roger, I have been showing Mr. Vyvyan Mrs. Raisins’ sampler,’ explained Angela, as she went to the tea-table with a most perfect self-possession and ease of manner.—‘And I’ve been telling him that it means “*exceedingly* EXCEEDINGLY,” ’cos you know everybody doesn’t know; and he says he doesn’t know anything; p’raps not even what Mrs. Raisins says I shall know, when I grow older, about the “broad commandment.”’

‘Little Hebe, make haste and pour out our coffee, and then run off to bed,’—was her uncle’s answer, as he stood by watching the nimble fingers popping the sugar into the cups. She went up to Vyvyan to say good-night; he was reading the newspaper, and when he let it fall, as her little ‘Good-night’ sounded on the other side of it, once more his face was not as it had been before.

* * * * *

‘Mrs. Raisins,’ said Angela, as she sat with her long dark hair under the brush that swept from the head to the tips of the tresses slowly and mechanically—a task in which Mrs. Raisins delighted, as being ‘her dear mama’s hair all over’—‘did you know Mr. Vyvyan when he was a little boy?’

‘Yes, my dear.’—Here Mrs. Raisins held an end of ribbon between

her teeth and twisted away with the other vigorously and gently round Angela's pigtail.

'Did he know my mama?' asked Angela, with a light in her eyes and a glow on her cheeks. Mrs. Raisins looked troubled, and, being at the back of Angela's chair, did not attempt to veil her countenance, which grew more discomposed as Angela continued in a decided tone, 'If he did, I shall just ask him to tell me all about her; Uncle Roger never will, and you very often won't.'

'Miss Angela, dearie,' began Mrs. Raisins, stroking her head with a final smooth, 'if I was to tell you a story now, you wouldn't talk about it, would you? and if I tell you, you must promise not to go and ask Mr. Vyvyan about your poor dear ma, will you?'

The immediate prospect of a story bound Angela over to secrecy at once. In her pink flannel dressing-gown, she perched herself upon Mrs. Raisins' lap; the window was thrown wide open, for the heat was great; down below in the grounds and away beyond, over the country, brooded the stillness of a summer evening, broken only by the voices of two on the terrace and the voices of these two upstairs.

'Suppose I tell you a story, my dearie, about a boy, a young gentleman, who lived in the same London square as a little girl, a young lady, and they used to play in the square garden together. Well, it's what many do, aint it, dear?'

Angela answered that 'she believed so, but she didn't know. She had never had children to play with—animals were different.'

'Bless your dear little heart! Yes, they are indeed!' came with unction and a hug from the old woman. 'But we'll go on; and we agree that it isn't sing'lar so far. But suppose they grew great friends, and when the little girl went to school and the little boy went to school, the first thing they thought of in the holidays was to play their old games together again, till they grew too big for games? Then it was books; and the little boy grew up to be a clever man—such a very clever man, my dear, that Mr. Merton said he was the cleverest young man he knew when he was tutor at one of those clever Oxford colleges.'

'Uncle Roger!' cried Angela, raising her head from her old friend's shoulder and facing her.

Mrs. Raisins clicked with her tongue against her teeth from annoyance at this *lapsus linguae*, then she said gently—

'You mustn't interrupt, my dear. Yes, your Uncle Roger knew him. And whilst he grew cleverer and cleverer that little girl grew beautifuller and gooder; and all the time she used to read those dreadful clever books that he read, till one day—oh! Miss Angela, dear, there was a day like a dark thunderstorm in a week in June! but it couldn't be helped. It was like this, my dearie: it was as if you had been a-doing or a-saying or a-reading something I knew was not good for you to read, and I was to come and beg of you with tears

in my eyes not to do it no more, and as if *you* was to up and say that do it you *would* for all I spoke up.'

'But I don't think I ever should.'

'My darling, you can't tell till you're tried. I never thought he could have up and spoke to her as he did, but he *did*; and it was only because she was afraid he would hurt himself that she spoke to him, poor dear! It was as if he was playing with a sharp-edged knife, she said, and she begged him to shut it up, and as if he said that he wasn't going to shut it up for nobody, not even her. And so the little boy and the little girl who had played their games together and read their books together, quarrelled, and then they said good-bye.' The voice of Vyvyan on the terrace below was just then saying—

'But, my dear sir, granted that life ends with death, therefore why not fill it with human interests to the brim while it lasts? Why not make it a complete end in itself—perfect as far as we apprehend perfection; I too hear the *cui bono*; but do you never even imagine a Beyond? You say you see a drama in which every act should be played carefully; do you never dimly perceive a mystery?'

'Then what became of them?' sighed the little voice upstairs; 'that's why I think animals may be best, 'cos they can't quarrel like children.'

'He went away and lived in the world—the great noisy world, my dear. And she married a rich gentleman with a kind heart and delicate lungs, and they had to leave their little girl and their beautiful home to go to them warm parts that do people good, where they both died. She died of nursing him.'

'Is that all?'

'That's the end, my dearie.'

'It's rather a sad story, Mrs. Raisins, and a rather old one for a little child. What became of the poor little girl?'

'She was taken care of by her great-uncle; he had loved her mother very much, and so he loved the little girl, almost as much as his books'—this last was said *sotto voce* and with a sort of sniff—'and so they left their beautiful home and their little girl to him to take care of; and he left his college where he had lived for many, many years; and the little girl's mama's nurse became his housekeeper, and loved that little girl like the apple of her eye.'—Here the little figure in pink flannel was hugged more closely by Mrs. Raisins against her ample heart.

'It's like me rather,' said Angela dreamily; 'but I am sleepy now. Mr. Vyvyan's voice sounds like a church-bell out in the garden. I hope he's going to stay a long, long time.'

* * * * *

So it came to pass that a man feared by many for his unflinching principles, which scorned contact with anything mean or base, came down to the sunny level of a little child's meadow-land, and was adored by her. Afraid of him! how could she be? See her one

bright morning when the roses were making it a positive necessity for Vyvyan to be out of doors—see her tripping across the lawn to the spot where he lay smoking and watching her approach. In one hand was her little garden-chair, in the other was a book of fairy stories. She planted herself close beside him, spread her book open before her on her dainty pinafore, pushed behind her ears the intruding locks that did their best to veil her eyes, and then said in an encouraging tone of voice—

‘Now I’ll begin to read; it is the story of “The Nightingale.”’

Straight through, from beginning to end, she read it, without once looking off the page, whilst Vyvyan, raised on his elbow with his head on his hand, watched her in half-concealed amusement, as a most rare little study. The charming story came to an end at last, and then with a great sigh of satisfaction she closed the book, folded her hands upon it, and looking down into Vyvyan’s face, said—

‘Do you like it?’

‘Very much; but I should think the nightingale didn’t like it much when that crabby old emperor told her he could not do without her.’

‘Why, yes, she *did*—of course she did,’ replied Angela emphatically, ‘because she had saved his life by coming back to him; and he *wasn’t* crabby—only suffering.’

At those words, Vyvyan’s expression of amusement merged into tenderness, and he began telling her of some of the hospitals in London which he visited sometimes, of the little children he knew who laid still and suffered so patiently, and of the good doctors and nurses who gave up their lives to them; until at last he stopped, startled into silence by the glow in the child’s face before him, and by the light in her eyes, as she sat clasping her hands tightly together, and now exclaimed—

‘I should like to have a hospital for everything that’s hurt and wounded and ill! Wouldn’t birds and insects find it nice to be kept in a snug little cave in a bank, don’t you think? I know where there is one; and Jake would give me some bits of board to keep the wind out, and to keep away all nasty things that might hurt them. I shall look for *everything* that wants taking care of now.’

‘If I ever get hurt, will you take care of me?’

She shook her head.

‘You are a great, strong man,’ she replied gravely, ‘and Uncle Roger says that a man must never mind being hurt.’

‘Uncle Roger is a philosopher,’ returned Vyvyan.

‘What is that?’ she asked.

‘Some one who is always serene, whatever happens—which means that he takes everything quietly.’

‘Never cries, *whatever* happens?’ asked Angela wonderingly; ‘not even if his pet white rabbit died?’

‘Never thinks of such a thing; smiles instead.’

‘Are *you* one?’ she asked, still more wonderingly.

Vyvyan nodded assent, his eyes still fixed on the sweet, earnest little face.

‘I shall *never* be like that,’ she said with a tremendous sigh, ‘though I know Uncle Roger would like it. Shall we come into the wood walk now, and see where I mean to build my hospital?’

He got up immediately and went, her willing slave.

That afternoon Angela, full of a favourite freak of hers, communicated to Mrs. Raisins her intention of carrying it out. Mr. Vyvyan had been telling her how hospital nurses wear a distinctive dress; and although she could not dress herself like one of them, it was in a tone of perfect assurance that she said—

‘Mrs. Raisins, I am going to dress up; I am going to be the lady of a hospital.’

In a very short time after this announcement, a white muslin skirt, long enough to trail behind her, was unearthed from Mrs. Raisins’ hoards, and pinned around her waist, a soft white Shetland shawl was twisted over her shoulders and about her arms, whilst a long black lace veil was draped most winsomely—hood-like and scarf-like—about her head and shoulders.

‘And, please, the lovely locket!’—which meant a certain crystal locket with a little fly inside. Angela’s mother had worn it as a girl, and one day, half in jest and half in earnest, had given it to her old nurse as a pledge of the love that was between them, and Mrs. Raisins had kept it. On high days and holy days Angela was allowed to wear it, but never without the premonitory warning—

‘You won’t drop it, my dearie, or lose it, will you?’

With this precious keepsake sparkling on the black lace, and looking so marvellously like her dead mother that the tears stood in the old woman’s eyes as she watched her sweeping along the gallery, she trod the broad staircase, and, crossing the hall, tapped at the library door. Mr. Merton was not there, but Mr. Vyvyan sat at the writing-table in the window, scribbling hard at his article on ‘Materialism of the Nineteenth Century’ for the *Stargazer*.

‘Come in,’ he said abstractedly, without looking off his paper to see who was coming; then, as he heard a little rustle behind him, he turned in his chair. Always serene—always able to smile? Not now, oh my philosopher! not now, when this little miniature of Angela’s mother faces you.

‘One of the hospital nurses has come to see you,’ she said, with a little stately air, stretching out her hand to him as if she were a queen expecting him to kneel and kiss it. ‘If you please, sir, do you want anything? do you ache anywhere? have you any bruises?’

Vyvyan was standing now, leaning against his chair and grasping the back of it. As she finished her funny little sentence, he stooped, and lifting her bodily from the ground in his arms, kissed the sweet little face passionately again and again.

‘Let me get down, Mr. Vyvyan,’ she cried vehemently, pulling herself away from him with all the force of her small hands. ‘You have twisted my locket all crooked, and you have torn my gathers, and you have pushed my veil off!’

He set her down gently and returned to his writing, while she stood readjusting her ruffled plumes, with an unusual frown on her placid little countenance as she murmured—

‘Fancy treating a hospital nurse like *that*!’

The likeness had vanished. Vyvyan was telling himself that none but a fool would allow himself to be so easily disturbed when a certain amount of business had to be transacted before the post went out. But now, on the table at his side, are folded a pair of round white arms, and cushioned on them is a flushed cheek, as the soft eyes are raised penitently to his.

‘Are you angry with me?’

‘No, little one.’ He did not raise his head; the pen still travelled rapidly.

‘Isn’t a philosopher ever angry?’

‘Never.’ Dip went the pen into the ink, then over the paper rapidly again.

‘Never angry—never cries—always smiles,’ she mused, without changing her position. ‘Still, I think I’d like to be a hospital nurse best.’

The pen stopped, and he was fingering the crystal locket as he said—

‘You would soon get tired of the sadness, my little Angela.’

‘No, I shouldn’t, because there’d be so many people to pity and help; and Mrs. Raisins says we must always pity and help one another—for Some One’s sake.’

‘Whose?’ asked Vyvyan.

‘Don’t you know?’ came from Angela, almost under her breath, whilst the colour rushed up to her very brow, as she stood upright now, facing him with bright, dilated eyes.—‘I thought only babies didn’t know Who!’—Then, as if struck by the thought that she had been altogether severe enough for one afternoon, she added coaxingly, ‘Mrs. Raisins and I are going to have tea under the cedar. Will you come too?’

He promised, and she went away satisfied, for she felt, that little maid of the pitiful heart, that there was a balance due on her side to him.

Had he been in philosophic mood, he might have meditated on the strange connection between a child-spirit and a great woman-soul, who had written that ‘pity and fairness are two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life.’ But being by nature very human, Vyvyan laid his head on his folded arms, and yearned for his life to be filled with something more than the fulness of benevolence, of knowledge, of culture, of social dues

given and received—yearned after a fulness which can defy all the sundry and manifold changes of the world.

An hour later he was pacing the lawn with Mr. Merton. A few yards from them, in the cedar-shadow, sat Mrs. Raisins, sipping her tea from her saucer, and Angela, dispensing crumbs to the birds and cake to Lancelot beside her.

‘Does it never strike you,’ observed Vyvyan, ‘that little Angela will be an old woman before she is a young one? How can any child live a natural life who sees no other children?’—This was no new theme for Vyvyan since he had been at Mohun Court, but this afternoon he felt more than usually impatient of the existing order of things; every day it grew to him more intolerable, when he viewed it as Angela’s world.

‘It is very evident to me, Vyvyan,’ returned Mr. Merton quietly, ‘that little things vex you more than they did. Once you would have said, “Why disturb myself over other people’s affairs?” *now* I often hear you say, “This must not be so,” or “That must be thus,” with a certain degree of irritability foreign to your nature.’

‘How can one help it, if one means to make life good for all?’ replied Vyvyan with some warmth; ‘have you forgotten one of your favourite quotations, “Make sure that those to whom you come nearest, be the happier at least by your presence”?’

‘But do you do so, my dear Vyvyan, by this disturbing vein?’ rejoined his old master with a courteous smile; ‘and how about that other quotation, which you used to say you would bind as a phylactery upon your brow, “Set the house of thy thoughts in order”? Nay, I do not wish to vex you—we will prove this question. . . . Angela!’

Like a flash of light she was at his side; they stood still in their walk, and the old man laid a hand upon her shoulder as he said—

‘My child, would you like other children to live here with you? Would you like to know other children?’

‘No,’ she made answer, shaking her head. ‘I only want you and Mrs. Raisins, and Mr. Vyvyan and my animals. I don’t care even about the miller, now I have Mr. Vyvyan.—And my Guinevere back again, I *should* like!’ she murmured, as she returned to the tea-table; but they did not hear that little murmur.

‘There, Vyvyan!’ said Mr. Merton, as they resumed their walk; ‘why coerce her into a state of life which has no attraction for her, and which might expose her to all the unhappiness from which I would shield her?’

But Vyvyan had to such perfection the divine faculty of entering into other lives, that at times it might have seemed to others that he saw visions and dreamed dreams, as now,—when, with that little girl laughing over the tea-table at the jokes of a cheery old woman, he could yet hear afar off a womanly cry for ‘some vast necessity of heart and life’—which her guardian had failed to bestow upon her.

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A PROSE POEM.

'Has some plague a longer lease,
 Proffering its help uncouth?
 Can't one even die in peace?
 As one shuts one's eyes on youth.'

THERE was no doubt that Maurice had taken a turn for the better, though a very slight one, and the family at the Hall rejoiced exceedingly. They found good Dr. Merivale not a little provoking, however. He *would* praise young Mr. Pointer in a manner that made that young man's manifest folly very trying, and constantly backed him up when he implied that *he*, by his superior skill in nursing, was saving Maurice's life. And yet there was a twinkle in the Doctor's eye all the time that made it hard to guess how much of all this he really meant. In point of fact, it was his own superior skill and judgment he was applauding. He honestly believed that he had, by a happy thought, applied an 'irritant' just at the right time; and how much of the improvement was owing to that, and how much to the patient's youth and good constitution, not even Dr. Merivale could say.

Certain it is that the second time that young Pointer was 'let loose' upon him, Maurice asked, with much sharpness, if he might not even be allowed to die in peace? and being answered, 'No, certainly not!' laughed again, somewhat grimly, and then turned his face away, and spoke no word to any one for full two hours.

After that, he seemed to accept his new friend's attendance as a necessary evil, and even acquiesced, in a half-sullen fashion, in the possibility of his own recovery. He asked more than once if 'Miss Tyndal' might be allowed to visit him, but was always told that she might come when he was really stronger. Dagmar was privately warned not even to pass the door, and Mrs. Tyndal was only permitted to pay an occasional visit, on the plea that her health was suffering from her former close attendance in the sick-room.

The fever still returned at night, though with less violence each time; but the constant little irritations and absurdities introduced by Mr. Pointer brought the general atmosphere down from its former

tragic pitch, and seemed to break the spell of that fixed idea that had haunted the days and broken loose, as it were, by nights with such terrible persistency. If the danger was hardly yet over, it was certainly passing; and Dr. Merivale rejoiced over the occasional frailties of temper which Maurice now displayed.

‘No,’ he said, when Mr. Layton asked leave to visit the young man again, ‘I think you had better not. You wouldn’t find him in half such a satisfactory frame of mind—from your point of view—as before. And you would reintroduce the tragic and serious element which I intend to keep out just now as far as I can. Nay,’ he went on more seriously, ‘I am willing to admit that there are diseases that you can touch, and not I; but it is my business to look after the bodies of my patients first. When he is out of danger, you may prescribe for him—if he will let you.’

Meanwhile Maurice had by nature too good a temper to remain permanently in the sulks, even under the pressure of pain and illness. That foolish young man’s uncalled-for devotion had, after all, its touching and admirable side; and between his fits of amusement and irritation, Maurice could not but see it in that light. So they became on the whole wonderfully friendly, and young Pointer continued to get out of Maurice, when he was at his best, more tales of wandering and adventure than any one else had ever heard him tell.

The Doctor smiled approvingly over these conversations, even when the recollection of past excitements quickened Maurice’s pulses rather more than was desirable. Dick, to his huge delight, was admitted to pay a long visit each afternoon; and once the Squire was allowed to come in for a few moments; but he was upset by the change in Maurice’s appearance, and was so much moved and so affectionate that he ‘reintroduced the tragic element,’ as Dr. Merivale would have said, and Maurice was the worse for it all night. So he was tabooed for the present, as well as the ladies of the family.

Matters had been going on in this way for nearly a week, when the Squire had a letter from Raymond.

‘Why!’ he exclaimed, as he finished it, ‘he doesn’t seem to have heard anything about poor Maurice. How’s that, I wonder?’

Mrs. Tyndal gave him one of those warning glances whose meaning he so seldom fathomed. The general letter writing during this time of anxiety had been left to Agnes Morrison, and it was easy to guess why she had not included Raymond among the friends who were to be informed of the state of affairs.

‘There have been so many people writing to inquire,’ Mrs. Tyndal said, perceiving that her glance had missed fire. ‘It has been impossible to write to every one.’

‘Well,’ grumbled the Squire, ‘I should have thought a near relation like Raymond might have been written to before all the old

women in the county. Here he writes to ask himself down for a few days, and what's to be done now ?'

'Let me look at the letter,' said his wife gently. 'I suppose he must come, if he doesn't mind a very quiet house. I don't like putting him off, if he wants to see us all.'

Raymond said that he wanted a few days change, as he had been 'overdoing the thing' a little. It was difficult to imagine Raymond overdoing anything, whether work or play; but he had always been like a son of the house, privileged to come and go as he pleased; and Mrs. Tyndal herself wrote, making the best of the present state of things and begging him to come, if he did not mind their not being able to do much in the way of entertaining him.

Raymond was not, as a rule, fond of bestowing his society when the attention of his hosts was, as a matter of course, chiefly taken up by some one else. But perhaps he thought, in view of the idea which he had not yet abandoned, it would be as well if Dagmar's attention could be diverted a little from the young man of whose state her mother spoke so tenderly. He wrote again, apologising for thrusting himself upon them at such a time, but arranging to come in the course of a day or two.

It was now about a year since Raymond had made up his mind with regard to his matrimonial intentions, and he was thinking seriously over the matter as he sat alone in the carriage that had been sent to meet him. It was the first time the carriage had ever come to the station for him *empty*, and it seemed to him like a sign of the times that was not to be disregarded. He could not feel that he had made as much progress with Dagmar as he might have expected. He felt as though he could not 'keep up with her,' so to speak. He *saw* the charm of her countless pretty caprices and changes of mood and expression, but he could not *feel* it. They wearied him now, whatever they might have done ten years ago. But there was worse than that. A man might tame the beautiful wild thing if only he could get her to marry him first; but he was not sure that Dagmar would not laugh at him, if he asked her to marry. He could fancy her laughing like a malicious sprite, or going into a splendid rage; but he could *not* fancy her melting into tenderness. He did not doubt that she had plenty of feeling, but now he came to think of it, he could never remember that he had seen her show much, except once (two years ago), when one of her pet children in the village got badly hurt, and she had nearly cried herself ill.

'Hang it!' he said to himself, with some petulance, 'a girl who can sing love-songs as she does, *can't* be a regular icicle. I think I will try what downright hot lovemaking can do to thaw her—and myself too. *À force de forger on devient forger*, and I ought not to have to learn at my time of life that by dint of lovemaking one becomes a lover. I have been taking the matter so coolly, it is no wonder if she has been cold.'

When Raymond arrived he found, as it happened, but scant welcome. Mr. Tyndal was gone out on business, had intended to be back, and was not yet arrived. Mrs. Tyndal had a headache and was lying down, and Master Dick was in Mr. Claughton's room.

'Miss Morrison is in the drawing-room, sir,' said John, and prepared to lead the way thither.

'Wait a moment,' said Raymond. 'Where is Miss Tyndal?'

'Miss Day is somewhere in the garden, sir,' replied John, who, like most of the servants, had known Dagmar from her babyhood, and rarely gave her her proper title.

'All right!' answered the visitor carelessly. 'I'll go and look for her, I think. When my uncle comes back you can tell him where I am gone.'

He knew that 'in the garden' very often meant with Day 'in the back yard,' and passed on, through the stone hall, and out by that door. But he looked in vain for her among her pets, and, knowing her too well to seek her among the trim flower-borders, was soon strolling along the devious windings of the shrubberies.

He had a dim recollection of an old summer-house down one of the long green alleys, which used to be one of his cousin's favourite haunts when she was young enough to carry a doll out-of-doors. Towards this he first turned his steps, and as he neared it he heard a brisk tapping, as of a very energetic woodpecker, that warned him that some one must be at work on its dilapidated trellis. He was about to turn back, not caring to hunt up an under-gardener, when through the tapping he heard the soft rippling flow of song that generally accompanied Day's performances—

'Lift! oh lift! thou lowering sky,
An thou wilt thy gloom forego;
An thou wilt not, he and I,
Need not part for drifts of snow.'

Here came a shower of quick petulant strokes of the hammer, and then, in a different tone—

'Lang, lang will his lady
Look over Castle Downe,
Ere the bonny Earl of Moray
Comes riding thro' the town!'

'Day!' said Raymond softly behind her, and she looked up suddenly and saw him.

Perhaps he had hoped to startle her a little, and thus to see whether she were glad or sorry to see him; but he was disappointed. She said 'How do you do?' as quietly as if she had seen him the day before, and took three nails out of the pocket of her gardening-apron and surveyed them, comparing their lengths with great interest.

'I hope you are better,' she said, poising her hammer in one hand, and glancing rather regretfully at the trellis.

'Thanks!' he said. 'This air, or something else, has done me good already. And you?—how are you all? You have had a great deal of trouble and anxiety lately, I was sorry to hear.'

'I don't know whether it has done us any harm,' she answered, slowly and rather abstractedly. 'I suppose we are rather anxious still, but perhaps we find such a state rather interesting than otherwise. You see, all our friends are so very attentive just now.'

She laughed rather elvishly, and Raymond perceived that she did not choose to treat the matter seriously.

'Ah, well!' he said. 'It will be a warning to my uncle and aunt not to take in the next young man who comes to grief in these lanes. I can fancy their being so good to him that many would cheerfully break a limb or two to be nursed well again in such quarters.'

'I don't think our present guest is of that opinion,' said Day, in rather an enigmatical tone. 'If you don't mind, I think I must go on with my work; for I want to put up all this trellis before the dressing-bell rings.'

She began again as she spoke, with an energy, the sight of which was of itself enough to tire a man like Raymond, and he watched her with a renewed sense of her impracticability.

'Why in the world should you set yourself such a rough tiring piece of work?' he asked, shuddering a little as the hammer glanced and fell perilously near the slender finger tips.

'I wanted something to do.'

'I should have thought you had enough to do, with your music and your painting, your riding and cottage visiting, and all your abstruse studies besides,' he answered in some disgust.

'I wanted something more—some real hard work that would tire me a little,' she said, with unwonted meekness.

'Besides, I expected to find you all given up to nursing—attending most devotedly on your invalid. Is this the way you discharge your duties?'

'We are none of us allowed to go into his room—not one of the family except Dick. We only make him worse.'

She spoke composedly enough, but just as she ended a wave of vivid colour swept up into her cheeks, and deepened angrily there. A sudden recollection had made her blush, and Raymond's surprised watchful eyes seemed to make it impossible to leave off blushing.

'I have hammered my fingers, as usual,' she said lightly. 'I think I shall not finish this now, after all. Let us go back into the house and have some tea.'

'I don't care about tea,' answered Raymond; 'and I know *you* don't. I would rather walk round the garden with you and hear all the ins and outs of everything that has happened since I was here last.'

'Agnes is in the drawing-room, presiding over the teapot, and she is far better at that sort of thing than I am,' said Dagmar, turning

towards the house. 'Besides, if *you* have changed so wonderfully as to be indifferent to a cup of tea, *I* may have experienced an equally remarkable change in the other direction.'

'In plain English, you don't want to walk round the garden with me,' said Raymond very quietly. 'Well, perhaps you are right. You are grown into the proud young beauty now, who must be careful how she bestows her favours. But I may be pardoned for forgetting that, considering how often my little cousin Day has dragged me round this garden, to show me all her treasures.'

He was not really put out, but he meant to imply that he was, and if possible to put *her* out too. A good quarrel, on sentimental and emotional grounds, would be a very good thing at this stage of the game.

Her cheeks glowed again, but she only laughed, and drew a little nearer.

'Don't you think you are talking foolishly, Raymond?' she said, in a confidential tone. 'Considering all things, I think that *you* needn't talk to me in that uncomfortable grown-up style, about beauty and all that. I have to put up with it from some people, but I don't see why I should from you, who—as you say—have known me so long.'

'I was wrong,' he said gravely, looking full at her. 'My little cousin Day exists no longer. What does it matter what I thought or think of her? If I had told her, even so late as this time last year, I think she would have laughed at me. What the young princess who has taken her place would say to me if I presumed so far. I cannot guess.'

Her lips still kept their mutinous smile, but the slight elevation of the graceful little head went far to justify the title he had given her.

'This is very fine language,' she murmured, as if half to herself. 'Well, I can act the part, no doubt, if you choose to assign it to me. But I think we had better stay as we were, and let me be "little cousin Day" to the end of the chapter. We agreed better so than we have ever done since you began to treat me as a grown-up lady.'

'We may fight our way through to a better understanding than ever,' he said. 'And if you want to know why the old relations cannot continue, my dear, you have only to look in the glass and see.'

He would hardly have spoken out so plainly but that they were just at the drawing-room door, and there was no time for her to answer. The next instant they were in the room, both looking a little stirred out of their usual composure.

Agnes was pouring out tea, and Mr. Layton, who had walked down to inquire, was sitting near her, explaining something in that pleasant eager fashion which is in itself a compliment to a listener. He just greeted the two newcomers, and then drew his chair a little nearer and returned to his subject, speaking more low and confidentially.

The Squire came out of the inner room, eager to greet and welcome Raymond, and Dagmar took up a cup of tea to her mother and returned no more. Dick burst in to say that he was sure Maurice was much better, and that they had had no end of larks together that afternoon. But through it all Agnes and Mr. Layton continued their discussion, and Raymond, while deep in talk with his uncle, had a little attention to spare for them.

A new idea had occurred to him, and he was hardly sure whether it was a pleasant or unpleasant one. He studied the Vicar's worn deeply-lined face and spare athletic figure, and then glanced furtively at his own reflection in the chimney-glass. He was a little too far off to see the fine lines in his own face or the crow's feet round his eyes, and he decided hastily that Layton looked old enough to be his father. Then, looking again, he noticed the Vicar's eager and emphatic gestures, and the bright and humorous flash of his deep-set eyes. 'He is younger than I am, after all,' said Raymond to himself. 'Had I ever as much superfluous energy as that, I wonder?'

Mr. Layton stayed till almost dinner-time, but then declined Mr. Tyndal's pressing hospitality, and went.

It was not till after dinner that Raymond had another opportunity for private talk with Dagmar; and that she would not have given him if she could have helped it. But he did not use it to begin again upon the former subject.

'Does Mr. Layton come here often?' he asked, his dark eyebrows drawing together in a way they had at times.

'*Very* often!' answered she with emphasis, very well content to talk about Mr. Layton or anybody else except herself. 'He has been very good to us all this anxious time.'

'He and—and Agnes appear to be very good friends,' said Raymond again, with attempted lightness. 'I have not seen such an animated flirtation for years. I think my aunt ought to be on the spot as chaperon.'

'Perhaps she thinks that Agnes and Mr. Layton are old enough to know their own business best,' answered Dagmar demurely. 'They have seen a good deal of each other lately, and if they elected to keep each other company for life I don't know who would object,—though we should all miss Agnes sorely.'

'Is it a settled thing, then?' asked he, rather constrainedly.

'No, no! Don't repeat it to any one, Raymond. I was only talking at random, and I have no reason to think that such an idea ever entered any one's head but mine.'

'Never fear, I won't betray your match-making propensities,' he answered with a smile. And in his heart he knew that, though he could hardly have told why, he should never care to repeat, or even seriously to entertain, this conjecture of Dagmar's. Surely when a man has of his own free will broken his engagement, and that many years ago, and is himself intending to propose to another girl on the

first favourable opportunity, he need not be annoyed to hear that his first love may possibly be thinking of engaging herself to another man? Raymond had been in the habit of thinking that he should be glad to know that Agnes Morrison would marry, and that her prospects in life had not permanently suffered from the breaking of that early engagement. Above all, he felt now that it would be easier to marry Dagmar and be happy if Agnes also were a happy wife. And yet the picture of Agnes and Mr. Layton, talking together with hushed voices and complete satisfaction in each other's society, haunted his memory unpleasingly.

That was a very quiet evening—the quietest Raymond had ever spent at the Hall. Mrs. Tyndal still suffered from headache, and went back to her own room directly after dinner; the Squire talked a little at first, and then dozed over a paper; and Agnes retired to a Davenport in the corner and was lost in a page of intricate calculations that seemed to have some bearing upon flannel, blankets, and a clothing club. She occasionally appealed to Dagmar for information as to the character, family, and prospects of some of the village worthies, and the two discussed the matter with all the gravity of a vestry-meeting. Dick was learning his lessons. Raymond sat by Dagmar, and talked to her in an undertone whenever he was not interrupted by her interest in Agnes' occupation. He could not help feeling a little provoked by the ease with which she turned from what he wanted to say to her to compare the claims of Hannah Turner's weak eyes and three children with Mrs. Watson's five children, two of them in arms. Her vivid perception of the feelings, wants, and circumstances of the village-folk was utterly unintelligible to him, and he could not but think that if he had taken the trouble to talk to her a year ago as he was trying to talk now, she would at least have taken the trouble to listen.

'Why, Day,' he said at last, 'I had no idea that you were such a Lady Bountiful.'

'Nor am I,' she answered. 'I never give away anything but pennies to beggars; and that I do to please myself, knowing full well that it is wrong, and only does them harm!'

'You seem to be in the full stream of village charities—amongst those kind good souls who are all the country over helping the clergy to bolster up a rotten system, and keeping that going which had much better come to an end.'

'I hope I know the people amongst whom I was born and bred. And as for the system, I cannot alter that. Meanwhile, you see, we have the things that make life endurable, and they have not; and we dare not say to them, "*Go in peace; be ye warmed and filled.*"'

Raymond laughed gently.

'Well, we will not enter into political economy. You will not convert me, I fear, and I should hardly wish to convert you. Your gentle charities are delightful as far as *you* are concerned, whatever

may be their effect on the recipients. Mayn't we have some music?'

'Not to-night,' she said hastily. 'The piano cannot generally be heard upstairs, but the opening of a door will let the sound through. And the nights are still so much the worst times that we have to be very careful.'

'Indeed! I didn't know things had been so bad. A man's nerves must be out of order indeed if *your* voice can affect them unpleasantly.'

'It doesn't!' said Dick, who had only caught the last words, and immediately fired up, under the impression that his two chief friends were being somehow disparaged. 'I asked Maurice to-day if it was true that he didn't like Day's singing, and he said that, on the contrary, he liked it only too much, and that it was the sweetest sound in the world.'

'If Maurice talks nonsense to you I don't suppose he wishes to have it repeated,' said Dagmar austere. She blushed again, however, as she spoke, which was perhaps hardly to be wondered at. But she said to herself in some petulance that she was always blushing now, and that she was not used to be so silly.

'It was quite time that I came,' said Raymond to himself that night, in the solitude of his own room. 'I must try and make way a little faster to-morrow. It ought not to be such up-hill work as it is, considering how very lovely she is growing. Heigho! I ought to be ten years younger for this business. I could make her love me in a week if I could make myself feel the heart-thrill that such a face would have given me ten years ago!'

Raymond was much amused the next day to find to what intimacy circumstances and his own audacity had admitted young Tom Pointer. He came and went about the house like a tame cat, ran up to Maurice's room unannounced whenever he pleased, and paid great attention to Day, in spite of repeated and vigorous snubbings.

Such a rival was rather to Raymond's advantage than otherwise, and he was not above turning the young man gently into ridicule for Dagmar's amusement.

Maurice was asked if he would like to see Raymond, and answered indifferently in the affirmative; but the two young men found but little to say to one another, and Raymond got into disgrace with the ladies of the family, afterwards, by telling the Squire that he thought Maurice looking dreadfully ill. He did not know how fond his uncle had grown to be of the young man, and was surprised to find that he relapsed thereupon into despondency, from which it took the united efforts of the family to arouse him.

It was all very well to resolve to 'make love' to Dagmar, but opportunity was not easily found; at any rate, for a man like Raymond. A very ardent and hot-headed young lover can say his say anywhere; indeed, I have heard of a proposal being made and

accepted in a pigstye, after the lady and gentleman had been together inspecting some model cottages. But Raymond had always had a great feeling for the fitness of things; and passion was not likely to carry him away now, even if it could ever have done so.

Dick was not so much in the way as formerly, on account of his devoted attendance on Maurice; and Dagmar herself was certainly softer or more womanly. But she went back to her trellis-work with exasperating energy; and who could make soft speeches in the intervals between the driving of nails?

It is true, she announced that she wanted a ride, and Raymond—who could ride, as he did everything else, in a mediocre and gentlemanly fashion—was glad to volunteer to accompany her, especially as Agnes never attempted riding. But she privately gave him to understand, with the utmost frankness, that she only proposed it to beguile her father out and make him forget his anxieties, and that if her father did not go she would not.

So the three went out together, and Raymond got no further in his wooing. They went over to Shardbrook, and Day went in to see little Janie, while the gentlemen rode on to inspect the spot where Maurice had met with his accident.

She was very silent all the way home again, while the Squire expatiated on the recklessness of taking such a leap, and all the worse consequences that might have ensued; and looked more moved than Raymond cared to see her. But then poor little Janie was perceptibly worse; and it was quite possible that she might be only thinking of that—since hitherto her child-pets had had most power to move her heart.

The days went on, and Raymond still haunted Day's steps—as much as any one could haunt the steps of such a will-o'-the-wisp without making himself ridiculous. And certainly she was more uniformly gentle and courteous than she had been a year ago. But she was even harder to approach, and Raymond had an uncomfortable suspicion that while he did not understand *her*, she understood *him* only too well. She had never given him the faintest shadow of encouragement; and if he could have been sure that she had fathomed his intentions and met them thus, he would have withdrawn at once, without further trial. He had never desired anything in his life with sufficient fervour to expose himself to ridicule and probable failure for its sake.

But as often as such a suspicion glanced across his mind some exhibition of childish lighthearted simplicity on Day's part dispelled it. There is no hypocrisy so unconscious and so complete as that of a creature who has two natures in one, who keeps her keen perceptions, like dangerous weapons, in a sheath, and only uses them at times when some instinct warns her that they are needed.

He was a little jealous of Mr. Layton's influence over both Dagmar and Agnes. There was no denying that they both believed implicitly

whatever the Vicar chose to say to them, and men like Raymond have generally a strong unexpressed dislike to priestly influence; and they were both more systematically interested in parish work than of old.

Agnes especially seemed to throw her heart into village affairs in a way that was very remarkable in her. Hitherto, wherever she had been, she had always had the same air of being only a visitor, politely interested in what was going on, but having no personal share in it. But now, without seeming to be herself aware of it, she treated Winstead village as her settled home, and its interests as her own, and was all the brighter and gladder for the change. She and Dagmar seemed more alike than ever, as they discussed the same topics with the same unflagging zeal, while Agnes was quite as sanguine and as enthusiastic as her young cousin.

There could be no comparison now in the matter of beauty, however, and Raymond felt quite angry with himself at times when he found himself turning from Day's loveliness to watch Agnes Morrison's bright speaking face for one look that recalled old times.

Meanwhile the days went on, and Maurice was certainly getting better. The fever was almost a thing of the past, and though the mending of broken bones must always be a tedious business, yet this was going on quite as fast as could be expected.

He was no longer so ultra-sensitive and excitable, and the ordinary routine of the household could go on without danger of a chance sound throwing him back for a day.

Dr. Merivale was still very careful over him, allowed him very few visitors, and nothing exciting in the way of literature; but his coming downstairs was talked of as something in the immediate future, and he had been allowed already to sit up for an hour or two in the afternoon and play a game of chess with Dick.

Raymond had made up his mind to stay until Maurice had been allowed to rejoin the family circle, whether Day gave him any opportunity of 'paying his addresses' or not. He should be able to judge then of her real feelings, he thought, and to go away no wiser than he had come was not to be contemplated for a moment.

He was getting tired of London life, and was quite willing to settle down in the country, if Day and her parents wished it, for ten months out of the twelve. There was a good house vacant in the neighbourhood, which the Squire could very well afford to take for his only daughter and heiress, and Raymond's own small fortune would provide for his own personal wants.

He had come to care for very little now, except a quiet life, and he promised himself that nothing should trouble his own peace or Day's—that he would give her her own way in everything, and make her very happy.

'She will never care for me in the vehement fashion in which she

might have cared for some men,' he said to himself dispassionately; 'but I will be very good to her, and she knows it. And the mere idea of being "wooed and married an' a'" is exciting and romantic to any one so young and unworldly as she is.'

Matters were in that state when the ladies of the household were all sitting together in the inner drawing-room one rainy afternoon. Autumn was creeping on, and the air was cool enough to make the fire that crackled in the grate pleasant both to sense and sight.

Dagmar was sitting on a low stool beside it, lost in a book, and Mrs. Tyndal and Agnes chatting over their work, when the door softly opened, and Maurice walked in, alone and unaided.

If ever Mrs. Tyndal was surprised in her life it was then, but she had too much sense not to take it very quietly.

'My dear Maurice,' she said, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, 'how could you think of coming down so soon, and without any one to help you?'

She was drawing forward the little couch as she spoke, the girls helping her, and Maurice was fain to sink down upon it without speaking, the colour coming and going in his cheeks, which were much the fairer for his illness.

He looked at her half-comically and smiled, and then at Agnes with another smile and a courteous little bend of the head.

Then he leaned back, and his eyes sought Dagmar, upon whom they had lighted when first he entered the room, as if *she* had been the loadstone that had drawn him down.

'Yes!' he said, rather vaguely. 'You see I have made up my mind to have another six months of it, after all.'

Mrs. Tyndal hardly heard him, she was so busily and anxiously bringing more cushions for the couch. Agnes did not hear, having gone, at a whisper from her aunt, to fetch a glass of wine. But Dagmar heard, standing spell-bound for a moment under the gaze of those dark sunken eyes; and she did *not* think, as either of the others might have done, that Maurice did not quite know what he was saying.

'I could not help it,' he said, rather apologetically, after a moment, looking up into Mrs. Tyndal's face; 'I was so woefully tired of my comfortable prison upstairs! And suddenly I felt quite sure that I could come down if I tried; so I came.'

'We are delighted to see you downstairs, if only you are not the worse for it,' she answered tenderly. 'But I wonder what Dr. Merivale will say?'

'Oppression ends in revolt,' said Maurice, settling himself comfortably among his cushions. 'This is my declaration of independence. I intend to rebel against my good friend the Doctor from this day forward.'

'You will only fall under another despotism,' said Agnes, smiling.

‘In escaping from the Doctor you have fallen into our hands, and you know what a tyrant my aunt can be!’

Maurice took Mrs. Tyndal’s slender white hand and kissed it.

‘I submit,’ he said. ‘Mrs. Tyndal’s power over me will last just as long as she cares to exercise it. And now take pity on my ignorance, and tell me all about everything. I feel like Rip van Winkle, as far as this neighbourhood is concerned.’

‘I thought that Dick and Mr. Pointer would have kept you well posted up in the news,’ said Mrs. Tyndal.

‘So they did, I believe,’ answered Maurice, with a momentary darkening of his mobile face. ‘But I think the nights must have blotted out what I heard in the day, for I remember very little of it all now. By the way, where is Dick? I was trusting to him to aid and abet my escape this afternoon, but he never turned up.’

‘Poor Dick! He has been “kept in,”’ said Day, half laughing. ‘That is to say, his work this morning was so badly done that he had to do it again this afternoon before doing anything else. He has been rather scatter-brained since you began to get well, and this is the result. Even Mr. Layton’s patience gave way at last.’

‘Poor Dick, indeed!’ said Maurice. ‘In common justice, I and Pointer ought to have done his work for him. He brought his books into my room last night for preparation, and Pointer started me off on some old stories of student days, and whenever I glanced in Dick’s direction he was listening open-mouthed, instead of minding his book.’

‘He ought to have taken them somewhere else, but it was a great temptation for him,’ said his indulgent aunt. ‘But what has become of Mr. Pointer? He was with you this afternoon, was he not?’

‘No! I got rid of him beforehand. You need not look alarmed, Miss Morrison. I did not tie a rope round his body and dangle him down a well, after the fashion of Prince Camar-al-Zaman! I only persuaded him yesterday that this afternoon would be well spent in going to Netherton after something that I professed to want; and he, being good-nature itself, consented.’

‘Well! I think you might at least have had the help of his arm downstairs. He would have been more to trust to than Dick.’

‘I did not want him! Nothing worse happened than that the hall and stairs went round and round a little. And I venture to think that at present we are better without Mr. Pointer’s company.’

‘Don’t you think you are very ungrateful?’ said Dagmar, with dancing eyes.

‘Of course I am! Slaves have no gratitude. Besides, I did not mean to be *personal*. I cannot think of any one who would not be *de trop* on this delightful occasion.’

‘That is unfortunate, for I hear my father just coming this way.’

‘The Squire—ah! the Squire is different,’ said Maurice, smiling.

‘He does not count amongst outsiders; and it seems an age since I was allowed to have any talk with him. Say nothing, now, and let us see how soon his eagle eye will find me out.’

The daylight was fading, and the light from the fire was only a warm red glow. Mr. Tyndal, coming in from the library where his reading-lamp had been already lit, could see little against the dusky background but three smiling faces, all turned towards him.

‘Well!’ he said, ‘what’s up here? You all look very cheerful, sitting here in the dark. Have you had a legacy left you, and forgotten to light the candles?’

‘We have come in unexpectedly for *something*, if not a legacy,’ said his niece, with a ripple of laughter in her voice.

‘Eh! what?—why—*Maurice!* My dear, dear lad! But what madness this is! Mary, what were you thinking of to allow it?’

‘I was not consulted,’ said Mrs. Tyndal. ‘Maurice has been very wilful; but he seems [to think that he shall not be the worse for it. And if he is not, we are all only too glad to see him downstairs again.’

‘I dare say! I dare say!’ said the Squire, still holding the thin hand that Maurice had held out to him. ‘Glad enough we all are, no doubt. But, my dear boy, you really were not fit for it. You *must* be more careful. Don’t you know what sore hearts you’ve given us all for this many a day past?’

The young man’s lips trembled a little, and the saucy smile that they had worn died away.

‘I know how good you are,’ he said, in a voice that was not quite steady. ‘Never think that I can forget that, however wilfully I may go my own way.’

‘Well! well!’ said the Squire, for once perceiving one of his wife’s glances, and taking warning by it, ‘we won’t talk any more about it now. I hope you know your own business best, for it’s a sight for sair een to see you about once more. And if you’re the worse for this, I’ll give Merivale the key of your rooms, and let him look you in!’

‘He might find the bird flown some day, for all that,’ said Maurice, recovering his spirits. ‘I am getting so strong that I should soon think nothing of escaping out of the window, with sheets and blankets tied together in the approved manner. I have done that before now.’

‘Not in this house?’ said Mr. Tyndal, thinking more of the young man’s fragile looks and shining eyes, than of what he said.

‘Well—no,’ laughed Maurice. ‘It was over the water, in the Brazils. M—my friend and I had got into rather doubtful quarters, and were by no means sure of not being robbed and murdered before morning. We talked things over after we had gone to our room, and found them so suspicious that we determined if possible to take French leave. We tried the door, but it was locked on the outside. So we

went out of the window, and got clear away. But we heard afterwards that a lonely traveller had been murdered at that very estancia.'

'So!' said the Squire, 'that was the kind of thing you were going in for while the Court was not worth coming home to see? It's wonderful what a fancy young men have for risking their lives.'

'I had never seen England then,' he answered. 'Perhaps it would have been better——'

He let the sentence drop unfinished, and half turned his face away from the glow of the fire.

The slight suggestion of weariness in his tone recalled the Squire's anxieties. 'Mary, I want to speak to you for a minute,' he said, rising and beckoning her from the room; and she went with him, knowing full well that he wanted her to reassure him, or at any rate to advise him what to do.

Agnes, understanding her uncle and aunt thoroughly, followed to reassure them both, and to remind them that Dr. Merivale would probably be there some time that evening, and that Maurice could hardly take much harm now by being allowed to follow his own devices till then.

Dagmar had gone back to her low seat by the fire, with her book on her knee, and was gazing dreamily into the red glowing embers, perhaps seeing there the two young men stealthily escaping from that ill-omened inn, and wondering vaguely what kind of man that other one might have been, whose very name seemed hardly to be mentioned, even now.

After what Maurice had said, and still more had *looked*, in their last two or three somewhat tragical meetings, there was a certain awkwardness in beginning mere ordinary conversation, now that they two found themselves alone together.

And it was characteristic of Dagmar that the feeling of this awkwardness did not make her rush at once into speech, as it would nine girls out of ten.

Having nothing ready to say, she said nothing; but sat with her hands lying in her lap, perfectly still, and busy with thoughts of her own that she admitted no one to share. She could and did talk a great deal when occasion demanded; but she could, and would, have held her tongue as long as *Fenella* did rather than have said one word that clashed with her own rather pronounced ideas of personal dignity.

Perhaps her companion would have been well content only to look at her, if the light had been better, but as it was he grew weary of the silence before she did.

'Won't you talk to me?' he said at last, with something of the exigence natural to one who had been a petted invalid so long. 'You forget how long it is since I have heard any rational conversation. I cannot be expected to have anything to say.'

'Poor Dick!' said Dagmar again, 'and poor Mr. Pointer!'

'Dick is the dearest of boys; but he cannot converse, any more than other boys. And Pointer will never be able to do so as long as he lives. Besides, I am hungry for the sound of a voice very different to their's. I think I told you so; when perhaps I did not know what I was saying so well as I do now.'

It seemed to Dagmar that it might perhaps be less embarrassing to talk herself than to let Maurice ramble on in this fashion.

'What shall I talk about?' she asked gently. 'Shall I tell you about politics, or county gossip?'

'Neither!—for you do not really care for either. Tell me who inhabits your dreamland nowadays; or what that book is about that you were reading so earnestly when I came in?'

'The book is a collection of prose poems,' said Dagmar, choosing the easier topic. 'I don't think that I care very much for them in a general way. It seems to me to be a lazy fashion of trying to write poetry without taking the trouble to find out rhymes and arrange feet. But just as you came in I had found one that took my fancy. Shall I read it to you?'

'Tell it to me!' said Maurice despotically. 'Firelight is very bad for the eyes—and this might be better described as fire-darkness.'

'Shall I light the candles?'

'Not on any account. This warm glow is just perfection; and I am quite sure that even your version of the prose poem will not stand anything so prosaic as candle-light. But let me hear your version, for I am far more likely to admire it than the original.'

Dagmar was so much accustomed to think aloud, with Dick for audience, that she would not have been much discomposed at being asked to improvise before any one. Under the circumstances, 'telling a tale' was by far the easiest thing to do.

'It is the description of a dream,' she said. 'He tells how he lay sleeping one night, while the bitter wind howled in the chimneys, and all the black bare-armed trees were whitened on their northern sides with clinging snow. But in his dream it was summer, and he was sitting in a room that he had never seen before, with a door opening into a garden full of flowers. The warm sunshine lay across the threshold, and bees murmured in the blossoms round the doorway. And presently he was aware that some one else was in the room with him—his own heart's love. They had quarrelled, and parted, and she had been dead for years; and often he would gladly have died many deaths only to see her once, and ask her one question, and tell her how well he had loved her in spite of all. But now she was there, and he had forgotten it all. They sat together, and hardly looked at one another, and said never a word. But he was so happy that he began to wonder how it was, and to question himself; and so he woke! And for a little while he was desolate, thinking how he had seen her and had missed the chance, and all he had to say to

her was still unsaid. But afterwards he wondered whether it might not really be so in the end,—whether they might not meet in Heaven and understand each other without a word, and have no need to recall earth's janglings and mistakes, but let them drop out of memory in the blessed silence, as things not worthy of one moment's thought.'

Her soft clear voice sank into silence, the embers tinkled softly in the grate, and the wind sighed at the casement. It was too dark for either to see the other's face; but there was a tense pause, suggestive of emotions in the air more deep and keen than such a fragment of sentimental musing might have naturally aroused.

'If it might be! If only it might be so!' sighed Maurice at last. He had meant to speak lightly, but he was not strong enough to have his voice quite under control, and it trembled so that he stopped abruptly.

Before Dagmar had had time to speak again the door opened, letting in Raymond, and John with the lamps close behind him.

Raymond without the lamps, or the lamps without Raymond, would have been all very well; but both together were rather too much for Maurice. He made a great effort to look and speak composedly, but it was a conspicuous failure, and Raymond, while congratulating him on being downstairs again, was secretly wondering what could have been said or done just before his own entrance.

Day was composed enough, it was true, but then Day was not like other girls, and not easily discountenanced.

Maurice looked agitated enough for both, but then he was still so weak and easily shaken that it was difficult to judge from that.

'The matter presses,' said Raymond to himself. 'With these young girls it is generally "first come, first served," though Day would be splendidly angry if she heard any one suggest such a thing. If I can make her my own I shall be very proud of her; and I must perforce leave off looking back, then.'

Raymond's reflections did not in the least prevent his finding something to say to take off the awkwardness which all parties are apt to feel when such a *tête-à-tête* has been suddenly interrupted. But before he had had time to say much the Squire and Mrs. Tyndal came back, having decided upon how much liberty to allow their wilful invalid.

Maurice was not to think of attempting the fatigue of going upstairs till he had had his dinner, and of course he could not think of sitting through the family meal. He was to stay where he found himself, and be waited upon there; and—though Mrs. Tyndal did not say so—by the time they had done dinner the Doctor would certainly arrive, and order him off to bed.

Maurice submitted with much docility, and Mrs. Tyndal sat with him while the rest went away to dress. Dagmar took care not to reappear till every one else was ready, and the dinner-bell on the point of ringing.

Many were the journeys which John had between dining-room and drawing-room before dinner was over. Maurice appeared to have recovered all, and more than all, his spirits; and sent, in answer to the Squire's extravagant proposals of fish, meat, game, and champagne, messages that made even the sedate John grin as he delivered them. But he did but little in the way of eating, after all; and Mrs. Tyndal was not altogether easy in her motherly mind. She provided for his quiet after dinner by telling Dick and Day, whom she still regarded collectively as 'the children,' that they had better go and have their usual after-dinner chatter in the schoolroom. Day went, willingly enough, though with an odd little smile; and in consequence Maurice's fine flow of spirits ebbed suddenly. He was very silent when the rest of the party came back, and by the time the Doctor arrived had no spirit left to defend his own proceedings, but let himself be scolded and helped up to bed at once without a single protest.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCL.

THE PEACE OF NIMEGUEN.

1675-1678.

THE Provinces were straining every nerve for fresh resistance as autumn came on, since they knew that, though Louis and his Court had retired to spend the winter in stately gaieties, in hunting and planning buildings at home, there were garrisons in all the cities, and the spring would bring all out again for a campaign. It was hoped that now that his nephew was Stadtholder and so resolute in the defence of the Republic, Charles II. might quit the French alliance and come to the support of Holland. But neither the King nor his ministers, the Cabal, had any such intention at present. Louise de Querouaille, created Duchess of Portsmouth, was in the ascendant; and even more than Buckingham, the King trusted the second A of the Cabal, Ashley, whom he had made Earl of Shaftesbury, and who obtained the Great Seal, *vice* Lord-Keeper Bridgeman, now an aged man.

Shaftesbury revived the old custom, disused since coaches had come in, of making all the officers of the law ride on horseback in procession along the Strand to Westminster Hall in their robes, to the great annoyance of some of the old judges, who were unused to horsemanship. He sat in his judicial seat in the novel garb of an ash-coloured gown, silver laced, displaying the ribbons which adorned his pantaloons; but he was an admirable judge, and his powers as a lawyer were much respected. The poet Dryden, who hated his politics and showed them up in the poem of 'Absalom and Ahitophel,' praised him highly as a lawyer—

'Yet fame deserved, no enemy can grudge,
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eye or hands more clean;
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the Crown
With virtues only proper to the gown.'

These lines were the only laudatory ones in a piece full of invective; but Shaftesbury, at the very time that the town was ringing with abuse of him as 'false Ahitophel,' presented Dryden with a nomination of his son to the Charterhouse School. The Duke of Buckingham

had also been shown up in the character of Zimri, and his requital was to hire three ruffians to cudgel the poet soundly as he left his coffee-house, then bestowing a purse of gold, saying the blows were for the impudence, the money for the wit.

Milton was happier, in spite of his blindness, living, retired from Courts and tumults, at Bunhill Fields, in a cottage where he had returned to the poetical delights abandoned during his political career, and dictated to his daughters 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes.' Into these he threw the full strength of his mighty intellect, and showed himself, as in those earlier, sweeter poems of his youth, a marvellous master of the music of language. His works met with little attention at first, being only known as long religious poems of the blind old Puritan secretary of Cromwell, and they only gradually rose by their inherent power to be regarded as classics, while, in spite of the Arian doctrines traceable in 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained,' the former so influenced people's imagination that Milton became almost an English Dante.

It was an era of English classics. John Bunyan, the brazier of Bedford, was, amid imprisonments incurred by his preaching, producing a series of allegorical writings, quaint, homely, and searching, culminating in that prince of allegories, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' where, as has been truly said, the very names are epigrams, and the parable is so mingled with human interest and individuality that the characters are realities to us.

The old Puritan and Nonconformist party could not but be bitterly grieved at the depression in which they were kept; with the Five Mile Act, banishing their ministers, and the Conventicle Act, preventing their public worship, while the scandalous habits of the King and Court shocked and horrified them, and, as with the Huguenots of the previous century, made them identify democratic feeling with religion; and though a royal Declaration of Indulgence might give them some relief, they utterly distrusted it as favouring the Roman Catholics.

For the present, Charles was silencing the voice of opposition by avoiding the assembling of Parliament; but as the war with the Dutch would render subsidies necessary, there was much hope founded on the absolute need of calling it together in the February of 1673; but there was a strong opposition organised under the leadership of Colonel Strangways, an old Cavalier.

The King spoke ably in explanation of his very questionable proceedings, and Shaftesbury followed him by declaring that a republic was the natural enemy of all monarchies, and that war with Holland was then the war of all the English, even quoting the Roman decree, *Delenda est Carthago*. He sneered at the old Triple Alliance which Charles had deserted, and pronounced the only true Triple Alliance to be that between King, Parliament, and people.

Charles was so much delighted that he declared, 'My Chancellor

knows more divinity than all the bishops, and more law than all the judges.'

But in a week's time Shaftesbury changed his tactics on seeing the tone of the House. A considerable grant of money was indeed made for the war, but this was coupled with the strongest protest against the Declaration of Indulgence. The Anglicans hated it as permitting all sorts of Nonconformity, and the Dissenters themselves preferred persecution to toleration in company with Romanists. It was declared that the King had no power to suspend any penal statute without the consent of the Parliament, and this assertion was sent up to him in an address. Most of the Cabal urged him to resistance. Shaftesbury, who hoped to gain favour with the nation as well as to get rid of his Romanising colleagues, recommended him to give way. The Dutch expected that the Parliament would be dissolved, and the grant to be used against them lost; and Colbert, with the same anticipation, came over from Louis to advise him to give way for the present. Thus Charles sent a message that the Declaration should take no effect for the present, whereupon there were great rejoicings, bonfires being lighted in the streets of London. Moreover, an address was sent up requesting the King to dismiss from the army every officer and soldier who did not take the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and receive the Holy Communion after the ritual of the English Church. He felt obliged to consent, and when at Easter, 1673, the Duke of York refrained from the public Communion which the King received, it was necessary that he should resign the command of the fleet, which passed into the hands of Prince Rupert. Clifford for the same reason ceased to be Lord Treasurer, and the office was given to Sir Thomas Osborne, who was created Viscount Latymer. He was the descendant of the apprentice who leapt off London Bridge to save his master's daughter, and the ancestor of the Dukes of Leeds.

James Crofts, whom Charles had made Duke of Monmouth, still professed to be a Protestant, but he was a wild, profligate youth, with no real religion of any kind. However, he was brave, and was held to have distinguished himself in the command of the forces sent to assist the French. There had been a slight attempt at negotiation, and Louis had offered the Prince of Orange the nominal Stadtholdership, under the protection of France, and therewith the hand of his daughter by Louise de la Vallière, proposals on all grounds rejected with scorn; and the war was renewed by sea and land with the spring.

Rupert had a fleet of ninety sail; and De Ruyter, in his sixty-sixth year, was straining every nerve, with all the activity of a young man, to get the Dutch fleet into an effective condition. The Prince of Orange brought about a reconciliation between him and Van Tromp; they shook hands, and the younger admiral consented to serve under the elder, to lower his flag, and to give the foremost place to the

Seven Provinces. The peril of the country put an end to all jealousies, and the *Golden Lion*, Tromp's ship, was to win honour in a better spirit than before.

Three battles were fought that summer between Rupert and the two admirals—the first on the 28th of May, the anniversary of the Battle of Southwold Bay; the second a week later, in which Rupert had to leave his ship for another; the third on the 11th of August. They are called the Battles of the Texel, and were desperate, but indecisive, except so far that Rupert did not land on the Zeeland coast the 10,000 soldiers on board, under Marshal Schomberg; but whether this were owing to a quarrel with Schomberg on military and naval etiquette, to the Dutch resistance, or to his own reluctance to ruin the country that had sheltered his mother for so many years, is uncertain; at any rate, he took the troops back to Yarmouth and landed them. Schomberg was very angry, and sent him a challenge; but the King prevented the duel, and the Marshal quitted the English service.

Schomberg was a French Calvinist, who had exiled himself because of the depression of those of his religion. Turenne had, after much deliberation, been converted by Bossuet, and was a thoroughly devout Catholic, a man of the highest and most blameless character, greatly respected by all, and adored by his soldiers. He was one of the most gentle and amiable of men in private life, but in the savage habits of warfare of his day, obedience made him execute the most cruel commands.

The Elector Frederick William of Brandenburg was an ally of Holland, and Turenne was commanded to ravage his country in the depth of the winter of 1673, putting the villages to fire and sword. The Elector retired before him through the principality of Halberstadt. Here it was that Turenne, having lain down to rest under a bush while the army was passing through a defile, a long operation, fell asleep, and a snow-storm coming on, he found himself sheltered under a tent formed of the cloaks of which the soldiers had eagerly stripped themselves for his benefit. The incident was thought very touching, as proving the affection that he inspired, and was made the subject of one of the pictures commemorating the glories of Louis XIV. The Elector was obliged to take refuge in Berlin, and there signed a treaty promising neutrality.

However, the Emperor had been roused, and sent his best general, Montecuculi, to oppose Turenne. Spain was slowly beginning to move; the Prince of Orange retook Naerden and Bonn; and at the same time it became plain that the English nation was thoroughly disgusted with the war with its Protestant neighbours, and the alliance with the great Roman Catholic power. It was a further shock to the nation that the Duke of York had not only avowed himself a Romanist, but had sought a bride of the same faith. She was a daughter of the old house of Este, a branch of the original Guelfs

or Welfs of Germany, the same family who had first patronised and then persecuted Tasso, and in honour of whom he had created his crusading hero, Rinaldo d'Este. The head of the family was Duke of Modena, and at the actual juncture was a young boy, Francisco II.

He and his sister, Maria Beatrice, were carefully bred up by their mother the Regent, Duchess Laura Martinozzi, one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. Maria Beatrice was god-daughter to Louis XIV., and he seems to have recommended her to James. The sons of that Prince having died in infancy, and his daughters being thus far Protestants, while the Queen had given up all hopes of children, the Roman Catholic party abroad and at home were as anxious for the birth of a male heir, to be bred up in their own faith, as the Anglicans feared such an event.

The young lady's portrait was procured, and she was found to be a very lovely girl of fourteen, dark-eyed, dark-haired, with an ivory complexion and a long, graceful neck. Five other ladies were rejected, and the Earl of Peterborough was sent out as proxy to marry her. She had been taught Latin and French, was a good musician, and could paint; but though not convent bred, like Catherine of Braganza, she had never heard of the Kingdom of England nor of the Duke of York till she was told her destiny.

The poor child was very unwilling to be carried off to a strange country; she begged to become a nun, and with tears in her eyes told the envoy that there were princesses enough of a fitter age for his master. Another difficulty arose, because James, though privately reconciled to the Roman Church, had never made open submission. It would have appeared likely that the Papacy would have rejoiced to win the heir of England on any terms; and the reigning Pope, Clement X., is said to have written with his own hand to the young princess to overcome her scruples; but he was a very old man, past eighty at his election, and his affairs were entirely managed by his nephew, Cardinal Alfieri, who kept him in such subjection that once when he wanted to have his own way about the choice of cardinals, the poor old man said, 'You have been pope for six years, you might let me be so for four hours.' There was a standing quarrel with Louis XIV. respecting the rights to the royalties or first-fruits of benefices, and from the Italian point of view the English princes were politically considered as adherents of France, therefore Alfieri chose officially to regard James as a heretic, and to refuse a dispensation for a marriage with him.

The Dowager Duchess was, however, resolved on the match without one; and really it was needless, since James had joined her Church and was not in the most distant relationship to Mary Beatrice. However, Alfieri, in his uncle's name, threatened excommunication to any priest who should celebrate the marriage. The Bishop of Modena refused, and at last the ceremony was performed by one White, an English Jacobin monk, so poor that he had nothing to lose.

The bride was very unhappy, and wept so bitterly that at last her mother consented to accompany her to her new home; but in the meantime the English had taken alarm, and Shaftesbury, though himself of very little faith of any kind, headed a demand that the King would prevent the landing of the Papist princess in England. Charles replied that he could not put so great an affront upon his brother. Certainly, as he and his father had both wedded Romanist princesses, there would have been no consistency in forbidding his brother to follow the example, especially as poor Mary Beatrice was legally a wife already.

She was being much fêted at Paris, and greatly admired, but she was still very miserable, and was very ill there for some days. Vessels were sent to meet her at Calais, and when she landed at Dover, the Duke himself received her in his arms. He was a very ugly, dark man of forty years old, and though he was charmed from the first moment with the lovely, graceful girl of fifteen, all his tender kindness and courtesy and her spirit of dutiful submission were needed to conquer her first sense of repugnance. They were married at once by Dr. Crewe, afterwards Bishop of Durham, after the Anglican ritual, the Roman Catholic marriage apparently not being renewed, but being declared legal, and there was afterwards a grand procession to London, in the royal barge, up the Thames, the King coming to meet them at Gravesend. He was so kind that the young bride was won over to him at the first meeting. She was only four years older than her eldest step-daughter, to whom the Duke announced his marriage by saying, 'I have provided you a play-fellow.'

They did not, however, live together, the two Ladies Mary and Anne, being brought up at Richmond, where their tutor, Henry Compton, Bishop of London, took care that they should thoroughly follow the ritual and theology of the Church of England, but left the rest of their studies a good deal to chance and their own inclination. Mary, who was by far the handsomest and cleverest, learnt when she pleased; Anne never did please, and grew up in ignorant indolence, partly on account of the weakness of her eyes. Each had a friend, who exercised a strong influence on her after-life. Mary's was Anne Villiers, her governess's daughter; Anne's was Sarah Jennings, who had been introduced as playfellow to the little ladies of York.

The Duke and Duchess took up their abode at St. James's. The Duchess of Modena left them after six weeks, and though Mary Beatrice grieved most bitterly at the parting, it was from that moment that she dated the affection and confidence she always felt for her husband. But the marriage was exceedingly unpopular, and Shaftesbury, taking the lead in the remonstrances against these Popish measures of the King, was dismissed from the Chancellorship, and Sir Heneage Finch, created Lord Nottingham, obtained the Seals.

When Parliament met, the anti-Roman party was strong, and

having Shaftesbury to instigate them, they petitioned for the removal of Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale from the King's Council, so that the Cabal was broken up; and, moreover, supplies were not readily granted, so that the King saw that the war was so unpopular that it must be brought to an end; and he therefore sent Sir William Temple to negotiate a treaty of peace with Holland and Spain. It was stipulated that the Dutch flags should be lowered to the English, and that the arrears of the late Princess Royal's pension should be paid to her son, and the Stadtholdership was secured to William by the States so as to prevent any raising of the question. This was on the 11th of February, 1674.

Old Admiral De Ruyter was invited over to England, to be received with the enthusiasm with which the English always welcome a brave enemy; but he so much disliked pomp and ceremony that he sent his son in his stead; nor were any honours lacking in the reception. Hints were even given that the Stadtholder might aspire to the hand of his cousin Mary, but he made answer that this was no time to think of marriage; and, indeed, he still had his hands full, although England's retiring from the contest had encouraged the neighbouring German States to join with Holland.

The troops commanded by Monmouth, being held as volunteers, had not been recalled from the French army; and among them was serving one who was one day to use against their own armies the arts of war he was learning under Condé and Turenne—namely, the handsome young officer, John Churchill. On the other hand, among the Scottish volunteers under the Prince of Orange, was another officer, equally beautiful of countenance and equally brave, though destined to be remembered in a very different manner—namely, John Graham of Claverhouse.

Condé had recovered from his wound, and took the command of the army of Flanders in the summer of 1674. Sixty thousand men were arrayed against him, but they were of different nations—Dutch, German, and Spanish—and the Prince of Orange was as yet too unproved to inspire the confidence felt in his adversary, or to obtain the ready obedience of the allied generals.

Condé was encamped between the Sambre and its tributary the Piéton, watching the movements of the Allies. The Prince of Orange advanced to Seneff and offered battle; but as this was not accepted, turned aside on the 11th of August, intending to encamp between Marimont and Binche. He had to pass through several defiles, only three leagues from the French army; and Souches, the commander of the Germans, who formed the vanguard, let himself get to an unsafe distance from both Dutch and Spaniards.

Condé perceived this with his eagle eyes from a height. 'We have but to charge them, and we have the victory,' he cried; and he dashed upon the Spanish rear. These were being cut to pieces, when the Prince of Orange came back with the Dutch, and there was a desperate

battle. Prince William was unhorsed, and saved by Claverhouse, who disengaged him from his fallen steed and gave him his own.

The Germans having joined them, the army took up their position in the village of Fay, where they had the advantages of hedge and wood, and a marsh on one side, and here Condé again attacked them; but his troops were weary and had lost many of their best officers, and he could not force a single position. Twice his horse was killed under him, and the second time he fell into a ditch, whence he was drawn out with difficulty by his son.

Night drew on, but they fought by moonlight. Condé had been seventeen hours on horseback, and gave his orders lying on a cloak. Only when the moon set, an hour before midnight, did he desist, after the loss of 27,000 men. He meant to renew the fight at break of day, but his troops were too much scattered, and both armies drew off the field in opposite directions as morning dawned, Condé declaring that if the Swiss had come to the attack, his success would have been complete.

As it was, it was a drawn battle, and both sides claimed the victory. The Dutch were very proud of their young Stadtholder having kept the field in his first battle against one of the greatest captains of his age and the most victorious troops in Europe. Condé himself declared that his adversary had, after the first error, acted like an experienced leader.

Louis XIV. accepted Seneff as an absolute victory, had a *Te Deum* sung, and when Condé came home, hobbling with gout and apologising for advancing so slowly, said, 'Cousin, do not hurry; when one is laden with laurels, one cannot walk very fast.'

The Dutch fleet, meantime, was sent off in two divisions—De Ruyter to attack the French West Indian island of Martinique, and Tromp to attempt a descent on the French coast. The preparations were, however, too slow, and there was warning enough for preparations to be made, so that the Dutch gained nothing, though there was a most dreadful panic throughout Normandy and Brittany. Tromp then sailed on southwards, and at his approach the French fleets which were blockading the Spanish ports fled from him; but as he had extended his expedition without orders, he met displeasure instead of thanks from the Prince and the States-General, and was not allowed his expenses.

However, he received warm recognition from Lords Arlington, Ossory, and Danby, who had come to the Hague on a mission from Charles II. They paid him many compliments, and invited him to return with them to England, where, they said, their King was very anxious to see such a distinguished admiral. William of Orange was gratified, and accompanied the party to Brill, whence they crossed in three English yachts. All London turned out in crowds to see their gallant adversary; the streets were blocked when he went to visit the King, and Charles made him a baronet of the United Kingdom—

an honour previously offered to De Ruyter. Enthusiasm and rewards to a brave enemy are certainly peculiar to the generous English spirit.

Turenne was in command of the French army of the Rhine, watching Montecuculi in the Black Mountains. 'This time he cannot escape me,' he said; 'I must catch him.'

On the 27th of June, 1675, Turenne attacked the village of Sababach. The young Count of St. Hilaire found him sitting under a tree, up which he had sent an old soldier to report to him. Hearing that M. de Roye needed reinforcements, he mounted his favourite piebald charger, '*La Pie*,' as it was always called, and rode along a hollow way in order to be sheltered from two Austrian guns, which were firing constantly. 'I do not want to be killed to-day,' he said. The elder St. Hilaire rode to meet him, and as they came to an open space, he asked what was the column coming forward. The elder Count was showing him, when a ball from one of these guns tore away St. Hilaire's left arm and his horse's neck, and then struck Turenne on the left side. The Marshal sank on his horse's neck, and—about twenty paces further on—fell, a dead man. St. Hilaire exclaimed, as his son tried to raise him, 'Not me,' he cried, 'do not weep for me, but for that great man! Never will you find such a general. What will become of the army? Leave me to what God wills. Do your duty!'

A cloak was thrown over Turenne's corpse, and it was carried away, the soldiers uttering cries of lamentation which were heard two leagues off, and raging to be led to battle and avenge his death. Montecuculi paused and took off his hat: 'A man has died to-day who was an honour to mankind,' he said. The attack was not made, and the army retreated.

Turenne was sixty-four years old, one of the greatest captains the world has produced, and one of the best and most blameless of men in evil times. Reared in Calvinist strictness, he never lost his lofty morality, but he became an earnest Catholic under Bossuet's instructions. He was so kindly that not only his soldiers, but the poor in his neighbourhood, passionately loved and lamented him; and the only flaws reported of him are the admiration of the fascinating Madame de Longueville, which, together with resentment at the treatment of his brother, led him into the cause of the Fronde; and likewise the cruelty of the ravaging of the Palatinate, for which indeed he was far less responsible than were those who had allowed this mode of warfare to grow up. All France mourned, and for weeks after his death the letters of Madame de Sevigné are full of anecdotes showing the general affection and grief.

Condé, who was sent to replace him, said, 'I wish I could have only two hours' conversation with the ghost of M. de Turenne.'

It was his last campaign likewise, and Montecuculi's also, though they both came off unhurt, for the Austrians retreated without a

battle. Condé's health was sufficiently broken to make him dread exposure to weather, and he refused to take the command in the ensuing campaign, retiring to Chantilly, where he spent his time in laying out his grounds and attending to his flower-garden.

Montecuculi said that after fighting with Condé and Turenne he could not feel it worth while to fight with new and inferior men. Nothing remarkable took place by land, but the Dutch resolved to send an armament to the Mediterranean to assist the Spaniards against the French. It only consisted of eighteen men-of-war, and De Ruyter remonstrated, but was foolishly taunted with cowardice. Old and unwell as he was, and much displeased with the equipment of even this scanty fleet, he sailed in the *Unity*, his good old *Seven Provinces* being disabled. When he reached Naples, he heard that twenty-six Hungarian Protestant ministers were working as galley slaves in the Spanish vessels. He instantly requested their release, but the Viceroy made numerous difficulties, first saying that they could not be traced, and then that it was all a mistake and that they were really pirates. However, after De Ruyter had driven the French from the coast, when the Viceroy came to visit him on board his ship, he pressed the demand more urgently, and at last the poor pastors were delivered up to him, half starved, clad in rags, and covered with sores and vermin.

On the coast of Sicily, April 22nd, 1676, beneath Mount Etna, the great Admiral fought his last battle with the French fleet, thirty strong, while he had only twenty-seven, besides the Spanish squadron, which did not fight at all. De Vivonne watched the battle from the heights of Etna, and saw his own ships make a good resistance, but finally give way. The Dutch, however, were not rejoicing. De Ruyter had fallen with half his left foot shot away and his right leg torn open. Still, as he lay below, he cried out whenever he heard the cannon discharged, 'Courage, boys, courage! That's the way!'

His piety, calmness, and resignation during the ensuing week were the marvel of all. During his worst sufferings, he repeated the verse, 'My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee in a barren and dry land where no water is.' When the surgeons ceased to hope, his cabin was thronged with the captains, and all their Dutch composure gave way as their beloved leader breathed his last, on the 29th of April, 1675, in his sixty-seventh year, after a service of fifty-eight years, and having fought fifteen great naval battles. They embalmed his body, and wished to bury his heart in a church in Syracuse, but the heretic heart was denied a resting-place there, and was interred on a tiny islet in the bay, covered at high water.

When he was gone, the Spanish and Dutch fleets were defeated by the French, who proceeded to bombard Palermo and do terrible damage.

Still the war went on. Marshal de Luxembourg was in Turenne's place, the King himself and Monsieur were in Flanders, the Duke of

Lorraine at the head of the German commanders ; but the world was weary of the conflict, the Dutch especially so, though the Prince of Orange would have continued, being sagacious enough to perceive that any peace with Louis must be hollow.

Charles II. offered himself as mediator, and conferences began at Nimeguen ; but the demand that the French should give up all their conquests in Flanders broke them off for a time, and England threatened to take up arms for the defence of the Spanish rights. Louis, however, in 1678, set forth again in person, and in ten days' siege took Ghent itself. This was a shock, and the Allies abated their demands, so that peace was at last made at Nimeguen, in August, 1678. The reward to the Prince of Orange for withdrawing his opposition was understood to be the hand of his cousin, Mary of York, with all her possible claims to the English crown.

He had come to England in 1678, and admired her much, as well he might, for she had a monopoly of the Stewarts' beauty and grace, and was a grand-looking girl, much taller than her intended.

On the 4th of November, 1678, the marriage took place in private, at nine o'clock at night, and was performed by Bishop Compton of London in the Princess's bedroom, in the presence of her father, his wife, the Queen and the King, who gave her away with the hearty exclamation, 'I do.' Her sister Anne was thought to be sickening for the smallpox, and was therefore absent. Two days later, hopes of her standing next in the succession were cut off by the birth of a son to the young Duchess of York, but he was—like most of the royal babes of the later 17th century—to die in infancy.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XLV.

THE COMMINATION.

Aunt. I find it stated that the present Commination Service was substituted for the Benediction of the Ashes at the desire of Martin Bucer, who paid much attention to the Israelite ceremonies.

Susan. And these curses are very awful. Indeed, I know of some people who will not go to church on Ash-Wednesday because they say they do not like cursing their neighbours.

A. Which shows a misapprehension between denouncing the sin and the individual sinner.

S. Besides, some of the sins are so terrible that few commit them.

A. Not in an open, literal sense; but I think, like the Commandments, they warn us against the beginnings of the sin.

S. Some in the full extent incur the full wrath of God. Though only the most abandoned would curse father or mother, we are warned against sauciness and neglect.

A. Removing the landmark where there are small peasant proprietors, with no natural boundaries, but only stones, is not an uncommon act of malicious greed. I remember a striking Breton legend, where the restless spirit of the unhappy man who had thus added to his own field is ever seen flitting round the stone, striving in vain to replace it with shadowy hands.

S. Very terrible! The denunciation then would apply to all secret advantages taken unfairly of another?

A. Certainly. And likewise to more perilous removal of landmarks between right and wrong; such, for instance, as making man's laws disagree with the Divine laws, as is the tendency to do now in dealing with those respecting marriage. Whoever promotes, makes interest, or argues, in favour of what God has distinctly condemned, is removing his neighbour's landmark.

S. Is that not making the blind to go out of his way? Of course that is plainly in an allegorical sense, since our Blessed Lord thus applied the illustration.

A. I should think that whereas the removers of the landmarks are overthrowers of morality, the misleaders of the blind were rather those who tamper with faith.

S. Often blind leaders themselves.

A. Almost always, since hardly any one would wilfully overthrow another's faith. But blindness of this kind is, as we are shown, so far the fault of those who will not see that they cannot be blameless.

S. Perversion of judgment! That is a sin seldom possible here.

A. But once only too common. I always think that the prayers of the Church for her judges and magistrates have prevailed since the days of which Jeffries was the terrible example, barely two centuries ago. However, while carrying on the sentence as a caution against the beginning of each sin, we should be warned against the perverting of our own judgment in private matters.

S. You mean being unfair towards a person one dislikes?

A. Yes. In the management of property, of charities, of a household, of a school, nay, even of a class, or of a few children, nothing is more needful than to guard against perversion of judgment by dislike on the one hand, or favouritism on the other.

S. Yes, it is very easy to think that others do so, but very hard to keep out of the danger oneself; as I have felt.

A. And most especially difficult to be certain that one is *just*—distaste or esteem do so sway the balance of the mind!

S. Surely the last two denunciations do not come from the Ebal and Gerizim Commination.

A. No; you will find the last but one in Jeremiah xvii. 5.

S. 'Thus saith the Lord; Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord.' I am afraid that comes very near to most of us.

A. Yes, we cannot feel that we do not incur that danger. We have all our lives to strive against breaking the Second Commandment by not 'putting our whole trust in Him.'

S. But does that lay us under a curse?

A. I trust not, except when it is not a lapse through frailty and alarm, like St. Peter's sinking on the waves; but when we deliberately do what forfeits God's protection and assurance by using unlawful means, then we do bring on us a curse instead of a blessing. Indeed, success may be the chief curse of all in such cases.

S. But we have still to do all we can—not act like the villagers in *Westward Ho!* about the cholera?

A. No; because the secrets of science revealed to us are God's means of helping us—by letting us help ourselves. But still He is always showing that only His blessing makes these means avail. Cromwell's saying, 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry,' has the root of the matter in it.

S. There is no right to expect that God will help us to keep our powder dry, because we can do that for ourselves.

A. The last clause sums up all the gross sins that were not mentioned in the Book of Deuteronomy, and then follows the Exhortation. We need hardly analyse that minutely. It is very sound and Scriptural, and a thoroughly wholesome warning, drawn up at a time when the hearers were in great need of primary instruction and many of the clergy untrained in preaching.

S. 'Too late to cry for mercy in the time of justice,' that is a phrase that dwells on one.

A. The pleadings of the Lord with His people are beautifully put together, and the call to turn to the Saviour in penitence and hope, before we are called on to kneel in earnest supplication.

S. The priest is at the Litany desk, because of Joel's words, 'Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar,' unworthy of the holiest place.

A. Yes; and the prayer begins with David's great Psalm of penitence, his—

'Holy music, whispering peace
Till time and sin together cease;'

the Psalm which, perhaps above all others, has been the voice of the penitent and the comfort of the dying.

S. Every word applies to our own individual selves, except those last about Jerusalem.

A. Which, of course, applies to the Church 'Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all.' Let not our sins prevent her walls from being strengthened.

S. Where does the rest of the service come from?

A. It was translated in 1549, and came through the Sarum and York Ordinals from the older English rite and the Sacramentary of Gelasius.

S. So that it is as venerable as any of the uninspired part of the Prayer-Book. The Kyrie, the Lord's Prayer, and versicles are as in all occasional services, except for that special cry in the last pair but one, 'Be merciful to us sinners, for Thy Name's sake.'

A. In accordance with this being entirely a service of supplication and humiliation, the only one, except the Litany, said entirely on our knees. The prayers ensuing are chiefly translated from the Sarum book.

S. How beautifully the first applies to each soul—'That they whose consciences by sin are accused, by Thy merciful pardon may be absolved!'

A. *Indulgentiæ Tuæ miseratio*, it is in the original. The next follows less closely.

S. It has the preface to the Ash-Wednesday Collect in it.

A. The Collect seems to have had its opening transplanted from hence, having been composed in 1549.

S. Then the supplication in Joel is quoted.

A. And the end is translated again from the old service of the Benediction of the Ashes. The last prayer, which we repeat together, was once an anthem, and was so sung in the Mass for the day. There, in 1549, the service ended, but Bishop Cosin added the blessing.

S. It is the blessing by the high priest from Numbers vi. 24-26;

but it is a standing wonder to me why, while that is evidently in the name of the Holy Trinity, this one does not closely follow it.

A. I believe it has never been accounted for, unless it is a misprint never corrected. I do not think the service was ever very popular, and in the lax times it was so little used that the lack did not strike people, and, besides, nothing could be meddled with till the revival of Convocation.

S. Here ends a division of the Prayer-Book?

A. Yes, this was the Missal. Then follows the Psalter, and most of what we shall next consider belongs to the Pontifical.

TYPES AND SHADOWS.

'That last night at supper lying
 'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
 Jesus, with the law complying,
 Keeps the feast its rites demand;
 Then, more precious Food supplying,
 Gives Himself with His own Hand.
 Therefore we, before Him bending,
 This great Sacrament revere;
 Types and shadows have their ending,
 For the newer rite is here.'

BUT the 'types and shadows' had their use in preparing the way for the perfect thing; and they have their use still, for '*all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable'; and one of their uses surely is that they enable us to realise that God's purpose is one, that He changeth not, but declareth 'the end from the beginning.'

'Christ is the end of the law'; and as all the sacrifices which it commanded pointed in some respect or other to the work and sacrifice of Him who should bring in the 'better hope,' so were they also typical of the Christian memorial sacrifice, in which we 'show the Lord's death till He come.' Not that any one of the legal rites was a perfect type of the Christian Sacrament, any more than any one of the saints of the Old Testament was a perfect type of the Lord Himself; but one foreshadowed Him in this manner, and another in that. Isaac pointed to Him as the Willing Sacrifice; Joseph, as the rejected, and yet the Saviour of His brethren; Moses, as the Lawgiver and Shepherd; Aaron, as the great High Priest and Intercessor; Samson, as the strong Deliverer; Solomon, as the King of Peace.

On the Thursday in Holy Week our thoughts are especially directed by the Epistle to the institution of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. 'We not only celebrate the Sacrament which He instituted, but we commemorate also His institution of the Sacrament'; and 'the great type of the celebration of the Holy Eucharist,' including Communion, as the corporate act of a congregation under its head, is the yearly sacrifice of the Paschal lamb.

The word *pessach*, translated 'passover,' means, says Hamburger, 'stepping over' or 'sparing,' in allusion to the sparing of the Israelite firstborns who were within the blood-sprinkled houses. The name was applied to the whole of the seven days' feast, but especially to the first day, the eve of which was called the 'Night of keeping watch.'

The Paschal lamb was not in any way a sin-offering or expiatory sacrifice, for no confession of sin was made over it; but it was a sign

of redemption and deliverance, and the whole festival was a joyous one. Jewish tradition, says Dr. Edersheim, has it that all the important events in the life of the nation occurred at the Passover season: God's revelation of Himself to Abraham in the night after his sacrifice;* Lot's escape from Sodom; the fall of Jericho; the destruction of the host of Midian,† and of the captains of Sennacherib and of the King of Assyria; the appearance of the handwriting on the wall declaring the doom of Babylon; the fasting of Esther and the Jews, and their deliverance out of the hands of Haman.‡

So also the Jews believe that in the Paschal night the final judgments will come upon 'Edom,' and the glorious deliverance of Israel will take place. Hence, at a certain part of the service, the door is set open to admit the prophet Elijah, the forerunner of the Messiah. 'No other service contains within the same space the like ardent aspirations after a return to Jerusalem and the rebuilding of the temple, nor so many allusions to the Messianic hope, as the Liturgy for the night of the Passover now in use among the Jews.'§

'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but, The Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country, and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land.'||

The Paschal lamb was consumed in a manner different from that of any other sacrifice. It was presented by one on behalf of a family, household, or company, and on the first occasion was slain by each head in his own house, but not a bone of it was broken; its blood was sprinkled on the door-posts and lintel, and it was eaten the same evening in a private dwelling, that which remained over being consumed by fire.

As the Israelites, on the eve of the Exodus, were gathered into families, so the Church on earth is gathered into separate churches or congregations, which are, as it were, so many families, each distinct from the rest, and yet forming with them the one people of God. Each head of the house or church celebrates the Holy Eucharist on behalf of all, and in commemoration of the one, full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction offered by Christ, the Head of the Church Universal, on behalf of all men, and by Him shown forth continually, for He appears in Heaven as 'a Lamb as it had been slain.'

Every member of the Jewish household partook of the Paschal lamb, and all churches and their individual members participate in the blessings derived from the One Saviour. 'The Cup of blessing

* Gen. xv.

† Judges vii. 13; the barley first-fruits being gathered at the Passover.

‡ Esther iii. 7-12, 16.

§ 'The Temple and its Services,' Dr. Edersheim.

|| Jer. xxiii. 7, 8.

which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The Bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ? For we, being many, are one Bread and one Body, for we are all partakers of that one Bread.'

'Do you suppose,' says St. Cyprian, 'that any can stand and live who withdraws from the Church and forms himself a new home and a different dwelling? The sacrament of the Passover requires this, in the law of Exodus, that the lamb which is slain for a figure of Christ, should be eaten in one house.' *

'The lamb was to be 'without blemish.' 'Ye know,' says St. Peter, that ye were redeemed 'with the precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.'

It was to be set apart on the tenth day of the month, and slain on the fourth day after; and without laying too much stress upon it, we may note the fact that our Lord's public ministry lasted, as is supposed, about three years and a half. He entered upon it after His Baptism, at the age when the Levites began their service. He was then set apart, as it were, being 'anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power,' and shortly after publicly recognised by John the Baptist as the 'Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'

The Paschal lamb was eaten with unleavened bread. In later times the head of the house was to search with a lighted candle and in silence all places where leaven was usually kept, and to put it where none could be carried away by accident.

'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.'

The Oriental Church for the most part uses fermented bread, the Western Church uses unfermented bread, in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist; and while the validity of the Sacrament is not affected either way, the use of unleavened bread certainly seems more appropriate, for it is what the Lord Himself used at the institution, and we cannot suppose it to have been by accident that He did so. 'Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world,' and when He ordained the type He foresaw the antitype. Leaven, moreover, is used in the Bible as a symbol of imperfection, if not of actual evil, and Christ is the 'Paschal Bread,' the true Bread from Heaven, the 'Living Bread,' the 'Bread of God,' very man, 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' Also the Church, 'being many, is one bread'; and she is called to be pure and separate from the corruption of the world.

The Feast of the Passover was to the Israelites the sign and memorial of their deliverance from Egypt, by which they received an independent national existence. This redemption was prefigurative of a larger redemption from a worse bondage; and the Lord, when He

* Exod. xii. 46.

kept the feast for the last time, was about to elect His spiritual Israel from among all nations, and to bring into existence His Church to be a 'holy nation.'

The Passover, then, 'points to the Blood of Christ, not so much as constituting atonement for sin, but as it is the sign of salvation from impending judgment, which is the consequence of atonement; and it sets forth our communion with Christ as the viaticum and provision for our passage through the wilderness of this world':—

'The Lamb is slain! and on the holy door
The sprinkled blood remains through hours of night;
And still we watch with Him Who dies no more,
And go not out until the morning light.

'God of our fathers, in Thy Name we eat
The Flesh of Life, the pure unleavened Bread;
With our loins girded and with sandalled feet,
Before the Table which Thy love has spread.'*

There is, however, another remarkable series of types to which our attention is directed by the Epistles for the Wednesday in Holy Week and for Good Friday.

The rites prescribed for the great Day of Atonement point expressly to expiation, reconciliation, and cleansing. One or two of the more salient points connected with them are all that we can here refer to, though all are full of significance. All the sacrifices of the day, beginning with the usual burnt-offering of the morning and ending with that of the evening, were on this occasion offered by the High Priest alone. 'There shall be no man in the tabernacle of the congregation when he goeth in to make an atonement in the holy place, until he come out.'†

The daily morning sacrifice he offered in the garments 'for glory and for beauty,' called also 'the golden garments.' These he afterwards exchanged for plain garments of pure white linen, 'holy garments,' in which he performed the special service of the day. This consisted first in the offering of a bullock and a goat, presented before the Lord with confession of sin, and slain at the door of the Tabernacle. As sin-offerings‡ for the priesthood and for the whole congregation, these were not offered upon the brazen altar, but taken to some place without the camp and utterly consumed; and this, not by the High Priest or the priests under him, but by the servants of the sanctuary, who became unclean by the act, and could not return to the camp until the evening, after they had washed their clothes and bathed their bodies.

The High Priest, taking with him the golden censer full of incense, passed through the veil into the Holiest of all; and when the cloud of incense had covered the mercy-seat, he sprinkled before it the

* Exod. xii. 11: 'Ye shall eat it in haste.' See Luke xii. 35; 1 Peter i. 13-19; ii. 9-11; 1 Cor. vii. 29-31.

† Lev. xvi. 17.

‡ Lev. vi. 30.

blood of the victims. He put of the blood also upon the golden altar of incense in the holy place and upon the brazen altar of the court, thus reconciling and making atonement for them in respect of all the sins and iniquities of the children of Israel, both priests and people, and providing for the acceptable service of the year.

So Christ fulfilled alone the whole work of our redemption, for 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'

But before He had taken our nature, when He was still arrayed in all the brightness of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was,* He offered Himself as the 'Morning Lamb,' a willing sacrifice: 'Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast Thou not required. Then said I, Lo I come, in the volume of the book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O My God.' But in order to do that will, He must become 'a little lower than the angels.' He laid aside His glory and 'made Himself of no reputation'—literally, 'emptied Himself'—and 'took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.'† He, the Sinless One, 'came in the likeness of sinful flesh,' fulfilling all righteousness, presenting Himself as the spotless Victim, the sin-offering for the whole world.

'Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest,' He said, 'I lay down My Life. . . . No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself'; and also, 'I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven . . . the bread that I will give is My Flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.'

On the night before He suffered, 'by a sacramental act, He who came down from heaven testified that His sacrifice was a willing and voluntary sacrifice, and that by His own act He gave His Flesh and His Blood for the life of the world.' 'By this willing obedience to the Father, fulfilling the mission received from Him, He virtually gave up Himself to death.' That death could not be by His own Hands; it must be by the act of others. On Thursday in Holy Week, therefore, we commemorate, 'not only the sacrifice, but the very action of the Lord in offering the sacrifice'; while on Good Friday our thoughts are directed less to His act than to His Passion, His suffering at the hands of wicked men. He indeed laid down His life, voluntarily surrendering Himself into the hands of others; but it was by them actually that He was crucified and put to death.

The High Priest presented the sacrifice, but it was consummated by the hands of others without the camp.‡ Thus Jesus suffered without the gate. From this time when He had mysteriously presented before God His broken Body and His Blood poured out, 'He remained for a few short hours, but reserved and shut up to sorrow and to death, the consummation of the sacrifice which He had

* John xvii. 5.

† Philip. ii. 7, 8.

‡ Heb. xiii. 11, 12.

willingly offered.' It is this which is expressed by the symbolical ceremony of the Roman Church, when on the Thursday in Holy Week the Sacrament is borne forth to a place without the sanctuary, and there left until the morning of Good Friday.

The servants by whom the bodies of the victims were consumed by fire became by the act unclean, and could not re-enter the camp until the evening and after they had washed. The Jews cried, 'His Blood be on us and on our children'; and Israel is unclean because of it until the evening of the age, when He 'will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him'; and 'in that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.' *

S. G.

* Zech. xii. 10; xiii. 1.

A GEORGIAN PRINCESS.

FACT—NOT FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VÈRA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' 'THE MARITIME ALPS,' ETC., ETC.

PART III.

'Aye, unto them, the Giver doth distribute
Sorrow and sanctity, and loves them well;
Grants them the power and passion to deliver
Hearts from the prison-house, and souls from hell.'—*I'. Myers.*

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

SCHAMYL had given orders that the princesses were to be treated with respect, and they were accordingly led into a small seraglio, of which the walls were bare enough, but where a bright fire was already burning on the hearth.

The principal room was about eighteen feet long, by fourteen in width. So far, so good; and had it only been intended for the use of the two princesses and their girls, all might have been well. But it was to hold and to house the whole party, and that for an indefinite term of weeks, while a man of six feet must have stooped had he attempted to stand upright in it. It was lit by one unglazed window, about the size of a pocket-handkerchief, while all round its walls run a shelf, on which during the daytime were packed the sleeping mats and *bourkas* prepared for use during the night. Needless to say that, as regarded cleanliness, all these rugs left a great deal to be desired! Food was now brought to the prisoners, a *pilau* of rice and mutton with raisins in it, along with bread, water, and honey. It was welcome; and here, on the night of the 8th of August, 1857, after a march of two hundred and twenty *versts* made in thirty-five days, the princesses lay down to sleep.

To Princess Orbeliani no sleep came. To say nothing of the responsibility that weighed on her when she thought of her first interview with the Imaum, the fire, made of cakes of dung, smoked. The door, the readiest means of airing this new Black Hole of Calcutta, had to be left open, and it admitted a piercing draught, which swept across her eyes. The smell of all their own soiled and travel-stained raiment, of the dirty rugs, with the wailings of the children, and the wounds of little Alexander's nurse, the despair of the Princess Annette, and the moans of one of her women, were items in the sum total of that night's great misery. Varvara,

always unselfish, had taken for herself the place next the door, between it and the fire, and there the draught was fiercest. Between the cold air and the acrid smoke, her eyes suffered so much that they became inflamed, and she ultimately lost the sight of one of them; but she kept to this self-selected post, which was not only the one of discomfort, but was also that of observation. She dreaded lest some thief of the night should come near the place of their slumbers. He could not have done so without passing over her body, and she trusted in any such case of emergency to her own vigilance and courage.

The next day was passed in the most harassing anxiety, and in very hard work: water had to be drawn, and clothes washed in a sort of out-house, Princess Annette had to be soothed, the French governess pacified, and the servants directed. The latter were generally in a state of semi-mutiny, demanding that, on their account, if on no other, *any* ransom, however fanciful, if demanded by Schamyl, should be paid. Only when they saw Princess Orbeliani carrying water, mending clothes, and performing with the most serene activity all the menial acts for which they pitied themselves, were they reduced to anything like order and silence.

Princess Annette had however to rouse herself, for a message came to the effect that, on the following day, Schamyl would receive the two princesses. The women of his harem appeared at the same time with a piece of black stuff, and told the prisoners that the Imaum expected them to appear before him so closely veiled that he might be able to assure the lord of Tzonindali, on their release, that the faces of his womankind had never been looked on by their captor.

The face of the prophet, such as they beheld it next day, was a study throughout the interview. When, thirty years later, Princess Orbeliani described her interview to me, she said that the Imaum had astonished her. His half-closed eyelids and his reddish beard, cut straight, along with a certain air of passive strength and majesty, made him look like the Assyrian sculptures of Nineveh; like the sublime, winged creatures that guard the portals of an Assyrian temple. He remained seated, but she took him to be of the middle height, and about fifty-six years of age. Three Tartars acted as interpreters, and Princess Orbeliani was spokeswoman for the Christian captives.

Schamyl began by identifying the two princesses. '*Sultan's daughters*,' as he termed them: then, turning to Princess Orbeliani, he said—

'Varvara! I am told that thou art Ellico's widow. That Ellico was once my prisoner; a noble man, brave, and one who never told a lie. Remember, all of you, and, once for all, that I have a horror of duplicity, and that no harm will happen to any of you, unless you should attempt to deceive me. The Russian Sultan took

away my well-beloved son when he was a lad, and how often have I begged him to give him back in exchange for prisoners whom I held? They say, Anna and Varvara, that you are the grandchildren of the last Sultan of Georgia; in that case, you are able to write to the Russian Sultan, and to ask him to restore my son to me. When he shall have given back Djammal-Ed-din to me, I will have you sent home. You will, of course, have to give money to my people, but for *that* I will arrange with your relations and your allies.'

This speech having been translated by the interpreters, Schamyl added—

'There are some letters for you. One of them is, however, written neither in Russian, nor in Georgian, nor even in any Tartar dialect, so that it is impossible for me to let you have it. Everything is first translated to me, and that which I cannot read, I cannot allow you to read. Allah recommends men to be prudent, and I shall be so. What is this tongue?'

'Schamyl,' replied Princess Orbeliani, 'no one has any wish to deceive you. Among your prisoners there is a woman who is a stranger, both in Russia and in Georgia, and it is probably to her that this letter is addressed. She is a Frenchwoman.'

'The Russian letters shall be given to you,' retorted the Imaum, who added, 'remember, once for all, that all lying is an offence to Allah, and to his servant Schamyl, to whom belongs the right to cut off heads. I shall do so, if I discover any treachery.'

After this interview the princesses were able to write home for clothes for themselves, and for the children, but it was long before poor Madame Drancey learnt anything about that French letter which Schamyl refused to give up. It was in French, and it was written to her by the young, pretty, and witty Princess Anna Galitzine, whose visit at Tzonindali had been actually due, or overdue, at the time of the Lesghian raid. That lady still lives, and when I met her in Paris a few weeks after Varvara Orbeliani's death in Cannes, she mentioned that long-deferred letter, and gave me many touching details of the noble and useful life of the friend for whom we both mourned.

To the dangers, fatigues, and excitements of the capture, of the march and of the arrival in Wedène, there inevitably succeeded the tedium of a prolonged and objectless captivity. The autumnal days were varied at first by visits from the Imaum's wives, and the Georgian princesses had an opportunity of judging at close quarters of the peculiarities of Mahometan domestic life.

The wives were three in number, Zaidée, Chouanète, and Annète, with whom Schamyl lived alternately, but who managed to quarrel a little, though he both treated them with impartiality, and kept them in great submission. They always waited on him at table, and he, discountenancing the finery which they dearly loved, obliged them to dress in white. The prophet was himself a vegetarian, and observed, along with his sacerdotal and regal exclusiveness, great

simplicity of manners. Polygamy was his rule of life, but he had no clandestine attachments, and punished severely any irregularities. He would sometimes absent himself for a fortnight at a time, going from *aoul* to *aoul*, and village to village, to preach the Koran to his people, keeping alive, among 300,000 mountaineers, the love of national and religious freedom. His people lived for the most part in great poverty. Every district of the low country, subject as that was to Russia, was closed against them, so that little wheat or maise could be grown within the territories of the Imaum. Milk, honey, and barley formed the staple of their food, varied with maise, and occasional strips of dried bullock's flesh.

With the exception of Wedène, none of his *aouls* would have been rich enough to feed so many Christian prisoners. As it was, their numbers had been by death, barter, and ransom, actually reduced from sixty to twenty-three persons, but before long the princesses discovered that the feeding of twenty-three strangers was a severe drain on a population often accustomed and obliged to go without '*le stricte nécessaire*,' and whose own hardships were chronic. Princess Orbeliani gave me some details of their captivity which are not to be found in Madame Drancey's published account of her nine months' residence with Schamyl.*

On one occasion their rations had been for some days so very scanty that every one suffered from want of food, and the children had got into the habit of going into Schamyl's stables, and of stealing the oats that fell from the mangers. The corn thus collected was roasted, and made into a sort of coffee, which was palatable, and all the more prized by them because the weather had become very cold. It was in fact so cold that the stream of water running through the out-house where the captives washed was frozen. The fire of dung burnt all night in their common sleeping-room, and there one night Princess Orbeliani, who suffered a great deal from her eyes, was sleepless for hours. She believed the rest of the party to be more fortunate than herself, till her attention was arrested by the odd gestures and restlessness of Melaunia, one of the young servant girls generally employed by her maid Catherine to wash the clothes of little Prince George Orbeliani. Among the rows of sleepers on the seraglio floor, Melaunia not only sat upright, but as the princess noticed, kept on sighing, praying, signing herself, beating on her breast, and holding her sides. Her eyes were all the time fixed on the wooden shelf which ran round the room. Afraid of disturbing any of the prostrate forms lying on the floor in rows between herself and Melaunia, the princess contented herself with watching this pantomime in silence. Whatever might be the nature of the struggle, mental or physical, it had lasted the better part of

* '*Souvenirs d'une Française Captive de Chamyl*,' recueillis par E. Merlieux, Paris, 1857. The book is out of print. The copy I use belonged to the Field-Marshal Prince Alexandre Bariatinsky, to whom Schamyl surrendered in 1859.

an hour, when Melaunia, rising to her feet without any warning, made a sudden dash at some small object on the shelf. With wolf-like avidity she swallowed the thing; she could not be said to have eaten it, and no sooner had she gulped it down than she began to emit a series of purring sounds, stroking her throat and stomach all the while, as if to assist the deglutition of the morsel which she had swallowed as good as whole. This went on for a few moments, and then Melaunia, who had seemed to be enjoying herself after a peculiar fashion, abruptly gave a low strangled howl, and began to wring her hands with such vehemence that Princess Orbeliani rose, summoned the girl to her by a gesture, and took her into the outhouse.

‘What is the matter with you, Melaunia?’ she asked.

Another howl was the reply.

‘You should tell me what ails you, and you must positively be quiet, or you will wake the whole room. All have eaten scantily, and you must not deprive them of sleep.’

The culprit shrank away into a corner.

‘What are you afraid of? Have you eaten anything poisonous, or, what is it?’

‘I am a thief, a great sinner, a miserable evildoer,’ wailed the girl. It appeared that the youngest and kindest of Schamyl’s wives had, in the course of the day, given two cakes to little Prince George. Catherine had allowed him to eat one of them, but the other had been placed on the shelf for his solace next day. ‘I am a great sinner. I have eaten the cake of my little master. I prayed against the hunger and the pain for an hour; but my stomach gnawed like a wolf—I could not bear it any longer, but all the same, God will punish me!’

Princess Orbeliani did her best to pacify the poor girl, but Melaunia sobbed on, till her mistress, assuring her of her forgiveness, begged her to kneel down and ask God to forgive her, and then to go back to bed in peace.

Melaunia, as ignorant as she was sincere, knelt down, but declared at the same time that she did not, under such overwhelming circumstances, know how to pray. Orthodox fashion, she could only touch the ground with her forehead. Her mistress suggested the Lord’s Prayer, and, kneeling down on the freezing floor of the outhouse, beside the young servant, she began to repeat it, Melaunia following the petitions.* Princess Orbeliani told me, with a pathetic smile, that her plan promised to be perfectly successful in soothing the girl, until she got to the petition for that ‘daily bread,’ that was so painfully scanty in Wedène, and which was so much needed by poor Melaunia’s craving young appetite. At that point her own courage broke down, she herself burst into tears, so that the rest of

* ‘*Mama’o tschvéno! roméli char, tzata schina.*’ (‘Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.’) Biblical version in Georgian.

that prayer was only audible in the ears of Him to whom were known all the secrets of that prison-house. What makes this incident terribly pathetic is that the disease of the digestive organs of which the princess died was really contracted during those months of bitter privations.

Seven weary months elapsed. One woman died, one paid a ransom and left, and another was brought to bed during the captivity. There were, it is true, some episodes to vary the course of the eight months' solitude. First a violent shock of earthquake, then a fire in their chimney, which Princess Varvara, always to be found where danger or hard work were going on, helped to extinguish. Then the princesses went to see a wedding among the dependants of the Imaum. The ceremony was not much more complicated than was the trousseau of the bride, and that consisted of the little red chest which contained her portion, viz., twenty-five silver *roubles*, a veil, some sewing silk, a couple of cups, and a hand mirror. She had, besides these treasures, a woollen mattress, a wooden tub for washing, a water-jar for the well, and a drinking-vessel. The supper was eaten sitting on the ground: all the ladies' nails were dyed red, and the wives of Schamyl wore some splendid diamonds, taken at the sack of Tzonindali, and therefore the property of their Georgian guests.

Another domestic event was the birth of a Lesghian baby, whose frail tenure of life was prolonged by Princess Varvara's charitable care of it, and of its mother, but another emotion was in store for this good angel of the captivity. Her niece, Princess Nina, was informed that on her the Imaum and the naïbs, and the wives of Schamyl, had all fixed their hopes, and that she was elected to be the bride of young Djammal-Ed-din. Whenever the Russian Government restored him to his father, his country, and his friends, Nina was to become his wife, and to console him (if he regretted it) for the cessation of intercourse with Christian women who read and talked, and played and sang. It was a blow to all concerned, when the fair Nina, aged eighteen, declined to pledge her troth with a Mussulman, and with the enemies to her family. Nothing, she said, would persuade her to remain in the mountains of Daghestan, or to contract an alliance with its lawless tribes. Zaidée, Annète, and Chouanète were furious. The honour offered to this Georgian girl they considered to be superior to all the world could bestow, and the young man, they added, was not reduced to looking for a wife among Georgians. Nina could only let the storm blow over, though she implored her aunt to explain that she would prefer death itself to a change of religion.

The passing excitement of this negotiation being ended, the old monotonous life went on. The rooms of the captives looked into the court of Schamyl's Seraglio. They were no longer quite so crowded at night, as many of the servants had been separated from the princesses and sold; in fact, the number kept in Wedène was reduced from

twenty-three to thirteen—but these thirteen were miserable enough. The want of exercise, and of proper food tried both health and nerves, while they were tormented by noises. Now it was the kicking of the horses in Schamyl's stables, now the din from the gunpowder factory near, now the disputes of the women who came to purchase from Schamyl's wives such spoils of war as they might choose to sell. The songs of the Tartar cooks filled up all the pauses with their strange, mournful chaunting.

The Christian princesses had, from the starting-point, been a constant source of amusement and pre-occupation to the prophet's wives, who came in and out at all hours. They were generally good-natured visitors, but so childish were they that their vacancy acted as a depressing, rather than a cheering element in the day. As for the education of the Tschawtschawvadzé children, it went on under the greatest difficulties. In the supreme moment of the flight, Madame Drancey had saved one French book, from which she gave some lessons to Marie and Salomé, while the one devotional work possessed by the whole party had been brought from Tzonindali in the pocket of Princess Orbeliani's riding-habit. It was a small copy (in French) of the '*Imitation*,' a gift to her from General Baron Nicolay, and from this book she never parted during her captivity in the mountains. The General happened to be the officer who, after their ransom, received the princesses at Kasafiourt, as he also chanced to be one of the officers to whom, in 1859, Schamyl surrendered at Gounib. In memory of these two events, and of their long friendship, Princess Orbeliani ultimately gave back her much treasured volume to its donor. It still exists, but in the convent of the Grande Chartreuse: for when General Nicolay exchanged his uniform for a frock and cowl, he took the book with him into a mountain wilderness as frosty and more solitary than the *aoul* of Wedène.

Little Prince George Orbeliani first learnt to lisp in the Lesghian and Tartar dialects, and he was a great favourite with the wives and daughters-in-law of the Imaum, but it was precisely his prospects which acted as a spur to the greed of the naïbs of Schamyl. One of them, assisted by an Armenian, had contrived to read the papers found in Tzonindali. The chieftains discovered in this way that the Tzar had given to this child of Ellico and Varvara Orbeliani a nomination to the *Corps des pages*, and a pension of 1000 roubles a year, to be paid up to him on the day that he was eighteen. This naïb threatened, having the child now in his power, to detain him till he entered his eighteenth year, unless the princess would make over to him the future fortune of her boy. The mother replied firmly that the thing was impossible, all the more so as his uncle, Prince David, might have been obliged, after the ruin of his castle and family, to raise a mortgage on the fortune of his nephew and ward. A further attempt was made to obtain an exorbitant ransom by spreading the rumour that Princess Annette's husband had been

created King of Georgia, and could therefore pay sums untold for the recovery of his wife and children. A million of roubles was demanded on the strength of that report. In this matter Schamyl only yielded to the rapacious demands of his people, for, to his credit be it said, he neither asked nor ultimately accepted a copeck of the money, remarking that his son was the only thing which he coveted. Here, again, Princess Varvara showed her usual courage, giving every one to understand that to discourage raids, and a traffic in Christian princesses, a small ransom only would be paid, though she hoped that the Russian Government might consent to surrendering the son of the Imaum, as a means of facilitating their release.

To this the naïbs replied, that as Princess Annette's sister-in-law was the wife of the Viceroy of Mingrelia, money could not be scarce with the Christian prisoners, and that their ransom might be paid without reference to the Russian Government. Varvara repeated her assertion that the raid of Tzonindali would never be made a profitable speculation to those who had engaged in it, till the Leaghians, angry at her firmness, began to assume a menacing attitude towards the captives whom they had now fed for about eight months.

(To be continued.)

'THE DRAGON OF THE NORTH.

A CONVERSATION.

AUNT DOROTHY. EMILY. SYLVIA.

Aunt Dorothy. Ah! I see you are looking over the new books.

Sylvia. I was; till I stopped short, fascinated by this (*showing her volume*). I cannot lay it down.

Emily. And you have not a civil word to throw at a dog. But I never disturb Sylvia over a romance, it is worse than trying to take away Moidart's bone. He growls, and so does she.

Aunt D. I see she has got that beautiful little book, the 'Dragon of the North,' by E. J. Oswald, so I can excuse her, and so must you.

E. Willingly; but I own my preference for books that are either fiction or fact.

Aunt D. Take care; perhaps we shall ask you to define your use of these terms. Have you read this story then?

E. No, not thoroughly. I glanced at it. It is pretty and well-written, I think; but those dragons and their curly tails rather repelled me when I saw it was by way of being historical, and not a mere fairy-tale. Surely, Auntie, you must allow that impossibilities should be excluded from historical stories.

Aunt D. Query. What is impossible? You say you glanced at the book. Did you read the Introduction? No? Well then, read it, and you will see what the authoress says for the dragon; there is only one, after all, Emmie. I agree with her, that the constant allusion to dragons and their hero-slayers in early European literature makes it probable that large poisonous creatures of the lizard tribe survived in swamps and marshes within historical times. Geology assures us of the existence of such reptiles, and the date of their disappearance is uncertain.

E. I own that a great impression has been made on literature by the legends regarding them; but I never thought they could be seriously looked upon, except as myths and allegories, full of meaning, of course, but better out of the way when one wants history.

Aunt D. Well, you see this story claims to be 'a romance.' To me its great charm and value—I have read nothing like it since 'Sintram'—is the way in which Miss Oswald has clothed actual facts with the garb of romance exactly suited to them and to the spirit of the age. You do not object to Fouqué's books, Emily?

E. (hesitating). No; but they do not profess to be anything but

legendary ; nobody really believes them, and most of them claim no particular date for their occurrence.

Aunt D. I can see your objection, though I do not share it. I think the 'Dragon of the North' so really valuable, thoughtful, and full of power as it is, that I should like to 'talk it out' sufficiently to make you read it carefully. I know you are not a great story-reader like Sylvia, but this is far beyond mere story.

E. I will promise to read it ; so pray introduce me to your 'dragon,' Auntie.

Aunt D. Sylvia, you are at the last page ; tell Emily the story as it strikes you.

S. I don't profess to see deep meanings like you, or to criticise like Emily ; I am afraid I like books by instinct, without knowing why.

Aunt D. Do not be afraid. Yours is an artist's enjoyment, Emily's a critic's. Give her the outline.

S. The title is the name of a Norse war-ship. Its crew have left their home because of religious persecution in Norway.

E. What—from heathen ?

Aunt D. No, it is in the days of King Olaf, who, like Charlemagne and Stephen of Hungary, tries to fight the battle of the Prince of Peace with his earthly sword.

E. Ah ! that is striking ; and so the 'Odin's men' are confessors in a strange sense ?

S. Yes, and their adventures and conquests form the story. There is Swend the Viking, his sister Hertha, and kinsmen Thorstein the warrior and Kolbiorn the Skald, with a few minor characters. The story is supposed to be told by a monk, or rather it is the chronicle preserved by him and read years after to his young novices at Caserta.

E. One knows that name—a branch House of Monte Cassino.

S. Monasteries seem to be getting rich and powerful, and their abbots to mix in politics and war.

Aunt D. Yes ; that vexed question of 'religious' and 'secular' again ; kings trying to fight religious questions with earthly weapons, and monks to combine spiritual government with worldly politics. No wonder they all made mistakes ; but go on, Sylvia.

S. The Norsemen visit Caserta, for they want a monk to go on a mission to Monte Cassino. Two novices are there, Laurentio and Astolfo, who are both selected, and sent with an older monk. Laurentio is the narrator of the whole. He is discovered now to be of noble birth, saved from the massacre of his family by Saracen pirates, and brought out of compassion to the good monks at three years old. He is learning to be a sculptor, and shows great talent, but when they know who he really is, the monks absolve him from his novitiate, with Astolfo, who wishes to be free, and who seems a born soldier. He marries Laurentio's only sister later on ; but mean-

time Laurentio takes his marquisate and his castle, and falls in love at first sight with Hertha.

Aunt D. At this point we get most of the characters together, and it is a wonderful group. Each is interesting both as an actor and as the type of a class. Go on, but do not forget Syades.

S. Ah, yes, the Saracen magician. He comes in here—the man who saved the Christian child from perishing and gave him to the monks. He now assumes an evil power over him, partly by mesmeric influence, till Laurentio consents to become a mere tool in his hands. But why is it, Aunt Dorothy, that one feels his conduct to be utterly unworthy of his Christian education, especially when you contrast it with that of the heathen Vikings, and yet one cannot hate poor Laurentio?

Aunt D. Because his faults are owing partly to natural disadvantages, and partly to a chain of events for which he is not answerable. Fra Laurentio is beautifully worked out, and you are intended to study the contrast between him and the Norsemen. Where one race excels, the other is lacking.

S. Well, Hertha will not hear of him as a lover, though her kinsmen all wish for the union, and tell her her dead father would have insisted on it. Her brother Swend helps Laurentio to entrap her into a forced marriage.

E. His convent-training has not been good for much! How can you like him?

Aunt D. That very training, with its mechanical obedience and ignorance of worldly codes of honour, makes his conduct excusable under the influence of love like his. Swend assures him—and truly enough—that a woman was often thus wedded in the North, and was none the less faithful and happy wife.

E. Poor Hertha! she has a bad chance between the Viking and the monk.

Aunt D. She is a perfect Scandinavian Una, with Thorstein for her lion. He saves and protects her, and furthers her marriage with Rainulf, a Norman knight who has won her heart, though he loves her himself.

S. Rainulf and she are well-matched and very happy; but one must be sorry for Laurentio, he is actually heart-broken and cannot recover: one feels his life-happiness is spoilt, while Thorstein takes his rejection quietly.

Aunt D. The North and the South again. The calm self-restraint of the one and the fiery passion of the other. Rainulf is a Norseman, too, such as his race became when the courtesy and chivalry of France had modified them. He is a good type of knighthood; but have you noticed Kolbiorn's comments on the lovers?

S. Yes; what a keen reader of character he is! 'Hertha is only one of many things to that knight, not the one thing. But for might-have-been, make no moan.'

Aunt D. That is in keeping with the fatalism of Northern people. You might hear such words now from peasants in the north of Scotland, where the Scandinavian strain is very marked. It made the Norsemen so indifferent to death, especially by sea. It was their home and their best grave, as Thorstein says.

E. I am getting deeply interested, pray go on, Sylvia. Where is this dragon?

S. It infests a poisonous swamp and cave near Asile, Laurentio's castle. Syades gets Laurentio by degrees into his power, is appointed his steward, and then the poor Marquis goes very far wrong, and is really ungenerous and unfaithful to his friend Thorstein, who becomes a Christian, thereby enraging Swend and his followers. There is a terrible scene, in which they threaten to offer him in sacrifice to Thor, but he is saved, and they embark again in the Dragon-ship. You must read that part, one cannot do justice to it in outline. The enraged Norsemen turn their wrath on the Abbot of Monte Cassino, who falls into their hands and is taken on board; and then in a storm which nearly destroys their ship, they throw him overboard, to revenge an act of cruel treachery to one of their allies.

Aunt D. Abbot Atenolf deserves his fate. Stern and implacable in battle, the Norsemen cannot endure underhand treachery, so characteristic of Greeks and Italians.

S. Swend is slain by Astolfo, who defends the Abbot bravely. Thorstein, by his skill and seamanship, saves the poor *Dragon* and crew, and they land near Caserta. The monks receive and shelter the party, and Laurentio has a long illness. One thought he would have remained in the convent; but they all go their several ways, and he falls again under Syades' influence.

E. I can hardly understand your interest in him.

S. You must read the book and then you will. He goes, under this magic spell, to study under a certain architect and sculptor, Basil.

Aunt D. He is a real character, a master of the beautiful Lombard-Gothic style then rising into repute in Italy.

S. Hertha and Rainulf are married, and he is in high favour with the Emperor. After three years, when Laurentio's friends have given him up as dead, he comes back to Asile, and then comes the dragon-fight. He tries to warn Thorstein, who has heard of the creature from the peasants, and wants to slay it; but it never appears to more than one person at a time. By a series of manoeuvres the Saracen gets Thorstein to undertake the exploit alone, at a disadvantage. But now Laurentio struggles out of the mesmeric trance, gets Astolfo and Kolbiorn to help him, and together they baffle Syades, and provide for Thorstein's escape after he has met and conquered the dragon with his sword.

E. So it is a real live dragon, and he kills it?

S. Yes, but the poison of its breath takes deadly effect on him; his friends take him to Caserta, where he lingers awhile, and dies in great

suffering. Laurentio is now free, for Thorstein, by the way, has slain the magician, and the friends are wholly reconciled; but in grief over his own failures, Hertha's loss, and Thorstein's death, Laurentio asks re-admission to the convent, and as its architect and sculptor, ends his days in peace there. There is a touching bit where he describes his carving Thorstein's and Hertha's tombs.

E. Hertha! What happens to her?

S. She dies just before Thorstein does, withering away like a flower in the sultry air of the south, longing for her blue fiords and pine-woods again.

E. It is a sad ending, I think; but certainly there are beautiful elements in it, as a romance. I will read it, though I don't see Laurentio's charms.

Aunt D. You will, if you take him as a part of a whole, beautifully thought out. The book brings together the great forces which, under Providence, wrought for the settlement of Christian Europe in that eleventh century just begun. The immigration of the Norsemen into Italy was like flint and steel coming together, lighting civilisation and scattering heathen darkness. Yet the North brought good gifts to the South also. Did you notice the different types of Norsemen, Sylvia?

S. Swend, the rude, gross one, always fighting or drunk; Thorstein, the very model of a noble Viking; and Kolbiorn, with his keen perceptions, reading Laurentio's soul, and understanding him better than the others do; though Thorstein says at Caserta, as he looks at the cloister carving, 'Your work, Laurentio; you can make the dull stones beautiful and full of meaning. Never should such as we despise you, we who are chiefly skilled to destroy.'

E. Beautiful! he is a generous rival. Art was a new revelation to the Norsemen.

Aunt D. Yes; you recollect Mr. Ruskin's views about climate and locality? Only the corn and wine lands produce great art; meadow and pasture lands a lower scale of it, forest and heath-lands none at all; though the highest intelligence may be found anywhere, and the foundation of all art, poetry.

E. I remember your making us observe that passage. Kolbiorn represents the art of the North, the poetic spirit.

Aunt D. Yes; so you see there is the free-masonry, as one may call it, that draws him and the sculptor together. He knows instinctively what love is to Laurentio. Thorstein gets over his deep, true affection when he sees Hertha happy; Rainulf loves her faithfully, but will not die of her loss.

E. She does not choose the man who loves her best, certainly.

Aunt D. But it is well. She is the *Vita Nuova* to the Italian nature, as Laura was to Petrarch, Beatrice to Dante, Vittoria Colonna to Michel Angelo. Laurentio returns to his convent, '*il bello ovile ov*'

io dormii agnello,' as Dante would say, a better man, and therefore a better monk, for this 'love that never found its earthly close.'

S. Let me read this little bit to Emily—his words when he had seen Hertha with her husband; 'The sight of Hertha, somewhat changed, yet happy, soothed my heart wonderfully. . . . I felt glad that I had suffered with all its pain the passion which alone can teach the glory and worth of women, not the saint alone, but the loving maiden and the true wife, who can still give to weary, erring men some of the few flowers left of a lost Paradise.'

Aunt D. Good experience even for the artist-monk. The snow-pure maiden from the North was his inspiration; and surely none but a generous spirit could have spoken thus. Depend upon it, like many a mediæval artist, he carved his whole life-story, its passion and its pain, its penitence and peace, into those two altar-tombs.

E. I am beginning to like him better; and the book, as you say, is far beyond a mere story.

S. And yet it is so simply told, just like an old chronicle—no moralising.

Aunt D. A great proof of the writer's power. Her characters speak for themselves. She knows North and South equally well, and shows us how the teaching of the Cross was the great connecting-link between all those nationalities.

S. And how all had their dragons. But, as Kolbiorn says, 'the dragons of the North are honest beasts, with teeth and claws; but the dragons of the South are evil demons, hard to see, but whose breath poisons the air.'

Aunt D. Yes, the insidious evils seem to belong more to the South. We may remember that for ourselves. Every Christian life must give Death's Touch to the dragon, as the noble Thorstein does. If our high civilisation has brought its blessings, it has also made a kind of mental Southern atmosphere for this generation. Our dragons will be of the kind that is 'hard to see,' but they must be sought out and slain—

'Battle I know, so long as life remaineth,
Battle for all, but these have overcome.'

S. Yes; Kolbiorn, who turns Christian by his dying Viking, and takes charge of 'Death's Touch,' his sword, says, 'It is in a man's heart the Odin-spirit of courage should dwell, and in his strong right hand the force of Thor.'

Aunt D. He sees how Odin's man can become Christ's man without loss of strength; and how the weaker spirit may be made strong. We too see that in our great warfare, victory rests not with iron strength nor within convent-walls. Those who overcome fight in One strength with the evil of their own hearts. If this beautiful book helps us to think it out more deeply, surely we shall be the better of 'THE DRAGON OF THE NORTH.'

GIULI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YUM-YUM.'

FAR away on the mountain-side lies his little chalet, and for over thirty years Giuli has lived his quiet simple life with his old father and his cattle, and has thought but little of the world below him, and its great cities and the fret and struggle of human life. Very poor, with threadbare clothes, without either shoes or socks, except when some fête-day calls him down to one of the villages; without a bed, living on polenta and milk, few in this wide world are so happy as Giuli, or so rich in kindness and good deeds.

Such a rough exterior! A shortish man with loose rough clothes, with wild red hair hanging over his head and forehead, and straggling beard and moustache; heavy eyebrows hanging far over pale blue but most wistful shy eyes.

Such a polished interior! Such thoughtfulness and '*prévoyance*' for others. Such care for the old father, such caressing tenderness for his beasts. The rich grain of the wood is apparent under the rough bark. The diamond hardly needs polishing; the facets seem already to shine—not when the sun of prosperity, but whenever the adversity of others falls upon them.

It was one of those pleasant mischances of a mountain expedition which brought us Giuli's acquaintance. Our party started for Monte Vogorno one afternoon from that most delightful and too little known Pension La Badia, above Cannobio, on the Lago Maggiore, under the escort of our kind host and guide, Mon. Béranek, hoping to reach the summit shortly after sunrise. What a walk it was along that beautiful Verzasca valley, luxuriant with vines on one side, and on the other grand with precipitous rocks, which at times seem almost to meet in the narrow gorge where the river speeds its way to Lago Maggiore, now bounding and foaming over rocks, now running deep through 'green pools, now hastening through long shallow transparent stretches of water, while little villages and nestling cots look down from their mountain perches, and the peasants with their bright petticoats and handkerchiefs and burdened backs pass upwards and downward through the valley.

As evening came on we turned from the valley road, up one of the inviting mountain paths, and the real ascent began. High above us Vogorno reared his grand head, his shoulders slashed with a garment of snow, but soon, pigmies that we are, we lost all sight of the giant we were invading, always excepting the narrow limit we were actually traversing.

Very touching it was as 'the darkness advanced, and when we had ascended far beyond the usual paths, to come upon a little wayside chapel. Who is it that climbs the rugged path and lights the nightly lamp that burns before the memorial of earthly sin and sorrow, and of Heavenly grace and love? It is a simple chapel with a large sheltering porch; behind a glass screen is an image of the Virgin Mother with the Holy Child in her arms, while around are hung the offerings of the peasants; some silver hearts, a rosary, a string of beads, and many a bunch of fresh and withered mountain flowers testifying to the humble prayers, the devout, 'Lord, remember me,' of the simple worshippers.

Onward still again with the musical murmur of the waters in our ears, past three smallish waterfalls, shining white against their rocky barriers in the darkness, and up a good four or five hundred feet of rocky staircase, the steps partly cut into the rock itself, partly made with stones, turning backwards and forwards, and carrying us up at a grand rate. The clouds gathered somewhat ominously; the young moon had long since bidden us adieu, Jupiter and Mars watched through rent clouds; the enchanting fire-flies appeared one by one, alluring us with their fascinating lamps, the glow-worms literally shone at our feet, and a few pale flashes of lightning showed in the south when we reached the little empty chalet where we were to take a few hours rest before commencing the early morning ascent.

Sad, indeed, it was to awake to a boisterous wind and pelting rain within an hour, and finally at 2 A.M. to rise amid mists and clouds. The shepherds were already higher on the mountains, and it was decided for us to pursue our way to a chalet-village and find '*un naturel du pays*,' to learn his opinion of the weather, and thus we came to know Giuli.

Morning ablutions in the stream, a merry breakfast in the rain at a water source, where the tea boiled as if it rejoiced to warm and serve us, and behaved in spite of wind and rain in an exemplary manner, and from three to four hours' walk to the chalets. Some distance above us stood a man calling to his cattle, whom our good guide, Mons. Béraneck, hailed and joined, shortly signalling to us to follow, and up we went through a steep wet flowery meadow, great orange tiger lilies, St. Bruno's lilies, scabious, pansies, and forget-me-nots, all weeping for the sun, and at the top we found other chalets, and were bidden to enter one where Giuli, on his knees, was blowing up a splendid blaze, the dry wood crackling away and making most inviting sound and sight for the travellers.

The chalet was the queerest little place. The walls are of stones piled together without any mortar or cement, beams of roughly hewn wood, are laid cross-ways and slightly pointed for the roof, and stones piled again on the top of all. Within, a good third is taken up with the woodstack, under which is a small home for one or two chickens, into which Giuli furraged, and then presented us with large new-laid

eggs. Round the walls and into all sorts of little holes his different utensils are stuck—a wooden spoon, an earthenware basin, a stick for making polenta—a kind of porridge of Indian maize, which in addition to milk is the only thing on which these mountain people live—thread for mending his clothes, a most primitive lamp, and a little book of prayers. Two stone benches on two sides of the fire, and a third one of wood, and a chest for keeping polenta and salt, made up all the furniture. The fire is made right on to the ground on a slightly sunken stone, and the smoke finds its way out as it can; an upright stick with a cross-bar, which swings backwards and forwards, holds the pot over the fire, and two other pots and an iron ladle hang about the place for water or milk.

The fire ablaze, and we all seated around it, Giuli ran off and returned with a large tin of foaming new milk, which he pressed us to empty again and again, saying there was plenty more: 'Drink, only drink, drink always.' Then he ran a quarter of a mile to the spring to fetch us water for our tea, and on his return kept piling the fire, and with signs (for no one except Mon. Béraneck could understand his Italian patois) entreating us to eat, drink, warm, and be merry. In vain we prayed him to come and sit beside the fire, and begged Monsieur to tell him that we could not chase him from his own hearth. If he could do nothing for us he sat upon the door-sill; if he could serve us he came to our aid.

His opinion of the weather was not favourable; the most he could say was that about eight o'clock it would be decided one way or the other, and meanwhile we must make ourselves at home with him. An hour or two later and what a discussion there was over possibilities and probabilities, what watchings of the weather, and speculations over the wind, till finally we drew lots; the longest bit of grass and we were to go up, the shortest and we were to go down. Monsieur drew—while we held our breath with anxiety—the *longest*! Then we tossed a penny—head to *go up*, and down came the head. Again heads to *go up*, and down they came again. Then we found a trefoil with four leaves at our very feet; the clouds went higher up the mountains, the good North wind undoubtedly blew, and it was decided to spend the day on the mountains and to attempt the ascent the following morning. What a day we had on those peaceful mountains; the sun blazed forth, the mists and clouds curled and whirled around, the valleys appeared and hid themselves and reappeared, the mountain tops looked ever more and more hopeful; the quiet and charm was beyond words, with only the chalet people, the cows and goats, and the tinkle of their bells. Giuli's old father came up, and between them they made polenta for us, a beautiful steaming yellow cake, which for want of a dish, they turned out on to a great white flat slab of granite sparkling with mica, and for want of a large knife, cut into slices with string, and this, with our own provisions, and abundance of milk, made one of the best dinners

we ever ate. Then there were streams to visit, sketches to make, flowers to gather, delicious grass to lie upon, inhaling draughts of fragrant air, and feasting eyes and ears on dame Nature's treasures, and all the chalet folk would see the strangers, and came and watched us, sitting quite close and examining everything about us. Giuli came too and sat with us, looking at our little guide books and studying the pictures, and then went and brought his churn full of cream, with which he had intended to make butter, and would not be content till he had made us well-nigh drink the whole of it. Again, when evening came, there was the fire for us, and fresh water fetched, and milk and cream, and polenta pressed, and the loan of his hay loft, and the offer of his only blanket would we have taken it, and when next morning we rose and started afresh and bade him adieu, and gave him our thanks, and would make just payment, he refused all payment. 'No, he had done nothing, absolutely nothing, and he would take nothing,' and away he ran on his naked feet, round the chalet to avoid us, and called to his cows to come to the mountain. Higher and higher as we mounted through mists and sunshine we still heard his voice singing and calling and the tinkle of the cow-bells, and when after a successful ascent, after charming glissades and races over snow-fields, we returned early in the afternoon past his chalet, from which he was still absent, many were the wishes we sent him, and more than one remembered the blessing and honour which was his in those words spoken so many hundreds of years ago: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me. I was hungry and ye fed Me, thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in.'

MOTHER.

A FEW WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

MOTHER! Sweet name—sweeter as we advance in life; sweeter still when all that remains to us is a grave and the remembrance.

Dear young friends, you are now, perhaps, in possession of a mother; maybe she is seated beside you as you read this. Let me say a few words to you about her. Consider, she is your first, your oldest, your truest friend, you will never have a better earthly friend; no after ties, however tender, can equal hers. Had she died when you were a baby, who do you think would have nursed, tended, watched over you as she did? And now that you are a big boy—or girl—who anticipates your wants, who cares for your pleasures, who soothes your little sorrows, who protects you from danger, who tries to screen you from disappointment, from sickness, from want of any kind, as *she* does?

A good mother is God's best blessing. He is never deaf to *her* prayers for her child, and supposing she is not a learned or, perhaps, a sensible woman—or even a very Christian woman—still she is a mother, a title which commands respect. Turn, then, dear children, from her failings to the good in her character—and all have *some* good in their nature—try not to see her weak points, shut your eyes to them, and, above all, never speak of them. Honour thy father and thy mother, think it is God who says this. Never, too, disobey her, and, oh! never, never grieve her; she has a tender, loving mother's heart, oh! do not grieve it. You know not what a day may bring forth, to-morrow her spirit may return to God, and *then*, if you have been disobedient, if you have grieved her by harsh, unkind, undutiful words or actions, these will arise in terrible force against you, and you would give all you possess to be able to unsay, undo them, or ask her forgiveness. Too late! you cannot see her tender smile, or hear her welcome pardon; you may weep bitter tears, but you know not if she sees them.

Think, too, of the love of our Lord for His mother. She was a blessed woman, still the work of His hand—flesh and blood like any other creature. Yet, see, the dear Lord and Master in the midst of the most fearful agony of body, and groaning under mental suffering such as no human being can comprehend—at such a moment He can think of *His* mother! You know how St. John tells the story of himself in the twenty-seventh verse of his Gospel: 'Then saith He to His disciple, Behold thy mother!' how readily St. John accepts the trust, 'And *that* disciple took her to his own home.'

The time will come, dear children, when the mother becomes as a little child. 'Once a man, twice a child.' This must happen to us all if we live to a great age. Bear, then, dear ones, with a mother's infirmities, weaknesses, aye, even petulances; you may come to this yourselves. So remember, 'With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.' Act towards *your* mother as you would your children should act towards you, always remembering that the time must come when your filial love can be no longer exercised.

There are few—very few—who cannot accuse themselves of some unloving act or word towards a mother—and, oh! the pain that causes, even though it be of a trivial nature. Endeavour, then, to avoid all such reproaches of conscience. Even after the mother is no longer at your side *visibly*, think of her as always near beholding each action, smiling as she sees how you still obey her, even, it may be, reading your thoughts, for who knows what power God may give to His saints? Think not that because you cannot see her she cannot see you. How much there is that the unassisted eye cannot see in creation. Look through a microscope at a drop of water, see how it teems with life; there you see insects of all kinds, can you doubt their being there because you do not see this without the microscope? And so it may be with the dear mother whom our mortal eyes cannot see beside us. But when God has taken the veil from our eyes—when we look through the microscope of our spiritual nature—then we may see that we have always been surrounded by those loved ones gone before, by saints and angels who have watched our earthly footsteps, and perhaps helped to lead us up the Jacob's ladder to our Eternal home.

ELIZA ALLEN.

ON THE 'HIGH COURT OF INJUSTICE,' 1648.

TWILIGHT drear lay over England,
 Gloomy mists obscured her sky,
 All bright days and sunny weather
 Seemed for evermore gone by.

Half the realm was plunged in sorrow,
 Half in drearier triumph lay,
 Waiting for the deadly issue
 Of their own self-chosen way.

Waiting—as the trees will cover
 Ere the storm break overhead—
 As the branches sway and shiver
 With a vague uncertain dread—

England waited dumbly, fearing
 What she knew not, till the glare
 Of the awful truth flashed on her,
 Laying the dark future bare.

All the whispering forebodings
 Burst into a thunder loud,
 And men saw the end attained to—
 Saw it, in—a Royal Shroud.

All too late the sickening horror,
 All too late th' recoiling hands;
 Winds once sown must rise in whirlwinds,
 Threads grow into iron bands.

'All too late—yet, had I known it,'
 Quoth Sir Raymond, sore dismayed,
 'I had earlier paused. Now, honour
 Summons, and must be obeyed.'

'Honour! 'tis no call of honour,'
 Cried his lady, colouring high,
 Heaving passionate breath, and dashing
 Tears from her indignant eye.

'O my husband, say not honour,
 Duty, or ought else of good,
 Calls thee to this base tribunal,
 Thirsting for the Royal Blood.'

'Nay, mine Elinor, bethink thee—
Speak not in so wild a mood.
Of the highest Court of Justice
Say not that it thirsts for blood.'

'Court of Justice! Call it rather
Court of Treason—Court of Shame!
What authority or warrant
Have they for the power they claim?

'O my Raymond!' suddenly sinking
From her height of angry scorn
To despairing tears—'O Raymond!
Better had we ne'er been born

'Than have lived to see it written—
See thy name upon that roll—
Thee among those impious judges!
Husband! peril not thy soul

'For a fancied cause of honour!'
'Tis no fancy, Elinor mine.
Truly had th' foreboding crossed me
This dread issue to divine,

'I had drawn aside and left them,
Left them while there yet was time.
Now, too late.'

'Too late! No, Raymond,
Still thou might'st defeat the crime.'

'I defeat it! Little know'st thou
Where the power really lies.
There's an iron Will in England
Which all other strength defies.

'If that Will this death determine
For the good of common weal,
'Tis a deed accomplished. Others
Have but to affix their seal.'

'Drawing thus the guilt upon them
Of the murder of their King,
While he—Pilate-like—effaces
From his hands th' unholy thing.'

'Elinor!' 'Nay, hear me, husband;
If indeed thou hast no power,
Wherefore mingle in the matter?
Draw back at the eleventh hour!'

‘See’st not, Elinor, the dishonour
Of deserting thus the men
By whose side I have fought and striven—
Though their aim I saw not then.

‘Wrong, perhaps, I was in choosing,
At the outset of the strife,
What I thought the Cause of Freedom;
But, not e’en to please thee, wife,

‘Can I now desert my party,
Leave to them this great reproach—
I have judged—No more—already
Waits for me the impatient coach.

‘Farewell, Elinor!’ Pale and trembling
Faltered she beneath her breath,
‘Raymond, bring not curses on us!
Oh! consent not to his death!’

But he, firmer in his bearing
For the warring of his heart,
Kissed her, striving to believe this
Sorrow mere frail woman’s part:

Crossed the hall with stately footsteps,
She slow following in despair,
When upon the threshold paused he,
Checked by one encountered there.

Tall and thin the reverend figure,
Round the ample forehead flow
Silvery locks of age, yet sparkles
In the eyes a quenchless glow,

High-wrought feeling, generous ardour,
Chastened by a heavenly love,
Gentle he in speech, save only
When he fearless did reprove

Vice or error. Such the Pastor.
Raymond courteous gesture made,
Shrinking somewhat—then assuming
Boldness. ‘Pardon me,’ he said.

‘I am summoned hence; my lady
Is within,’ and hastily
Strove to pass.

‘Not so, Sir Raymond,
My sole business is with thee.’

‘Urgent duty—I regret it
Should by such mischance befall.’
‘Not so urgent as the message,
Sir, that I am charged withal.’

**Grave the Pastor spake. Sir Raymond,
Wavering, paused. ‘A message?’
‘Aye,
From the Master in Whose service
I have lived, and hope to die.**

‘Long, Sir Raymond, hast thou dallied
With thy conscience, flattering still
Thine own truer judgment with the
Good to rise up out of ill.

‘ This thy creed : thou hast done evil
Hoping for a future good,
And thy life hath seemed to prosper,
Floating onward with the flood ;

‘But before thee, with a message
Straight from heaven, here I stand.
Man! against the Lord’s Anointed
Thou shalt not stretch forth thine hand.’

Solemnly, with arm uplifted,
Form dilating, eyes of flame,
Stood the man of God, pronouncing .
Warning in his Master's Name.

Then a silence fell. Sir Raymond
Mutely stood with downcast eyes,
Startled in his soul, yet striving
To recall the sophistries

Which had lulled his conscience. Something
Low he murmured of 'regret—
Were he free—but honour bound him—
Too late.' 'Nay, my son; not yet.

‘Time is given thee for repentance,
Time to turn away and flee
From this deadly sin. True honour
Can have no such claim on thee.’

‘Hear him, husband,’ Elinor whispered,
Lifting her entreating eyes;
And he paused—then steeled his bosom
With oft-pondered subtleties.

'Tis not I that pass the sentence,
 There are many on the roll.
 I a unit.' Stern the Pastor
 Answered: 'Yet on every soul

'That consents unto the murder
 Lies the guilt.'
'Thy speech is high,'
 Said Sir Raymond, 'in religion,
 But in deeds of policy

'Art thou little versed. I pray thee,
 Peace—I am resolved.'

He strode

Where the stately equipage waited,
 Bade them 'Haste upon the road—

'He was pressed for time.' A lacquey
 Held the door, his foot he placed
 On the step. The impatient horses
 Champed the bit, and, fiery-paced,

Pawed the ground.

Why stays Sir Raymond?
 Why draws back with quailing glance?

Straight before the unruly horses
 See the aged priest advance.

Straight before them, calm and fearless,
 See the reverend figure stand,
 Bared his milk-white locks,—upraised
 In one last appeal, his hand.

Now he speaks: 'My message slighted,
 And my counsel turned aside,
 One thing more I have to offer
 'Gainst thy will's relentless tide.

'One frail shield wherewith to shelter
 From thy sword the anointed breast—
 'Tis my life, and through that only
 Shall thou pass upon this quest.

'Only over my dead body
 Shall the regicide go forth.
 Heavenly Father, Thou Who reignest,
 Howsoe'er unquiet the earth,

'Whose all-merciful Hand can guide us,
When all chaos seems, and dim.
Lord, if this be death, O pardon
Me; yea, Lord, and pardon *him*.'

On his knees the prayer he uttered,
Then low in the chariot's way
Laid him down. The plunging horses
Scarce the restraining hands obey.

Awful is the moment; women,
Crowding to the door in fear,
Shriek in horror as the trampling
Of the iron-shod hoofs they hear.

Sinks the lady down, half swooning,
Raymond stands as rooted there,
Till, as from a trance awakened,
Springs he forward—bending where

Lies that form. 'Rise, father, do not
Shame me thus,' he said—then failed
Into faltering words—'I go *not*.
Noble heart! thou hast prevailed.'

C. M. PREVOST.

* * The above story is founded on fact.

THE LENDING LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND.

BY MISS M. V. PRIDEAUX.

THERE are many people who owe the greater part of their intellectual enjoyment and development to the daily help of a good circulating library, and who feel that it is one of the things that they would most miss if they could no longer have access to it. It is hoped that some of these may be interested in reading a short account of the only library in the United Kingdom for giving the same pleasure and help to the blind.

Till quite lately the literature printed for the blind was extremely limited in range and extent. Besides the Bible, it consisted almost exclusively of religious books; and even these, owing to their cost, were out of reach of the poor. Thus those who most need to have their minds widened and occupied, were cut off from almost the only means by which they could share in the thoughts and interests of the world. The rich blind have friends at leisure to read and talk to them, but the blind poor often have to pass long hours in lonely darkness while their friends are away at work; and for these the need of books is a pressing one. Most of them are taught to read the embossed type at one or other of the Schools for the Blind; but till the establishment of the Lending Library there was no means of giving them a constant supply of books at their own homes. Those who lived near one of the societies for helping the blind could have an occasional volume; but the large majority, who live in the country or small towns, were unprovided with reading.

Some impulse was indeed given to the literature for the blind by the introduction into England, a few years ago, of the Braille system of raised type. This system is already well known to many people through Miss Gordon-Cumming's interesting account of its adaptation, with excellent success, for the use of the blind in China.* For those who have not heard of it, it may be explained that the system is one of raised dots, each letter being represented by a different number or arrangement of these dots; and that it has one great advantage which makes it superior to every other system of raised type, viz.: that it can be written by hand by the blind themselves. By it the blind can correspond with each other; and moreover it opens to them an entirely new industry, for unless several copies of a book are required, it is cheaper to have it hand-written than printed.

This system led to the production of a greater variety of embossed

* See 'Wanderings in China,' by Miss Gordon-Cumming.

books ; but it did not meet the need of a regular supply of books for the poor.

The Lending Library is the result of personal experience of the mental hunger caused by want of books. Miss Arnold, to whose energy and self-denial its foundation was mainly due, has been blind from childhood. She was first a pupil, and afterwards a teacher, at the School for the Blind in Avenue Road. She felt the evil of the monotony and insufficiency of the reading provided for the blind ; and when, about five years ago, the family interests ceased which had previously occupied her, it occurred to her that she might do good if she could buy a few books and lend them out for a small subscription to the blind poor in the neighbourhood. She was encouraged in the idea by a friend whose own sympathies had been turned in the same direction. This lady interested her friends in the project, and collected among them sufficient money to begin the work. A grant was also obtained from the funds of 'Gardner's Trust for the Blind': books were bought, and a small room was hired as a library.

From this time the Library has been the object of Miss Arnold's life. She has given up to it the time that she formerly spent in fancy-work, to supplement the small pension which is her only income. In order to increase the stock of books at small cost, she works early and late at writing out new books in the Braille type, and in correcting those written out by others to whom she has taught the system. The lady who joined with Miss Arnold in forming the Library, has been no less devoted to its welfare. She undertook the difficult task of raising money for it, and for a long while carried on all the correspondence connected with it ; and though she cannot now give so much of her time to it, her interest in it is unabated.

They have been rewarded by seeing the success of their work and its steady growth. As it became more known, and a few subscriptions came in, they were able to buy more books, and to hire a larger room for them. The Library now contains about 1000 volumes, in the Braille, Lucas, and Moon types : it includes standard works of history, biography, poetry, and fiction, and it provides a constant supply of books to the blind in all parts of England. It is especially appreciated by members who live in the country, out of reach of any of the societies for helping the blind ; and letters are constantly received, expressing gratitude for the enjoyment and brightness which it has brought into these isolated lives. One tells of how a blind girl, living in one of the mining districts of the Black Country, is able to read aloud to her mother in the evening ; another, of the knowledge and enlightenment which the books have given to a man who never saw a ray of physical light.

But the work increases faster than the means to carry it on, and the difficulty of meeting the expenses causes constant anxiety to those engaged in the management of the Library. As its chief object is to benefit the poor, the subscription required from them is very

small—only 4s. 4d. a year; and most of the members belong to this class. The excellence of the Library has attracted some richer members, but even these pay only 10s. 6d. a year; and some of the Blind Schools also take advantage of it, and get a large supply of books for an almost nominal yearly subscription.

The Library has done its good work quietly, and has been mainly supported by the time and money of the small circle who helped to found it in the first instance. Those who have watched its development now desire to make it more publicly known, so that it may be able to extend its work.

It is in fact a National institution, and has a claim on all who are interested in the welfare of the blind. There are doubtless many blind people among the rich, who, if they only knew of the existence of the Library, would contribute gladly and liberally to the support of an institution which confers so great a benefit on their poorer brothers and sisters.

It is also much to be wished that the Committees of the various Schools for the Blind would combine to make a substantial yearly grant to the Library. Those schools which subscribe to it are saved the expense of increasing their own libraries; and it is scarcely fair that they should take advantage of it without helping it in the work for which it was primarily founded. Such a combined grant would scarcely be felt by the funds of each school, and it would greatly lessen the anxieties connected with the Library if it could have a small fixed income secured to it instead of having to depend entirely on fluctuating subscriptions.

The slender resources of the Library are, at present, strained to the utmost. Besides the outlay for rent, fire, light, and materials, there are two sources of expense for which help is urgently needed:—

1. *The Carriage Fund.*—There are many members who can afford the small yearly subscription, but cannot pay for the carriage of their books. For these members the carriage is paid one way, so far as the funds of the Library will admit; but some members are too poor to pay even the return carriage, and unless the 'Carriage Fund' can be increased, these members must be deprived of the benefits of the Library. The embossed volumes are bulky, so that the carriage of them is a heavy expense.

2. *The Payment of Blind Copyists.*—The Library will do double good if it can be made a source of remunerative work to the blind. If only the necessary money were forthcoming, a large number of copyists could be kept constantly employed; but at present only a very small amount can be expended in this way, and the copying is done by voluntary helpers.

The Library has now been removed to larger quarters, at 114, Belsize Road, N.W., about five minutes' walk from the Swiss Cottage station on the Metropolitan Railway. If any who have been interested in reading its history will pay it a visit, Miss Arnold will

be very glad to give them a more detailed account of its work and needs than can be done in a short sketch.

In conclusion it may be added that until the funds of the Library will admit of the employment of blind copyists, it is a great help if any one will volunteer to copy new books. The Braille writing is easy to learn and pleasant to do, and Miss Arnold is always glad to teach it to those who are willing to help the Library in this way.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

(AWAY FROM HOME.)

ONLY in imagining
Can I come a-Mothering,
So my violets must bring
All my love to thee,
Dearest Mother, hear them sing
Fervent *Amo Te*.

TERRA-COTTA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

CHELSEA CHINA has just discovered that no question was printed in December. It is not surprising, therefore, that nobody sent any answers. This unfortunate fact has set the debates a little out of order, as, expecting answers to the December question to come in, Chelsea China set no fresh one for February. The question was, 'Are the effects of Gossip always mischievous?' and it will be repeated for March.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Lamda has certainly raised a storm. Besides the answer of *Spermologos*, already printed, Chelsea China has since received ardent defences of a country life from *Rabbit*, *Grasshopper*, *Country Mouse*, *Wood*, *Moderate Man*, 'A Dweller in the South Countrie,' *Apathy*, *Great Grandmother*, *The Muffin Man*, *D. W. S.*, *T. C. E.*, *Toujours royal*, *Scevola*, *C. B.*

The gist of them all has been pretty much anticipated by *Spermologos*' paper in the February number. It has sometimes seemed as if the debaters were too much of one mind to get up a lively discussion; but there appears to be something in this subject which has aroused the most ardent party spirit. *Lamda* stated her case with some warmth, and the contempt of the country mice for the lovers of town is considerable. Yet it appears to Chelsea China that the question depends so very much on circumstances, that it really has no universal answer. The writers who have assumed the power of going to London at pleasure—and of commanding all the society to be found in a country neighbourhood,—really beg the question. The fact remains that there are many families of small means, and more or less gentle birth and breeding, scattered about in country places, whose lives suffer much loss from the solitude in which they live; and it is not during the eager active years of life that primroses and sunsets offer an equivalent to congenial companionships, and the chance of rubbing minds together. The love of nature, as distinguished from the admiration of fine scenery, gives most people more or less pleasure: it makes childhood happy, and adds much to the peace of old age; but it is only to very exceptional temperaments that, at any rate in youth and middle life, it takes the place of other sources of satisfaction.

The isolation of some clerical families, and still more of other professional folk, in remote country places, is unlike that of any other class. A village girl in the country has plenty of equal

companionship ; the daughter of the great country house can, at any rate, command it at intervals ; but for the intermediate class it is almost non-existent, and Chelsea China does not feel called upon to protest that, in such cases, the preference of town over country life is *not* the mark of an inferior character.

She gives *Grasshopper's* lively picture of the life of an intellectual family in the country, but all families are not intellectual ; nor are Cambridge honour-men part of the society of all country neighbourhoods.

For people favourably situated, it is no doubt far easier to bring London interests into the country, than to enjoy country pleasures in London. The country is not without human interest, nor London without natural beauty. But, just as *artists* find so much to admire in London sunsets, street vistas, and views in the park, is it not clever intellectual folk who can find occupations and interests in the dullest and smallest place ? It was Turner who found endless beauty in the Thames at Chelsea ; it takes the power of observation shown in *Spermologos'* letter to find joy in every tit and starling, and at the same time to keep hold of interests, out of sight in the busy world of men.

One other observation on the papers Chelsea China would like to make. Is it quite true to speak of pictures, and art in general as 'only the work of man,' when the mind to conceive, and the hand to execute, is so entirely the gift of God ? And surely English country, as we see it, is pretty much the work of man too, following the command to 'replenish the earth and subdue it.'

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

You ask for some definite defence of a country as opposed to a London life. I dare say you have received one ; but, in case you have not done so, the country shall not be left unchampioned.

What would *Lamda* think of the scattered village of 150 inhabitants where, with the exception of two years spent at school, I have lived from babyhood ? We have not even a post-office, and, till a short time ago, were nine miles from a railway station. Yet we feel quite indignant at the suggestion of our living in 'stagnation, busy-idleness, and gossip !' Stagnation makes us think of a dirty green pond, devoted to ducks and green weeds. We flatter ourselves we are more like quiet streams, slower, but not shallower than our rivals.

And how can we gossip when we have no neighbours to gossip with, and, for six months of the year, our sole society is in our book-cases ? While Londoners are talking with the great men of the day, we are listening to Cicero and Shakspeare—much more old-fashioned personages, of course, but none the less worth knowing, for that.

Nor do we waste half so much time at home as in our occasional

visits to London, when we have to brush our dusty clothes at least five times a day, and put on clean collars nearly as often. Dear me! I sometimes think if I were sent to live in London I should be tempted to run away!

I wish to be quite fair, and the Londoners have advantages which we country people miss; they have Albert-Hall concerts, National-Gallery masterpieces, and foreign teachers with whom to talk in various languages. But, then, we also have advantages of which they are deprived, and which—*me judice*—are quite as great.

For by outlet and advantages I conclude we mean those which are connected with the great work of life.

And that work should be—should it not?—to raise the world and ourselves, and *make both worth as much as we can*. People often talk, nowadays, of improving the world, and forget to improve themselves. But we are all, even to ourselves, a part of the world—that special part for which we are most responsible—and it is dreadfully presumptuous to think we can lift others to points our own feet have not yet reached.

How are we to make ourselves 'worth much'? By not living in 'Flatland,' but in a world of three dimensions, of which the 'length and breadth and height' must stretch as far as possible. We want loftiness of character, depth of sensation, and width of intelligent knowledge.

I would rather not speak much of Character, here, for its chief strength and beauty are Holiness; and we know that all steadfast climbers may make ladders of *everything* that comes in their way.

But I protest against the idea that London is the only place for training our intellectual faculties. *Lamda* suggests that we want lectures for scientific work, and that we cannot get them at home. Yes, we can. All the best lectures we read in print, and we don't mind missing the worst ones. And then what splendid opportunities we have for study! In our long winter afternoons and evenings no one ever comes to disturb us; and while townspeople are at countless soirées and dances, we can use our telescopes or prisms in peace. And we have another great advantage when we are stopped by knotty points in mathematics or Greek grammar. We *have* to solve them for ourselves, which both impresses them on our minds, and is splendid practice for our reasoning powers. Londoners are generally told what they want on the spot, while we must find a solution, or wait for it; for we can be told it by waiting. We have plenty of Cambridge honour-men in our out-of-the-way part of the world.

And then I must say something of sensation—using the word as Ruskin uses it in 'Sesame and Lilies,' and including in it Sympathy, Imagination, Emotion, and keen perception and assimilation of the Beautiful. If all these were strong and rightly directed, how mighty they would make us!

Of course, as regards 'society,' we have but a narrow field for sympathy with our fellow-men and women; but there are our village-people whom we know so well that they are like the outside circle of our own family. And then we have endless animals and birds and insects who will teach us all about themselves, if we like, so that we can feel quite affectionate, which, I am sure, does our hearts a great deal of good. One can't make such friendships in London; the sparrows are too impertinent, and the insects are always black beetles.

Again, in London, you 'cultivate' your sense of the Beautiful at theatres, art galleries, and concerts. We are wanting in those, but we have alternatives as good or—as *I* think—better. Have you heard the night wind moan through the trees, or walked past the black trunks in the moonlight? Have you watched the sun set over purple hills or autumn beeches turning gold? Or have you sauntered in summer through the heart of the woods, treading on moss and flowers as you walked, and looked up past a trembling tracery of branches to a sky that is filled with light? The mysterious influences of scenes like these are some of the strongest in our lives, and the quiet and solitude of a country home makes us more ready for their reception. We are often 'receiving' such thoughts and emotions in our lonely drives through the lanes when we go to pay 'that distant call which takes the whole afternoon.' Perhaps we have been reading Browning or Faber, and the silence helps their words to work in us. If we went straight from our books to some active work, half of what we had read would fade away. And how I do pity you poor Londoners in winter, when the snow turns our gardens into fairy-lands. You see it only on the roofs of your neighbours' houses—which look too dirty to live in, by contrast—or, worse still, in a state of unutterable ugliness, compounded with mud in the streets.

And I always feel frantic if I happen to be in town on a frosty starlight night, and long to put out all those flaring gas-lamps which are everywhere in the way and are trying hard to make Sirius look no bigger than the tip of the Great Bear's tail. Ah! you don't know what January skies can be like where nothing is shining but the stars.

And may I say one thing more, for I really can't acquiesce in your 'superior independence'? In the country I walk out in a dress of 1883, which I must not do in Hyde Park, and, if tired, I sit and rest on the hedge, which I cannot do in Regent Street.

No, *Lamda*, it is no use your trying to persuade us that London can compare with the country, and, even if you did so, it would be all to no purpose, for

'A woman convinced against her will
Is of the same opinion, still.'

GRASSHOPPER.

I forgot to say that if we want something for dinner which is not procurable within four miles, we generally manage to do without it, or to make necessity the mother of invention.

‘Is Personal Religion helped or hindered by the organisation and mechanical work of religious societies?’

Town and country has taken up so much space that Chelsea China only proposes to give two of the many very good papers which have reached her on this more practical topic, reserving the rest, with any others that may be sent in, for next month. She would like to point out that the question deals not only with societies founded for exclusively religious ends, but with the religious side of those which have also a benevolent object. And also, that there are in such societies the religious observances enforced on those who enter them to help others, and the religious observances of those who come in to be helped. There are the workers, and the worked upon. The question was not intended to apply in the first instance to the conventual life, as one writer has apparently understood it.

Papers waiting to be considered next month—*Felicitas, Elcaan, Rudge, Enid, Alma, Lucciola.*

The answer, as usual, seems to be dependent on the condition and natural tendencies of the subject. It seems to me that people whose religious life is very elementary, and those where it has taken a highly mystic and spiritual line, might find the mechanical work and organisation of societies useful; the one as definite work, the other as a discipline; and there are those to whom incapacity for abstract thought might make them helpful all through their course. But given the ordinary run of people whose personal religion is real and growing, I think the danger of mechanicalness which they encourage is a very real one, and requires a great deal of spiritual force to overcome. Just as in all languages there is a tendency to drop syllables and letters which give trouble to pronounce (French makes *comblor* out of *cumulare*, just as the British middle-class makes *fam'ly* out of *family*), so there is in the religious life a natural inertia which is apt to drop the spirit and rest upon the machinery. Of course it is much better for the world that the machinery should be there to go on with if the spirit is dropped for a time, than that we should all perpetually be in a state of beginning things or dropping them according to our spiritual sensations; but for the individual it might be better in many cases the other way. However bad it may be to think too much of our feelings, modified as they are by nerves, physical conditions, etc., it surely is worse to be content *never* to have any

conscious religious feeling at all ; and the danger of too much religious machinery in our lives is that many people make it their exclusive object, which is like carving the poles of the scaffolding instead of working at the building. Pharisaism is, of course, the greatest historical instance of this spirit carried to excess.

X. Y. Z.

Guilds and all religious societies appear to me to depend for their efficiency so much on personal influence that they seem almost to resolve themselves into a mechanical means of extending it, a sort of telegraph to convey it beyond the immediate circle. Where the head of the guild, whether man or woman, has a great personality, he or she impresses it on the members, and the kind of organisation is comparatively unimportant. Directly this influence, which is of course great, relatively as well as absolutely, is outgrown, or is removed, the real power of the association over the soul seems to fail, and the attachment to it becomes merely a thing of custom. The Church is a great guild for extending a Personal influence that can never fail. The question seems to be—do the smaller ones realise this, or obscure it?

UNDINE.

QUESTION FOR MARCH.

‘Is Gossip ever beneficial, rather than mischievous?’

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher, before April 1st.

A MEMORIAL TO ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THIS is explained in the following statement by Margaret Stokes:—

I believe you will all feel with me that a lasting memorial is due to Archbishop Trench, and will not be the less willing to work for the object because that memorial is raised in Ireland. Ireland was, indeed, the field of his archiepiscopal labours, but not of his sole, or even of his greatest, literary work. He came to Ireland in 1864, but from 1835 he laboured here in London or its neighbourhood. Then his first work, 'The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems,' appeared. This was succeeded in 1838 by 'Sabbation,' 'Honor Neale,' and other poems. In 1845–46 he was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, and one of the select preachers, when, in his series on the 'Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom,' he dealt with many problems which have since arisen in thoughtful minds in a way that shows him to have been in advance of his time. About this time also we have 'Elegiac Poems,' 'Notes on the Miracles of our Lord,' and 'Notes on the Parables of our Lord,'* 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' and a 'Commentary on the Second Chapter of St. Matthew.'

When Dr. Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford, he appointed Dr. Trench his examining chaplain, and he became Theological Professor and Examiner, at King's College, and in 1856 was preferred to the Deanery of Westminster. In 1850 he lectured at Winchester Diocesan Training Schools on the Study of Words; and these lecture teachers of all grades have found so invaluable an aid, that the introduction of the volume was recommended as a necessity in all normal schools. In this work 'the pedigree of our vocabulary is so traced, as to make the reader appreciate the delight of following the history of an ancient and romantic family; and a subject which, in the case of most writers, is dry, is enlivened with poetic feeling, anecdote, and a charming style.' This was followed by a volume on the 'Lessons in Proverbs,' 'Synonyms of the New Testament,' 'Alma, and other Poems,' 'English, Past and Present'—five lectures containing virtually a series of lessons on language—an essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon, and a treatise on some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries. He was one of the editors of the New Commentary on the Bible, and the Philological Society (of which he was a Vice-President) intrusted him, in conjunction with an Etymological Committee, with the preparation of a new English Dictionary.

Among other works none are more important than that on 'St. Augustine as an interpreter of Scripture,' and a volume entitled,

* There are few theological works more widely known than these two volumes to the clergy of all denominations; and directly, or indirectly, they have diffused among the laity also valuable teaching.

Studies on the Gospels'; and in conclusion we may mention also his 'Lectures on Gustavus Adolphus,' and the 'Household Book of English Poetry,' probably the best selection of the kind ever made.

The mere list of the subjects of his works, all of which he treated with a master's hand, shows how broad and wide was the field occupied by his accomplished mind.

From the day when the scene of his labours was changed to Dublin in the year 1864, to that, twenty-one years later, when, in consequence of broken health, he resigned the Archbishopric, his influence, and that of his household, was as leaven, informing all elements of society that came within their sphere, with earnest pursuit of good; and throughout the crucial experiences of the Irish Church, after its disestablishment, as the Synod have recorded, it attained its present stable and peaceful condition, in large measure, through the gentle wisdom, learning, and liberality of the Archbishop.

Having been among the foremost leaders of the movement for the Higher Education of Women in England, and one of the founders of Queen's College in London, it was felt by His Grace, on his first coming to Ireland, to be a matter of paramount importance that he should carry on the same work there. He was virtually the Founder, and continued, till his death, the wise adviser and supporter of Alexandra College. And this leads us to the second point for your consideration—as to the form which the Memorial is to take: that of a foundation of two Trench Scholarships in this Institute.

Alexandra College was founded in 1866, and the average number of students since then has been 210. No student is admitted under the age of fifteen. It was felt desirable to prepare girls from their earliest years, by careful elementary instruction, for the more advanced studies of the College; and therefore in 1873 a school was established by the Council and Committee of Education of Alexandra College, its average number of scholars in the year being 160. As this School and the College receive day scholars only, Residence houses have been provided close to the College for scholars from the Provinces of Ireland; and some of the cleverest girls I have seen have been among the daughters of the country clergymen or physicians from the wildest parts of Kerry or the north of Ireland. Many of the ladies educated here have been successful candidates in the examinations of the Royal University of Ireland, where there is open competition for both sexes.

The College is mainly self-supporting, and has been carried on from the beginning without support, either of endowment or bequest. The sum of £400 has been raised within the last month in Dublin towards this Memorial; but it will require £2000, at least, to found the proposed scholarships.

Had the advantages I have enumerated as afforded by this College, been thrown open to the women of Ireland half a century sooner,

they would have been better prepared to meet the disastrous ruin that has come upon them in late years, and we should have been spared the humiliation of seeing so many of our countrywomen—ladies by birth and position—pleaded for as objects of charity.

The Editor of the 'Monthly Packet' will gladly receive subscriptions.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Questions for March.

9. What may we gather from the Epistle of Pliny the Younger to Trajan, and from the Emperor's reply. *a.* Of the usages of the Christians. *β.* Of the attitude of the Roman world towards them.

10. Relate the history of the Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons under Aurelius.

11. Give a short account of the Flavian Amphitheatre; the Thundering Legion; the Catacombs.

12. A Life of St. Ignatius (avoiding at present all criticism on his Epistles).

Answers to be sent in to the Publishers by April 1st.

Subscriptions have been received from *Alert, Bracken, Edina, Thistle, Marjoram, Ivy, Golden Saxifrage, Papaver, Dog Violet, Hazelnut, Erica, Nero, Ierne, Carlotta, De Maura, Hegesippus, West Penwith, Mac, P. P. C., Wylmcote, Quintin, King Cole, Etheldreda, Hoffnung, Charissa, Speranza, Fidelia, Vorwärts, Καθολικος, Dummie, Excelsior, Charissa, Mu Sigma, Kappa* (Bessborough Road, who is requested either to change her name, or to sign herself "*Kappa II.*"), *Ima, Millstone, Calamus, Atramentum?, Holland, Pet Lamb, J. Pen, Foolscap, Buttered Toast, Countess, Regina, Hedge Sparrow, Water Wagtail, Robin, Mouse, and Budgerigar.*

Veritas is requested to send her address, as her order is useless until signed by the person to whom it is made out.

Kappa and *Bluebell* are quite welcome to send subscriptions later.

The correspondent who asked about the 'Symbol of the Apostles' is informed that there are only ten, because a piece of the symbol has been broken off.

Answers that do not reach the Publishers, at latest on the 1st, are disqualified.

BOG-OAK.

Notices to Correspondents.

Jan. 16.—Dean Kitchen's History is excellent, but does not go beyond Louis XI. Masson's 'Abridgement of Guizot's History of France' is good. Aunt Charlotte's 'History of France' (Marcus Ward) might be what you want; also Aunt Charlotte's 'History of Rome,' of the same series, and rather more advanced, Miss Sewell's 'History of Rome' (Longmans).

A. K. N.—The events of intervening years are left to imagination.

H.—'Meditations before and after Holy Communion' (Parker), 'Steps to the Altar,' 'The Bread of Life' (Mowbray), all small inexpensive books. Whitaker's 'Daily Round' includes the Saints' days.

Can any correspondent give the meaning and derivation of 'drang,' a term applied in Devon to side streets?

In answer to your correspondent *Anon*, *E. L. I.* begs to enclose the words of an old song, author and composer unknown to her.

SWEET HOME.

'The dearest spot on earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home.
The fairy land I long to see
Is Home, sweet Home.
There, how charmed the sense of hearing,
There, where love is so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering
As Home, sweet Home.
The dearest place on earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home, etc.

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My Home, sweet Home.
I've learnt to look with lover's eyes
On Home, sweet Home.
There, where vows are truly plighted,
There, where hearts are so united,
All the world besides I've slighted
For Home, sweet Home.'

Will those interested in children send a small contribution towards making the little convalescents' playground fit for their use? Helpless and crippled children are often sent to the Home, who are unable to get down to the sea and enjoy the pleasures of the beach. The playground, so essential for these poor little ones, has the advantage of sea and down air, and would be a delightful place for them if only sufficient funds can be obtained to get it into proper order. Contributions will be thankfully received by Miss FINNEY, at St. John's Home, Kemptown, Brighton.

The *Rev. A. Rawson* will be much obliged if the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet' will kindly insert in the March number a paragraph thanking the correspondents who have kindly replied to Mr. Rawson's wish for information as to curious signboards. He is obliged to make use of this mode of conveying his thanks, as many replies are from anonymous writers.

Some years ago, many readers of the 'Monthly Packet' kindly subscribed to redeem a native of Madagascar from slavery, by name John Shirley. They will be glad to hear that he is doing well as a free Catechist and schoolmaster, and may perhaps be ordained. Will any who have been interested in him contribute to place his little daughter at Miss Lawrence's school?

Chelsea China's quotation of 'Abra was ready,' etc., was composed by Matthew Prior, who was born near Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, in 1664, and is taken from his longest poem, 'Solomon,' which was considered to be his best production.

'Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra—she so was called—did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I called her name,
And though I called another, Abra came.
Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well.'

The remainder of the poem is too long to be inserted as an answer to a correspondent.

DIDO.

In the January number of 'Monthly Packet' quotation was asked for 'Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.' This is from Lord Tennyson's 'Wages,' a short poem in the original edition of 'The Holy Grail,' etc., commencing—

'Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song.'

C. W. HOLDICH.

The Monthly Packet.

APRIL, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVI.

It seemed to be a very long time before the inquest was over, and Aunt Jane had almost yielded to her niece's impatience and her own, and consented to walk down to meet the intelligence, when Fergus came tearing in, 'I've seen the rock, and there is a flaw of crystallization in it! And the coroner-man called me an incipient geologist.'

'But the verdict?'

'They said it was accidental death, and something about more care being taken and valuable lives endangered.'

'And Alexis White——'

'Oh! there was a great bother about his not being there. They said it looked very bad; but they could not find him.'

'Not find him! Oh! Where is Cousin Rotherwood?'

'He is coming home, and he said I might run on, and tell you that if you had time to come in to the hotel he would tell you about it.'

With which invitation Miss Mohun hastened to comply; Gillian was ardent to come too, and it seemed cruel to prevent her; but, besides that Jane thought that her cousin might be tired enough to make his wife wish him to see as few people as possible; she was not sure that Gillian might not show suspicious agitation, and speech and action would not be free in her presence. So the poor girl was left to extract what she could from her little brother, which did not amount to much.

It was a propitious moment, for Jane met Lord Rotherwood at the door of the hotel, parting with Mr. White; she entered with him, and his wife, after satisfying herself that he was not the worse for his exertions, was not sorry that he should have his cousin to keep him quiet in his easy chair while she went off to answer a pile of letters which had just been forwarded from home.

‘Well, Jenny,’ he said, ‘I am afraid your *protégé* does not come out of it very well; that is, if he is your *protégé*. He must be an uncommonly foolish young man.’

‘I reserve myself on that point. But is it true that he never appeared?’

‘Quite true.’

‘Didn’t they send for him?’

‘Yes; but he could not be found, either at the works or at home. However, the first might be so far accounted for, since he met at his desk a notice of dismissal from White and Stebbing.’

‘No! Really. Concocted at that unlucky dinner yesterday! But, of course, it was not immediate.’

‘Of course not, and perhaps something might have been done for him; but a man who disappears condemns himself.’

‘But what for? I hope Fergus explained that the stone was not near the spot when he showed it.’

‘Yes, Fergus spoke up like a little man, and got more credit than he deserved. If they had known that of all varieties of boys the scientific is the worst imp of mischief! It all went in order due—surgeon explained injuries to poor little being—men how the stone came down and they dug him out—poor little baby-sister made out her sad little story. That was the worst part of all. Something must be done for that child— orphanage or something—only unluckily there’s the father and mother. Poor father! he is the one to be pitied. I mean to get at him without the woman. Well, then came my turn, and how I am afflicted with the habit of going where I ought not, and, only by a wonderful mercy, was saved from being part of the general average below. Then we got to the inquiry, were not dangerous places railed off? Yes, Stebbing explained that it was the rule of the firm to have the rocks regularly inspected once a month, and once a fortnight in winter and spring, when the danger is greater. If they were ticklish, the place was marked at the moment with big stones, reported and railed off. An old foreman-sort of fellow swore to having detected the danger, and put stones. He had reported it. To whom? To Mr. Frank. Yes, he thought it was Mr. Frank, just before he went away. It was this fellow’s business to report it and send the order, it seems, and in his absence Alexander White, or whatever they call him, took his work. Well, the old man doesn’t seem to know whether he mentioned the thing to young White or not, which made his absence more unlucky; but, any way, the presence of the stones was supposed to be a sufficient indication of the need of the rail, or to any passenger to avoid the place. In fact, if Master White had been energetic, he would have seen to the thing. I fancy that is the long and short of it. But when the question came how the stones came to be removed, I put Fergus forward. The foreman luckily could identify his stone by the precious crack of spar; and the boy explained how he had lugged it

down, and showed it to his friend far away from its place—had, in fact, turned over and displaced all the lot.'

'Depend upon it, Alexis has gone out of the way to avoid accusing Fergus!'

'Don't make me start, it hurts; but do you really believe that, Jane—you, the common-sense female of the family?'

'Indeed I do; he is a romantic, sensitive sort of fellow, who would not defend himself at the boy's expense.'

'When! He might have stood still and let Fergus defend him, then, instead of giving up his own cause.'

'And how did it end?'

'Accidental death, of course, couldn't be otherwise; but censure on the delay and neglect of precaution, which the common opinion of the Court naturally concentrated on the absent; though, no doubt, the first omission was young Stebbing's; but owing to the hurry of his start for Italy, that was easily excused. And even granting that Fergus did the last bit of mischief, your friend may be romantically generous, if you please; but he must have been very slack in his work.'

'Poor fellow—yes. Now before I tell you what I know about him I should like to hear how Mr. Stebbing represents him. You know his father was a lieutenant in the Royal Wardours.'

'Risen from the ranks, a runaway cousin of White's. Yes, and there's a son in a lawyer's office always writing to White for money.'

'Oh! I never had much notion of that eldest——'

'They have no particular claim on White; but when the father died, he wrote to Stebbing to give those that were old enough occupation at the works, and see that the young ones got educated.'

'So he lets the little boys go to the National school, though there's no great harm in that as yet.'

'He meant to come and see after them himself, and find out what they are made of. But, meantime this youth, who did well at first, is always running after music and nonsense of all kinds, thinking himself above his business, neglecting right and left; while as to the sister, she is said to be very clever at designing—both ways in fact—so determined to draw young Stebbing in, that, having got proof of it at last, they have dismissed her too. And, Jane, I hardly like to tell you, but somehow they mix Gillian up in the business. They ate it up again, when I cut them short by saying she was my cousin, her mother and you like my sisters. I am certain it is all nonsense, but had you any notion of any such thing? It is insulting you, though to suppose you had not,' he added, as he saw her air of acquiescence; 'so, of course, it is all right.'

'It is not all right, but not so wrong as all that. Oh, no! and I know all about it from poor Gill herself and the girl. Happily they are both too good girls to need prying. Well, the case is this. There was a quarrel about a love story between the two original Whites, who must both have had a good deal of stuff in them. Dick ran away,

enlisted, rose and was respected by Jasper, etc.; but was married to a Greco-Hibernian wife, traditionally very beautiful, poor woman, though rather the reverse at present. Lily and her girls did their best for the young people with good effect on the eldest girl, who really in looks and ways is worthy of her Muse's name, Kalliope. Father had to retire with rank of captain, and died shortly after. Letters failed to reach the Merrifields, who were on the move. This Quarry cousin was written to, and gave the help he described to you. Perhaps it was just, but it disappointed them, and while the father lived, Alexis had been encouraged to look to getting to the University and Holy Orders. He has a good voice, and the young curate at the Kennel patronised him; perhaps a little capriciously, but I am not quite sure. All this was unknown to me till the Merrifield children came, and Gillian, discovering these Whites, flew upon them in the true enthusiastic Lily-fashion, added to the independence of the modern maiden mistrustful of old cats of aunts. Like a little goose, she held trystes with Kalliope, through the rails at the top of the garden on Sunday afternoons.'

'Only Kalliope!'

'*Celà va sans dire.* The brother was walking the young ones on the cliffs whence she had been driven by the attentions of Master Frank Stebbing. Poor thing, she is really beautiful enough to be a misfortune to her, and so is the youth—Maid of Athens, Irish eyes, plus intellect. Gill lent books, and by-and-by volunteered to help the lad with his Greek.'

'Wheu——'

'Just as she would teach a night-school class. She used to give him lessons at his sister's office. I find that as soon as Kalliope found it was unknown to me, she protested, and did all in her power to prevent it, but Gillian had written all to her mother, and thought that sufficient.'

'And Lily—? Victoria would have gone crazy—supposing such a thing possible,' he added, *sotto voce*.

'Lily was probably crazy already between her sick husband and her bridal daughters, for she answered nothing intelligible. However, absence gave time for reflection, and Gillian came home after her visits, convinced by her own good sense and principle that she had not acted fairly towards us; so that of her own accord, the first thing she did was to tell me the whole, and how much the sister had always objected. She was quite willing that I should talk it over with Kalliope before she went near them again, but I have never been able really to do so.'

'Then it was all Greek and—"Lilyism!" Lily's grammar over again, eh?'

'On her side, purely so—but I am afraid she did upset the boy's mind. He seems to have been bitterly disappointed at what must have appeared like neglect and offence—and oh! you know how silly

youths can be—and he had Southern blood too, poor fellow, and he went mooning and moping about, I am afraid really not attending to his business, and instead of taking advantage of the opening young Stebbing's absence gave him of showing his abilities, absolutely gave them the advantage against him, by letting them show him up as an idle fellow.'

'Or worse. Stebbing talked of examining the accounts, to see if there were any deficiency.'

'That can be only for the sake of prejudicing Mr. White—they cannot really suspect him.'

'If not, it was very good acting, and Stebbing appears to me just the man to suspect a parson's pet, and a lady's—as he called this unlucky fellow.'

'Ask any of the workmen, ask Mr. Flight.'

'Well, I wish he had come to the front. It looks bad for him, and your plea, Jenny, is more like Lily than yourself.'

'Thank you, I had rather be like Lily than myself.'

'And you are equally sure that the sister is maligned?'

'Quite sure—on good evidence—the thing is how to lay it all before Mr. White, for you see these Stebbings evidently want to prevent him from taking to his own kindred—you must help me, Rotherwood.'

'When I am convinced,' he said. 'My dear Jenny, I beg your pardon, I have an infinite respect for your sagacity, but allow me to observe, though your theory holds together, still it has rather an ancient and fish-like smell.'

'I only ask you to investigate, and make him do so. Listen to any one who knows, to any one but the Stebbings, and you will find what an admirable girl the sister is, and that the poor boy is perfectly blameless of anything but being forced into a position for which he was never intended, and of all his instincts rebelling.'

They were interrupted by the arrival of the doctor, whom Lady Rotherwood had bound over to come and see whether her husband was the worse for his exertions. He came in apologising most unnecessarily for his tardiness. And in the midst of Miss Mohun's mingled greeting and farewell, she stood still to hear him say that he had been delayed by being called in to that poor woman, Mrs. White, who had had a fit on hearing the policeman inquiring for that young scamp, her son.

'The policeman!' ejaculated Jane in consternation.

'It was only to summon him to attend the inquest,' explained Mr. Dagger, 'but there was no one in the house with her but a little maid, and the shock was dreadful. If he has really absconded, it looks exceedingly ill for him.'

'I believe he has only been inattentive,' said Jane, firmly, knowing that she ought to go, and yet feeling constrained to wait long enough to ask what was the state of the poor mother, and if her daughter were with her.

‘The daughter was sent for, and seems to be an effective person—uncommonly handsome, by the bye. The attack was hysteria, but there is evidently serious disease about her, which may be accelerated.’

‘I thought so. I am afraid she has had no advice.’

‘No; I promised the daughter to come and examine her to-morrow when she is calmer, and if that son is good for anything, he may have returned.’

And therewith Jane was forced to go away, to carry this wretched news to poor Gillian.

Aunt and niece went as soon as the midday meal was over, to inquire for poor Mrs. White, and see what could be done. She was sleeping under an opiate, and Kalliope came down, pale as marble, but tearless. She knew nothing of her brother since she had given him his breakfast that morning. He had looked white and haggard, and had not slept, neither did he eat. She caught at the theory that had occurred to Miss Mohun, that he did not like to accuse Fergus, for even to her, he had not mentioned who had removed the stone. In that case he might return at night. Yet it was possible that he did not know even now whence the stone had come, and it was certain that he had been at his office that morning, and opened the letter announcing his dismissal. Kalliope, going later, had found the like notice, but had had little time to dwell on it, before she had been summoned home to her mother. Poor Mrs. White had been much shaken by the first reports of yesterday’s accident, which had been so told to her as to alarm her for both her children; and when her little maid rushed in to say that ‘the pelis was come after Mr. Alec,’ it was no wonder that her terror threw her into a most alarming state, which made good Mrs. Lee despatch her husband to bring home Kalliope; and as the attack would not yield to the soothing of the women or to their domestic remedies, but became more and more delirious and convulsive, the nearest doctor was sent for, and Mr. Dagger, otherwise a higher flight than would have been attempted, was caught on his way and brought in to discover how serious her condition already was.

This Kalliope told them with the desperate quietness of one who could not afford to give way. Her own affairs were entirely swallowed up in this far greater trouble, and, for the present, there were no means of helping her. Mr. and Mrs. Lee were thoroughly kind, and ready to give her efficient aid in her home cares and her nursing; and it could only be hoped that Alexis might come back in the evening, and set the poor patient’s mind at rest.

‘We will try to make Mr. White come to a better understanding,’ said Miss Mohun kindly.

‘Thank you,’ said Kalliope, pushing back her hair with a half-bewildered look. ‘I remember my poor mother was very anxious about that. But it seems a little thing now.’

‘May God bless and help you, my dear,’ said Miss Mohun, with a parting kiss.

Gillian had not spoken all the time; but outside she said—

‘Oh, Aunt! is this my doing?’

‘Not quite,’ said Aunt Jane kindly. ‘There were other causes.’

‘Oh, if I could do anything!’

‘Alas! it is easier to do than to undo.’

Aunt Jane was really kind, and Gillian was grateful; but oh, how she longed for her mother!

There was no better news the next morning. Nothing had been heard of Alexis, and nothing would persuade his mother in her half-delirious, and wholly unreasonable, state that he had not been sent to prison, and that they were keeping it from her. She was exceedingly ill, and Kalliope had been up all night with her.

Such was the report in a note sent up by Mrs. Lee by one of the little boys early in the morning, and, as soon as she could reasonably do so, Miss Mohun carried the report to Lord Rotherwood, whom she found much better, and anxious to renew the tour of inspection which had been interrupted.

Before long, Mr. White was shown in, intending to resume the business discussion, and Miss Mohun was about to retreat with Lady Rotherwood, when her cousin, taking pity on her anxiety, said—

‘If you will excuse me for speaking about your family matters, Mr. White, my cousin knows these young people well, and I should like you to hear what she has been telling me.’

‘A gentleman has just been calling on me about them,’ said Mr. White, not over-graciously.

‘Mr. Flight?’ asked Jane anxiously.

‘Yes; a young clergyman, just what we used to call Puseyite when I left England; but that name seems to be gone out now.’

‘Any way,’ said Jane, ‘I am sure he had nothing but good to say of Miss White, or indeed of her brother; and I am afraid the poor mother is very ill.’

‘That’s true, Miss Mohun; but you see there may be one side to a lady, or a parson, and another to a practical man like my partner. Not but that I should be willing enough to do anything in reason for poor Dick’s widow and children, but not to keep them in idleness, or letting them think themselves too good to work.’

‘That I am sure these two do not. Their earnings quite keep the family. I know no one who works harder than Miss White, between her business, her lodgers, the children, and her helpless mother.’

‘I saw her mosaics—very fair, very clever, some of them; but I’m afraid she is a sad little flirt, Miss Mohun.’

‘Mr. White,’ said Lord Rotherwood, ‘did ever you hear of a poor girl beset by an unfortunate youth, but his family thought it was all her fault?’

‘If Mr. White would see her,’ said Jane, ‘he would understand at

a glance that the attraction is perfectly involuntary; and I know from other sources how persistently she has avoided young Stebbing; giving up Sunday walks to prevent meeting him, accepting nothing from him, always avoiding *tête-à-têtes*.'

'Hum! But tell me this, madam,' said Mr. White eagerly, 'how is it that if these young folks are so steady and diligent as you would make out, that eldest brother writes to me every few months for help to support them?'

'Oh!' Jane breathed out; then, rallying, 'I know nothing about that eldest. Yes, I do though! His sister told my niece that all the rents of the three houses went to enable Richard to appear as he ought at the solicitor's office at Leeds.'

'There's a screw loose somewhere plainly,' said Lord Rotherwood.

'The question is, where it is,' said Mr. White.

'And all I hope,' said Jane, 'is that Mr. White will judge for himself when he has seen Kalliope, and made inquiries all round. I do not say anything for the mother, poor thing, except that she is exceedingly ill just now, but I do thoroughly believe in the daughter.'

'And this runaway scamp, Miss Mohun?'

'I am afraid he is a runaway; but I am quite sure he is no scamp,' said Jane.

'Only so clever as to be foolish, eh?' said the Marquis, rather provokingly.

'Exactly so,' she answered; 'and I am certain that if Mr. White will trust to his own eyes and his own inquiries, he will find that I am right.'

She knew she ought to go, and Lord Rotherwood told her afterwards, 'That was not an ill-aimed shaft, Jane. Stebbing got more than one snub over the survey. I see that. White is getting the notion that there's a system of hoodwinking going on, and of not letting him alone, and he is not the man to stand that.'

'If he only would call on Kalliope!'

'I suspect he is afraid of being beguiled by such a fascinating young woman.'

It was a grievous feature in the case to Gillian that she could really do nothing. Mrs. White was so ill that going to see Kalliope was of no use, and Maura was of an age to be made useful at home; and there were features in the affair that rendered it inexpedient for Gillian to speak of it except in the strictest confidence to Aunt Jane or Mysie. It was as if she had touched a great engine, and it was grinding and clashing away above her while she could do nothing to stay its course.

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

'On revient toujours.'

'As for me, I went my way,
 And a better man drew nigh,
 Fain to earn, with long essay,
 What the winner's hand threw by.'

It was plain that after this Maurice intended to take himself into his own hands, and not to be treated as an invalid much longer. On Dick's being commissioned to find out what the doctor had said about his getting up the next day, that youth returned with the answer that Maurice had not asked him, and didn't mean to. And when the gong sounded for luncheon, the gentleman himself walked in, as composedly as if he had been down every day for a month. The change in him was even more apparent by daylight than it had been the night before, but it was evident that he did not care to have it noticed, and that he meant to take his own way. All the family knew well by that time that there was a point beyond which Maurice ceased be complaisant, and became obstinacy itself, and they resigned themselves to the inevitable. It was understood from that day forth that the household fell back into its usual habits, and that Maurice shared in them; only for a few days those habits were remarkably quiet, and somebody always happened to be in the way when Maurice moved up or down stairs, or came from room to room.

No one could possibly be more gentle and grateful than he was; yet after a while it seemed as if he were trying to draw back into his shell again—as if he would not suffer himself to be again betrayed into the glad, affectionate familiarity that he had shown on his first appearance downstairs.

He seemed to grow more out of spirits as he grew stronger; and long before he was really strong again, he grieved Mrs. Tyndal by insisting on going back to his own lonely house.

It could hardly be that he was afraid of giving trouble, for every one who knew Mrs. Tyndal knew that it was impossible to trouble her, and that the more she could do for any one the better she was pleased. But Maurice, who knew it as well as any one, only thanked her very earnestly and very regretfully for all her goodness to him,

turned a deaf ear to her gentle persuasions and the Squire's reproaches, and went back to the Court.

He had hardly seen Dagmar alone since that first night, and had made no attempt to speak to her in private. Perhaps his eyes spoke to her constantly a language of their own; but how far she understood it was impossible to say.

Her manner to him was full of a delicate self-restraint. She did not snub him, as she had always snubbed poor Tom Pointer and every other man (of less than twenty years older than herself) who had ever ventured to imply that he admired her. Nor did she give him one word or look that might be taken for encouragement. Her behaviour was exactly that of one of the heroines of chivalry towards the knight whose quest is undertaken but not yet fulfilled. She must be strictly neutral: not too cold; lest she should crush a future hero; not too gracious, lest a possible coward should enjoy her favours.

Raymond lingered till Maurice was gone, aware that his turn would not come till then. He had too much sense to be jealous of the attention that Maurice had met with, but he knew the disadvantage under which he himself laboured in not having been at death's door lately, and he was not going to speak until he was once more the most important person in the house.

When Maurice had taken his departure, he set himself most attentively to fill up any blank that Dagmar might feel, but he would have been better pleased if she had not been quite so ready to turn over his company to her father.

'It is her fault that I am not more in love with her,' he said to himself, half angrily. 'If she would be as charming as she knows how to be, I should be in love with her directly. Well, it is no good laying a seven years' siege to her, as they used to do of old. Life is not long enough for that nowadays. I shall try to take her by storm, and if it comes to nothing, it will only be of a piece with the rest.'

That was true enough; but it is a question whether Raymond would have stated it to himself with such brutal frankness if he had not been annoyed by the sight of Agnes and Mr. Layton pacing up and down the garden together in earnest consultation.

Nevertheless, he was not yet quite without hope, and he made his manner as significant as he dared during the next few days.

Even Day, he thought, could hardly fail to understand him; and it was with a curious mingling of triumph and dismay that he found at last the opportunity he wanted. The Squire and Mrs. Tyndal were gone out driving, and Agnes with them, and he learnt by accident that Day was intending to ride over to Shardbrook again to inquire after little Janie. He asked leave to go with her, and she, after a moment's consideration, agreed.

An impetuous young lover would have begun to lead the conversation towards the desired point before they were well through the

drive gates, but Raymond, being neither young nor impetuous, was prepared for all possible contingencies.

Suppose she gave him a point-blank 'No,' a long ride together would be awkward to the last degree. If she gave—as was now more likely—such an answer as would imply that there was a possibility of her being won upon some future occasion, it would be still more embarrassing, if possible.

So Raymond talked only of general matters, and not much of them, till they had reached Shardbrook. He strolled up and down while Dagmar went in to see her little friend, and when she came out again, he was vexed to see tears in her eyes.

He was not particularly cold-hearted, and he was quite capable of being sorry for poor little Janie Simpson; but it did seem to him very inopportune that she should happen to be dying just then, and that Day's mind should thus be full of thoughts so different from those which he had wished her to entertain.

Not feeling really sympathetic, he dared not attempt to sympathise, lest he should say the wrong thing, but merely rode on silently by Dagmar's side, waiting till she should have quite recovered herself.

There were a great many ash-trees along that winding lane from Shardbrook to Winstead, and they had, as usual, cast all their leaves, as if in petulance at the first touch of winter, and stood up bare and gaunt as if it had been December.

The horses' feet rustled amongst the drifts of dead leaves, and the faint odour of their decay crept upward on the chill, creeping breeze. Right before the riders a misty sunset was fading behind the autumn woods, softening away into pale yellow and pearly tints that suggested an unutterable melancholy.

Raymond found himself half unconsciously repeating the refrain of one of Shakespeare's songs, 'Young lovers love the spring.' And then he said to himself, with his ceaseless habit of introspection and self-mockery, that perhaps it was as well that it was *not* now the spring.

'Day,' he said at last, seeing that she had begun to sit more erect in her saddle, and look up and around her, 'I wonder if you know, or could guess, what I should like to say to you?'

And to himself he said, 'We are not more than a mile from Winstead. If she says "No," we can be home in less than ten minutes. I don't think I have allowed too long.'

'I have something to say to *you*,' she answered rather abruptly, after an instant's pause. 'I let you come with me to-day on purpose that I might say it.'

She paused again, then turned slightly, looking at him with grave, kindly eyes, that seemed somehow to reverse the difference in their ages, so wise and almost motherly they seemed.

'Raymond, I am going to be very impertinent. But you have always been so good to me, from the time that I was a tiny thing

and used to ride on your shoulder, that I am sure you will let me say what I think well, and not even interrupt me till I have said my say. Indeed, now I come to think of it, I don't want any answer at all. I shall discharge my conscience, and there is no need whatever for you to tell me what you think of my unwarrantable interference.'

Raymond bent his head, more than a little puzzled, and Dagmar looked on for a moment towards Winstead, as if she too were calculating distances and wondering whether she had allowed too long. Apparently she thought *not*, for she went on: 'I know that your engagement to Agnes was made and broken before I was old enough to understand such things. But it is possible that I understand them better now. I remember crying when I heard that you and Agnes were not going to be married after all; and it still seems to me to be a great pity, for you. For it appears to me that you care for her still, and that you have not the power to be inconstant even if you had the will. I think you must have cared for Agnes too long to be able now to forget her, and *I respect you for it*. But I suppose that you might want to be married some day, like other men; and you ought to remember that any other girl, though she might not be *jealous* of your feeling for Agnes, might very well think that you had nothing worth having left to offer her.'

Perhaps Dagmar's heart was fluttering a little faster than usual as she spoke, but her voice kept the same tone of even emphasis, and she did not even blush. Raymond would have spoken, but she lifted her finger.

'I asked you not to answer me,' she said. 'I have told you what I think, and there is no reason whatever why you should tell me whether I am right or wrong. The matter concerns no one but yourself—me least of all. I shall never allude to it again, whether you can act upon my suggestion or not. And if you forgive me for touching on such a point, you will never mention it again either.'

She quickened her horse's pace as she spoke, and Raymond did the same in silence. He knew that he had had his answer, knew too that Dagmar had guessed his intentions, and was not in the least degree flattered or pleased by them, and that she did not care for him one jot.

And yet in the midst of his natural mortification he felt grateful to her for the way she had treated him,—grateful for having been spared the awkwardness of refusal, and for having got his *congé* only in the form of a compliment to his constancy and enduring attachment. 'She is a woman, after all,' he thought, 'and worthy of more than I could ever have given her. I wonder if she will get it!'

They had reached the lodge-gates, and passed through them while these thoughts occupied his mind. He was quite willing to obey Dagmar, and to say no more; but she gave him no opportunity. She fled up the avenue under the brown, over-arching trees without drawing

rein; and Raymond only just contrived to be at her side in time to help her alight.

'*Thank you,*' he whispered in her ear as he did so; and for the moment he felt really grateful.

But as soon as he was by himself, other feelings began to work. He *thought* that he was not vexed or annoyed in any way by the failure of his plans, since Day's words had opened his eyes to see that it might be all for the best; but perhaps a certain warmth of anger mingled with and intensified his other emotions, as cayenne pepper heightens the flavour of strawberries.

Was it really true that he loved Agnes still? Perhaps it might be, in the sense in which Dagmar had spoken when she implied that he had no love left to give to any other woman. And in that case *she* probably loved him still; since every one agrees that women are, on the whole, more constant than men.

Dagmar's words, spoken with such calm conviction, haunted him. Was it possible that he had really no power to love again? not spring enough left in him to turn from the old life to the new, or to win a woman's heart? Worldly and easy-going as he was, he had no wish to venture on to such a quicksand as to marry, without caring for her, a woman who did not care for him.

Was it Agnes, then, or no one? He had no wish at all that it should be no one. Free and luxurious as his bachelor life had been, he was beginning to shrink from its loneliness. His own contemporaries were almost all married or settled down in some way; and he felt himself too old for the young men who had succeeded them—older, in fact, than in point of years he had any right to be. He wanted a place of his own; what a German writer calls the 'yearning after cottage smoke, the inclination towards sitting-still comfort,' had begun to tug at his heartstrings.

Had it really been a mistake, the breaking off of his engagement long ago? Would it be possible to go back upon it, to retrieve the mistake, to ignore the past, and to begin again?

For a moment he wilfully shut his eyes to all difficulties,—Agnes' poverty, his own, the sacrifices which both must make, and the narrow, restricted life that they must lead. He let his heart go out towards her, and felt with a strange thrill, half pain, half pleasure, how easy it would be to win the old love back.

He had felt old and cold, and inclined to self-analysis while he was striving to fancy that he was in love with Dagmar's fresh, lovely youth. Strange that he should feel almost young again when he thought of Agnes, in whom her partial friends were obliged to allow this one defect, that she looked old!

The painter or the sculptor who for years has been compelled to warp his mind into some uncongenial pursuit, feels an almost boyish intoxication of delight and conscious power when he takes the brush or the chisel into his hand once more. Later on he may find that that

hand has lost its cunning, and that Art, too, is vanity ; but the rapture of that first moment was in itself too great to abide, since in it the fairy mistress of his boyish dreams smiled on him once more.

Raymond fancied that he had always loved Agnes ; but perhaps he had never loved her so well as now that the thought of her had given him back, for the time, his lost youth.

As for Dagmar, she was not at all dissatisfied with her own course of action. She had disposed of Raymond and his attentions, as she had long since resolved to do, with as small a wound to his self-love as possible. And she had discharged her conscience with regard to Agnes, though she did not much expect him to marry Agnes now, and, indeed, did not wish it.

She was not afraid of intermeddling in other people's affairs, as an older person might have been. She saw what both she and they ought to do, with the quick, undoubting perception of youth, that takes no complications or side issues into consideration.

Perhaps we all, in our young days, think that we would like to help Fate in moulding other people's lives, to put in the word in season, to bring about the meeting that would change a whole future destiny. Indeed, we sometimes take every step towards this end except the last and practical one—plan out momentous conversations, bring about interviews, hover a finger round the spring that would move the whole machine, and do all but touch it. But there our courage generally fails us. We are doubtful of our own courage, doubtful of meeting with precisely the right amount of response, afraid of making ourselves ridiculous. And so Fate is left to arrange matters without our assistance.

But Dagmar was very inexperienced and very keen-witted, rendered, not self-conceited, but fearless, by the fact of her own beauty and grace, and the admiration and love that had surrounded her ever since she was born. She did not actually believe that she could do no wrong ; but at least she thought that it was not likely, when she was acting to the best of her judgment and from the best of motives.

Mrs. Tyndal would have thought it almost as wicked to try to bring two people together as to keep them apart, and she would have said, if she had been asked, that Day did not know or think anything about such things. But the young birds do not always wait for the old ones to teach them to fly ; and in the meanwhile her daughter was not only disposing of an unwelcome lover for her own part, but calmly arranging, on behalf of her cousin (nearly ten years older than herself), that she should, if possible, have her choice of two.

The next day Raymond spoke of going back to town, but was pressed by Mrs. Tyndal to stay a little longer. He hardly wished to do so, but he fancied he saw Day's eyes fixed questioningly upon him, and he was determined that she should not think that he cared enough to find it necessary to run away.

He had all but made up his mind to take the desperate step, to bring himself, once for all, to poverty and a very small way of living, and to ask Agnes to share it with him. But he fancied he would rather do it by letter, and let them slide gradually into the feelings of engaged couple once more, and let every one's wonder wear itself out before they met again.

He stayed on a little longer, nevertheless; and, in the meantime, something happened to precipitate his resolution.

Mr. Layton called one afternoon, was alone a good while with Miss Morrison, and left without seeing any one else. Dagmar met him in the avenue, and he passed without seeing her, walking swiftly under the brown autumnal branches, and looking, as it seemed to her, like a man who had *lost* something. Agnes, too, was far from being herself that evening, and Day's quick wits put that and that together while she and Dick were ostensibly squabbling over a game of chess.

That night, as Agnes Morrison was dreaming over her fire, looking into the red embers with eyes to which they somehow seemed to quiver and spread themselves into a burning haze, a light tap came at the door and a lovely apparition glided in. It was only Day, in her long, blue dressing-gown, with her hair just loosed from its coils, and hanging in brown, glossy waves to her waist. But Agnes half started, smiling through her tears.

'You pretty creature!' she exclaimed. 'Are you *never* sleepy? You look just ready to begin the day now, with those bright eyes. No wonder they call you "Day's Maiden."'

'Never mind me,' said Day, sinking on to the rug at her cousin's feet and laying one arm upon her knees. 'I hope I shall always be worthy of my name; but "it does not agitate of me" just now, as Dick said in his French translation.'

She was silent, looking into the fire, playing caressingly with Agnes' hand, and laying it against her cheek.

'What does it agitate of, then, child?' asked the other, stroking the smooth, shining head.

She was silent still for a moment, and then, still looking into the fire—

'Tell me about it, Agnes.'

'About what, you enigmatical little lady?'

'You know,' she answered, softly.

It was Agnes' turn to be silent. A certain thrill ran through her; a pain that she had carried dumbly in her heart all these years awoke and cried, demanding at least the relief of speech.

'You can speak plainly to me, you know,' went on Day in the same impassive fashion, still looking into the fire. 'I never repeat things, and I never show any indecent astonishment. Moreover, I think I know pretty much of what has happened already. I only want to know what you think of it.'

'What does that matter?' cried Agnes, with a hint of passion quivering in her voice. 'What has it ever mattered what *I* thought of things?'

'It matters a great deal just now,' said Dagmar, quietly. 'Tell me, why did you say "No" to Mr. Layton?'

'Who told you that I had?' answered the other hastily, thrown for the moment off her guard.

'No one. But I have eyes to see and wits to make a guess; and I could tell you why you did it, only I would rather you would tell me.'

'You couldn't, Day,' answered Agnes, her grasp unconsciously tightening on the strong supple fingers that were still playing with hers. 'No girl like you would ever imagine that any one should be so foolish. That I should grieve Mr. Layton and set him aside for the sake of a man who never in his best days was worthy to be compared with him! Oh! what fools we women are. That I should feel myself bound to be true to him after all these years—after all the pains he has taken to prove to me how completely he has forgotten!'

'I confess I don't understand it,' said Dagmar, as dispassionately as if she had been discussing a situation in a novel. 'You see that the man, whoever he is, is unworthy of love, and you do not love him, and there is an end. That seems to me to be the natural order of things.' She waved her little hand as she spoke with a gesture as though she were committing some worthless thing to the fire.

'You don't know yet, my sweet. I hope you never may,' sighed the other. 'We do not love him, but there is *not* an end. There is something left behind that dies hard, and never can be buried or forgotten. And one cannot go to another man with a dead corpse in one's bosom.'

'No, but you might go to the other man, and leave the dead to bury their dead,' answered the girl, not irreverently.

The woman sighed again. 'Not after all these years,' she said. 'You see, I made him so many promises; and they would rise up against me if I myself had put it out of my power ever to keep them. I let so much of my heart go out to him; and if it could be taken back, how could it be worth giving to another man?'

'You might let the other man be the judge of that,' said Day with a quick, flashing smile.

'Nay; the better they are the less they are to be trusted to do themselves justice where we are concerned. It is as much for his sake—and more—than for my own that I said "No" to-day.'

'Then you think that you still care too much for Raymond to be able to marry Mr. Layton?'

'I suppose so. I told you that I was more foolish than you could guess.'

Dagmar rose as if the discussion were over, and turned to go, but paused an instant, leaning over the back of her cousin's chair.

‘I always say what I think, you know,’ she said softly, ‘and it seems to me that after all you are more in love with constancy than with Raymond; more anxious to be true to yourself than even to be true to him.’

‘And what difference does that make, you metaphysical young person?’ answered her cousin, trying to smile.

‘Not much, at present. But it may make a good deal in the end. Constancy is a very fine thing, but it is not everything *in itself*. To be true to the best we know, that is grand and necessary. But there is no need, as far as I know, to be true to the first we see.’

Agnes half laughed, half sighed; but perhaps the words struck her more than she would have chosen should appear. She could not find any answer ready at the moment, and before one had spoken again Day had lightly kissed her on the cheek and vanished as suddenly as she had come.

But Dagmar was not the only person who had watched and put things together and arrived at a right conclusion. Raymond, with his jealous observance of all that concerned Agnes, knew what had happened as well as if she had told him. And the knowledge made his pulses feel an unaccustomed agitation. Had she too remembered again, or rather never forgotten? Here at Winstead, where he had first learned to love her, Raymond ignored all the years in London, in which for months at a time he had hardly thought of Agnes Morrison. He even ignored, which was not quite so easy, the fact that less than a week ago he had been on the point of proposing to somebody else. He considered that he had always been true to her in heart—which indeed was the case—and forgot to ask himself how far his constancy had been voluntary.

And so it happened that this thought, being always uppermost in his mind, came at last uppermost on his tongue. They were alone in the drawing-room, she at work as usual, he hiding an embarrassed silence behind a newspaper; and while he was still turning it over in his mind and deciding that he would not speak, he had spoken.

How he led up to it he hardly knew; clumsily enough for one who went for a graceful and finished talker. Something he had said about their both leaving Winstead soon; something more about their being both lonely, so placed in life that no place or person could specially claim them; and then——

‘We used to believe, when we were boy and girl, in souls being specially created for each other, and therefore inevitably lonely so long as they were parted. I wonder, Agnes, if that might be true after all—true of us two, and the reason of our loneliness?’

She laid her work down in her lap, and clasped her hands over it; but not before he had seen that they were trembling so that she could not go on.

‘Apparently not,’ she said, in a tone that was calm, but not easy

as she had meant it to be. 'We have been apart more years than we have been together, and have, on the whole, got on not amiss.'

'Have we got on so well apart?' he asked, with a kind of tender reproach that was sincere enough, but hardly appropriate. 'I had thought *not*. It seems to me that all that had parted us was a mistake—a mistake of my making. I judged as I was taught—or rather I let the world judge for me—and I have repented it often enough since. Would it be possible to forgive such a mistake, to ignore it and begin again?'

There was a pause. She did not speak, nor even look at him. Her eyes were fixed upon the fire, with that far-away look which indicates abstraction and not embarrassment. He did not hurry her. The matter was important enough to him, and his whole tone and attitude showed it; but he was no ardent young lover, to press his lady for a reply before she had had time to think, and to hope to make it a favourable one by importunity.

'No,' she said at last, slowly; 'no, I think not.'

'But why not?' he asked, with growing earnestness.

If she had spoken out all that was in her heart she would have answered, 'Because the years are dead and gone—because you let me go too easily—because what I gave you once and you flung back to me can never be given again, being now neither mine nor yours.'

But Agnes Morrison, though in most respects a thoroughly sincere woman, by an habitual impulse rarely said what was in her heart. She generally said what was in her mind instead. So those passionate utterances were only *dumb* ones, and after they had had their way she answered aloud, 'I think there is seldom any good in trying to ignore past mistakes, less still in trying to begin again where one left off. Old moods and feelings are like one's childish dresses, and cannot be put on again.'

'In that case a mistake would be worse punished than a crime,' he said, almost passionately. 'Never mind general principles now; I am not theorising, but in practical earnest enough; and our two lives are in the balance. Agnes, can you look me in the face and say that you will not forgive that past mistake, that you cannot love me, that you will not now carry out the compact which we made so gladly and broke so unwillingly long ago?'

She looked him in the face, with a calmness that boded ill for his wishes.

'I forgive you,' she said; 'but you were nearer your old place in my heart while I did not. I forgive you because I begin to see that it matters less than I thought, after all.'

He flinched a little, and his lips grew pale.

'Don't you think that you are rather cruel?' he said quietly.

'I don't wish to be cruel,' she answered, womanlike believing that, because he had once let her go so easily, his feelings could hardly be strong enough to be worth considering. 'I don't think I am cruel—'

to you. Truth is always the best. And what you said about theorising just now has helped me to understand myself. I have been theorising all my days—having never had the opportunity of doing anything else. And in theory I have been true to you always, since I thought it shame to go back from my word, to take back what I had promised. But now it seems that you ask me to bring my theory to practice, and I find I cannot. I would not try to change myself towards you, but I *have* changed; for I loved you when we parted, but I do not love you now.'

'You are angry with me now,' answered Raymond humbly. 'This talk has brought the old times back to your mind, and you are angry, as perhaps you have a right to be. But when you come to remember that if I left you, it was because I thought I had no choice in the matter; that I have been lonely without you all these years, and that I have sought you again, only hoping that you would forgive me and let us begin again—when you remember all this, surely you *will* forgive, and feel the old love come back.'

'Am I angry?' she said, turning her calm brown eyes upon him. 'There would be more hope for you if I were. No, I am not angry. I wish you all possible happiness, but I cannot help you to it. I do not even blame you now. I see that you acted just as might have been expected, and that you cared for me more than I thought, more than I deserve. Raymond, I am sorry, but it is of no use. The dead past has buried its dead, and I would not bring it back to life if I could, and could not if I would.'

She did not rise to go, as a woman might who was afraid of her own resolution and did not wish to be pressed. She sat still in her place and held out her hand, as if for a kind of final leave-taking, looking at him with friendly, regretful eyes, in which the most sanguine lover could not have seen the faintest glimmer of hope.

Raymond kissed the hand without a word, and left the room, feeling very old.

'I shall leave this place to-morrow,' he said to himself vaguely, as he shut himself into his room. 'What does it matter if any one knows or guesses why? I shall never care to come here again. It is all over and done with!'

Before dinner was ended that night, Raymond perceived that Dagmar had somehow divined what had happened. But he did not care, and, despite his recent experience of her considerateness, he did not realise how very sorry she was for him.

He was grateful to her, nevertheless, for the marked favour that she showed him; for the way in which she relieved him of all awkwardness by claiming his attention and keeping it for the whole evening; for the dexterous manner in which she stemmed the torrent of her father's exuberant hospitality, without, for her own part, seeming to wish him to be gone.

Again he confessed to himself that she was a large-hearted woman

as well as a beautiful, mischievous fay, and wondered why he was not more angry at having lost her as well as his old love. But he had not heart enough left to be angry with any one (and perhaps, as Agnes had said, there would have been more hope for him if there had been more anger), and so he took a very kindly farewell of every one the next day, with a half-formed intention of never seeing any of them again.

They stood for a moment on the steps to see him off, and he looked back to watch for the last possible glimpse. Day and Agnes stood side by side, like two sisters, both smiling, in spite of all they knew; and the Squire and Mrs. Tyndal stood just behind them, like two presiding genii of home; while the great stone porch roofed them all in, and behind them, through the open door, came the ruddy gleam from the wide fireplace of the hall. They went in and shut the door, and the man who had no home, and never would have any, flung himself back in the corner of the carriage with a sigh.

It happens to most of us to be foolish in our youth and to repent of it; but when a man has been over-wise in his youth, he sometimes comes to repent of *that* with a very special bitterness.

'Raymond seems rather "down" this morning,' observed the Squire. 'I've noticed that he always gets moped when he is long away from his beloved bricks and mortar. I believe his special business to-day was only an excuse to get back to them. Well, I'm going up to inquire after Maurice. I wasn't at all satisfied about him the day before yesterday, and yesterday I couldn't get up there.'

Mrs. Tyndal stood by the hall fire while her husband got his coat on, impressing upon him various things which he was to impress on Maurice, but which she had only too much reason to fear would be repeated to him wrong-end-before, if at all.

Agnes went away to her own room, and so did Day; but the last-named young lady appeared again in a few minutes in a fur-trimmed jacket, with a fur cap to match well rammed on to her head.

'Dear child,' said her mother, 'isn't it too cold and windy for you to go out?'

'Not a bit,' she answered, dancing down the hall. 'I often go out in much worse weather than this. I am going as far as the village with father.'

'Come along then, my beauty,' answered her father in high good-humour. 'Whose affairs are you going to meddle in now?'

Since Day, in her father's eyes at least, could do no wrong, it was considered an excellent joke for him to pretend to disapprove entirely of her proceedings in the village, and to find that she demoralised all the people, and made them proud, discontented, and so forth.

'Time will show. I don't quite know yet,' she answered, walking by his side down the drive, with steps that seemed almost to dance.

‘Ah, well,’ said Mr. Tyndal. ‘Some one will be meddling with *your* affairs some day, and then we’ll see how you like it.’

‘You will,’ answered Dagmar, laughing, but with eyes that flashed an instant. ‘No, father darling, no one will ever meddle with *my* affairs, I can tell you that.’

‘Why, how grand we are! Won’t you let even me meddle, you headstrong puss?’

‘Not beyond a certain point, you dearest of all fathers,’ she answered, slipping her hand coaxingly under his arm. ‘You would never be like an unkind father in a sensational novel; but if you were, you would see.’

‘I daresay I should,’ said her father, smiling. ‘I verily believe you would like a little tyranny, just to show how well you could stand it.’

‘Not quite so bad as that,’ she said, laughing, and yet in earnest. ‘I hope I shouldn’t behave badly, but I’m quite sure I should never give in. In the meantime, you know, *I* am going to do the tyranny. Did you think, you misguided old person, that I came out now for the pleasure of your company, on this very uncomfortable day?’

‘No,’ said the Squire, resignedly. ‘I dare say you want to get something out of me, as usual. Well, I suppose I shall have to give it you, whatever it is.’

‘Even to the half of your kingdom? Please, your majesty, I don’t want quite so much this time. I only want the refusal of that situation for Joe Turner again.’

‘Why, I offered it to them once; and that fool of a woman, his mother, wouldn’t let him go—didn’t like to part with him.’

‘I know. And he’s been hanging about ever since doing nothing at home. But he’ll be ruined if he goes on like that; and I think she sees it now. And you know that situation is to be had again; you said so at breakfast.’

‘And am I to go cap in hand to the lady, and beg her to be so very good as to allow her boy to accept it?’

‘No, father dear; I’ll manage all that,’ answered Day, coolly. ‘If you’ll authorise me to promise him a trial, I’ll undertake to bring them to reason.’

‘That woman would talk any one’s head off,’ growled the Squire.

‘But she won’t have quite so much to say now,’ said his daughter, looking very wise. ‘I know of a piece of mischief that Master Joe was mixed up in last week; but I shan’t say anything about it unless she requires crushing; and Joe is a very clever, good boy, after all. Thank you, father, very much.’

‘What for? I haven’t promised you anything,’ said Mr. Tyndal, looking very innocent.

‘Oh, yes, you have, by implication!’ she answered audaciously. ‘It is a fine word, that; and I observe that I generally get my own

way by it. Well, this is my way now. Good-bye, and many thanks.'

She was darting off down the turn that led to the village when her father called after her—

'Any message for Maurice?'

She stopped, shook her head, smiling, but very decidedly, and went on her way again.

Such a bright creature she seemed, defying the winter in her warm fur wrappings, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks, the rich, heavy folds of her thick winter dress falling back a little with the speed of her walking, as her little feet seemed to devour the way. When Dagmar thought proper to lounge, she positively revelled in idleness; but when she wanted to go anywhere, she went quicker than most people would have thought desirable. There was never the slightest doubt about her wishes and intentions.

She was at Widow Turner's cottage long before her father had reached the Court, and sat for some considerable space of time in the square elbow-chair that had belonged to the late Mr. Turner, arguing with the good lady about her hopeful son. She looked as grave as though the boy's whole future hung upon her words; and perhaps she thought it did.

Mrs. Turner was quite willing to yield to 'Miss Day,' but it was not in her nature to do so without many words; and the two discussed the matter at great length, Dagmar putting on unconsciously an air of elderly experience and practical wisdom that would have amused her numerous friends and admirers immensely if they had had the luck to have seen it.

The business being at last satisfactorily settled, she departed, and went to see the sexton's wife, who was a particular friend of hers, and lived close by the vicarage gates.

Here she inquired after Mr. Layton's movements, and appeared rather pleased to find that he had gone out about ten minutes since, and was probably somewhere about the village now. She cut her second visit very short, and went out again; but not to turn homewards. She began instead to '*parcourir* the village,' as Dick would have said, tracing the one or two narrow roads that wound in and out amongst the houses as if she were looking for some one.

And presently Dagmar saw, coming towards her, the tall spare form of the Vicar, and slackened her pace, looking pleased but a little frightened.

He was looking very grave as he came up, but his dark face relaxed into a smile at the sight of her.

'It would be superfluous to ask you how you are,' he said, as he raised his hat. 'And I shall not pity you on account of this cold, ungenial weather, as you are evidently enjoying it.'

'To be sure I am; I am very busy,' she answered. 'Are you very busy just now, or have you time to hear what I have been at?'

'I have plenty of time at your disposal,' he answered, not as if he were in his usual spirits. 'I will walk up with you towards the Hall, and you shall tell me. It is too cold for you to stand here.'

They moved on together, and Dagmar said, after a moment—

'It is nothing of great importance after all; only I know you have been troubled about Joe Turner, and I have been this morning to offer his mother the chance of that situation again.'

'Why, I thought she behaved so very badly about it, and refused it point blank six months ago.'

'So she did. But it happens to be vacant again; and she thinks differently now. You see,' went on Dagmar with soft, slow emphasis, 'a woman should never be taken at her first word.'

Mr. Layton started.

'Do you think so?' he said, after an appreciable pause.

'Yes; and I am not alluding only to Widow Turner,' she went on in the same tone. 'It is a woman's privilege to change her mind, and she ought to be allowed to exercise it.'

Mr. Layton paused again.

'Is there not a kind of disrespect,' he said slowly, 'in supposing that on an important matter a woman would give her answer lightly, and be easily persuaded to give a different one?'

'That depends,' she answered, emphasizing the words by one look, after which she quickly withdrew her eyes again. 'It seems to me that men are often unfair to women in this respect. A man thinks on a matter for months, perhaps, and then he goes to a woman and asks her about it; and she knows that he expects her to answer at once. And if she is nervous and doubtful of herself, and afraid of changes, or afraid of doing wrong, the chances are she says "No." But he never thinks that afterwards, when she has had time to consider the matter carefully, she might give a different answer. Or perhaps his pride will not let him ask again, and he will not risk another "No" for the chance of getting a "Yes."'

She spoke rather fast, but as if she were determined to say her say; and Mr. Layton did not attempt to interrupt her. She looked a little frightened at her own boldness; and when she had done she blushed, even through the bright colour that the rough wind had given her.

The Vicar had never seen her embarrassed before, and what she had said seemed so startling and important to him that he could not take his eyes from her face, but stared at her rather inconsiderately.

'I wonder if you really mean all that you say,' he said at last, more earnestly than politely. 'Should you recommend a man to act upon your view of a woman's actions and motives?'

'Decidedly!' she answered. 'Have I not just been acting upon them myself with regard to Widow Turner, with success? Will you come up with me as far as our house, Mr. Layton, and have some lunch?'

‘Not to-day, thank you,’ he answered rather dreamily ; ‘I am busy now ; but another day—if I might.’

‘You know you may ; we shall all be glad to see you. Don’t come any further out of your way, please. Good-bye.’

She held out her hand, looking at him with a frank, friendly, and yet significant look, while the blush had not yet faded from her cheek. The next moment he was walking back to the Vicarage again, deep in thought, while she went on towards her home, humming under her breath—

‘Ye’ll come nae mair, Jamie, where oft ye’ve been,
Ye’ll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol-green ;
Sae I’ll awa to Edinbro’, to earn a penny-fee,
And see if any bonny lad will fancy me.’

(To be continued.)

ANGELA: A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART I.

CHAPTER IV.

‘Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.’—*Faust*.

ANGELA’S hospital for ‘things that wanted taking care of,’ was built before Vyvyan left Mohun Court. He was the architect; Jake, the under-gardener, was builder. Jake, who was described to Vyvyan by Angela as ‘a dear kind man, with never clean nails, and whiskers like carrot-tops in the autumn. Mrs. Raisins won’t let me call them red, ’cos she says “a gardener feels”; but why should he feel red?’

And when the little building of wattle stood firmly wisped together with willow-withes on the woodwalk bank, she thought the combined genius of Vyvyan and Jake was worthy of public recognition. The divisions and sub-divisions within, arranged with the help of cardboard, were marvellous; and it was quite pleasant, Angela thought, the way in which patients came to hand all ready on the opening day.

There was one ward for a frog that was shaky on his indispensable hind-legs; an adjoining one for an infirm beetle; a corridor for a butterfly with torn wings, and a grasshopper that hopped feebly. It may have been that they considered themselves convalescent; but it was a little disappointing that they one and all ranged about the buildings, and over the walls in a happy-go-lucky sort of way, independent of wards.

‘Poor little Miss Angela,’ said the servants. ‘She’s as happy with Mr. Vyvyan as if he was her own age! And as for him, it’s quite pretty to see him on hands and knees at that hospital of hers every day, and she flitting about him like some little bird. Jake says he’s for all the world like a schoolboy with her!’

‘Poor little Angela!’ said Mrs. Peveril, the Vicar’s wife, to Vyvyan himself one afternoon, as he stood apart with her on the Vicarage lawn, whilst young men and maidens were wildly springing on either side of the tennis-net. Vyvyan had a way of meeting with acquaintances wherever he went, hence his intimacy with the Peverils; and in spite of a rooted dislike to the

term *popularity*, he was always a most popular man. An habitual reserve of manner was no deterrent, rather the reverse; and there was in him a way of looking at the failings and shortcomings of other men and women with a degree of tenderness—a way of not expecting more from human nature than was reasonable, which made him agreeable to all.

‘Poor little Angela!’ repeated Mrs. Peveril. ‘We try to get her here sometimes, but it is hopeless. You know what Mr. Merton is. We have given up calling now. But it is a sad life for a child. If it were not for the excellent Mrs. Raisins, I really don’t know what would become of her. And she is the sweetest-looking little thing, but *most* unchildlike—far too old-fashioned. However, what could one expect?’

Vyvyan resented such wholesale condemnation of the strange *régime* at Mohun Court from an outsider. He might say to her uncle that it was not a healthy life for Angela, but to Mrs. Peveril he said—

‘Angela is as happy as the day is long. Her uncle is devoted to her. The life she leads is a life of love, given and received. What more would you have for a child who is to grow up into a woman one day?’

‘Ah! but—*how* will she grow up? And besides, even children require friction.’

‘Mr. Merton is of another opinion; and who made me a judge over him?’ replied Vyvyan courteously.

‘Are you talking of Angela—little Angela?’ asked a heated and panting damsel, whose game being over, now came up to them, racquet in hand. ‘Oh, *do*, Mr. Vyvyan, persuade Mr. Merton to let her come sometimes and play with the children here!’

‘The children’ were three boys in sailor-suits, whose graduated heights rendered it most convenient for said suits to descend year by year; boys with fair round faces, and eyes of china blue, who sat in a row on the grass watching the tennis, and who looked as if they were accustomed to take the good things of this life unquestionably, whether white rabbits lived or died.

Vyvyan eyed them, and then, with his mind’s eye, viewed Angela. He tried to bring the four within the same focus, but failed, with a smile.

To Mr. Merton, in the evening, he repeated those words of Mrs. Peveril’s, and with an emphasis which would have more than reconciled her to his aggravating indifference of the afternoon. The answer came as usual—

‘When she wants more, she shall have it. I can deny her nothing that she asks for. Her’s is a character of delicate susceptibilities—unusual depth of feeling. Imagine it exposed to the torture of misunderstandings, slights, disappointments, and then those higher mysteries, change—death.’

'Good heavens!' broke in Vyvyan, 'it must all come sooner or later!'

The old man shook his head.

'Not all,' he murmured gently, 'with care—with careful discipline.'

In his heart the pupil muttered 'old idiot!' as the stronger love, for the moment, threw the old reverence nowhere; but he went on, almost without pausing to listen to his companion's words—

'You grant that she has the sweet germs of all that is lovely and lovable in woman already, and yet you are determined to allow her no scope for them!'

'She has me,' said Mr. Merton, still as gently; 'and now—she has you.'

Vyvyan rose from his seat abruptly, and went to the open window.

'I must be off to-morrow,' he said. 'I told you, if you remember, that I had promised my young friend, Maurice Langford, to start off on a holiday trip with him as soon as he is ready to go. The second post brought me a hurried line from him just now, telling me that he can start to-morrow night, which means, for me, good-bye to Mohun Court.'

Mr. Merton was silent, and a line of pain was drawn at each corner of the sensitive mouth; but Vyvyan was not looking at him.

'Strange force of habit,' he murmured. 'I never can say that word "good-bye"—even now—without regret.'

'Scarcely strange,' returned Vyvyan, with a light laugh. 'At least, not where any true love or true friendship exists.'

The older man muttered, as if not heeding him—

'“And wilt thou make thy treasure of any one of these things? It were as if one set his love upon the swallow.”' Then he added, in a changed tone, 'You will visit us again, Vyvyan, I trust. There will always be a welcome for you. But you will forgive me if I tell you that I see you altered?'

Vyvyan turned, and faced him with the words—

'Naturally. The alteration from a man of thirty to a man of forty.'

'No; not that alone,' replied the other quietly. 'What I remark is, a most noticeable departure from that "flawless serenity" which you and I once agreed should be the moral aim of all men, a calm which is unruffled by passion—by desire—by——'

Here he was interrupted by Vyvyan, who, standing once more in the window, turned away from him so that the expression of his face was not seen, only the expression in the tone of his voice could be noted.

'And do you yourself never feel a yearning after a higher satisfaction? Do the old truths, learnt at your mother's knee, never stare out at you reproachfully from that little child's face? Do you never—though very far away—apprehend a faint music which might tune one's life into a perfect harmony, even here and now? If one's

ears were duly strained to catch the rhythm, it might be better than to know; if one's life-pulses beat in time—it might be better than to understand.'

'And *this*,' said Mr. Merton, with the least possible touch of satire, 'from a man who wrote only a fortnight since, that "the greatest want is the old, old want—to *know*."'

'And so it will be—to-morrow,' returned Vyvyan bitterly, 'which reminds me that I have an early start before me, and should be wise to turn in early. If you will allow me, I will say good-night now.'

Mrs. Raisins sat with her Bible open on the table before her in the work-room. She had had her supper, had put away her needle and thimble, and now was adjusting her reading-spectacles on her nose, when an unaccustomed step approached the door and entered the room.

'Mr. Vyvyan, sir!' she said, rising suddenly with a curtsey.

'I am leaving very early to-morrow morning,' he explained. 'And I thought I might come and say good-bye to your little girl now, without waking her. May I take this lamp?'

Silently Mrs. Raisins placed it in his hand. Something there was about him which kept her in this room whilst he went into that. He set the lamp down in a shady corner, and then at Angela's bedside stooped and kissed her. Bending over her still, he whispered words that he had not shaped for years—words that were the echo of the 'faint music which might tune one's life into a perfect harmony'—that were tinged with the pale glow from a dawn, without which all his philanthropy and all his culture would be very dark indeed—the words, 'God bless you, darling!'

She stirred, and her eyes opened dreamily, then closed again with a smile and a deep breath, as she relapsed into undisturbed sleep.

'She will be none the wiser to-morrow,' he mused, as he returned the lamp to Mrs. Raisins, and went away. 'And when I am gone she will have her animals, and her hospital.'

Angela stood in the window of the Blue room the next morning, and the last button of her pinafore was fastened. Mrs. Raisins, as she busied herself about the room, glanced at her anxiously from time to time.

'Miss Angela,' she said at last, 'the breakfast-bell has rung, dearie! And Mr. Merton has gone downstairs, and the hot things have just gone up.'

'I know'—and there was the slightest perceptible stamp—'but I don't want any breakfast.'

Silence for a few moments; then it was broken by Mrs. Raisins.

'There's such a lovely bowl of roses on the breakfast-table this morning, Miss Angela.'

No answer.

'You might put some of them in a genteel little box and send them by post to Mr. Vyvyan. He'd be glad of them in his dusty London lodgings.'

Vyvyan's chambers would scarcely have recognised themselves so described.

'Mr. Vyvyan doesn't deserve them. He was very unkind to go away without telling me!'

A break in the little voice, and a heave of the shoulders. The breakfast-bell rang again.

'Miss Angela dear! Your poor Uncle Roger always gets so faint if he doesn't get his breakfast.'

That appeal to her compassion moved the little maiden, and she went downstairs to her uncle. She had presided at his breakfast-table ever since she was five years old. As she kissed him and said good-morning, the flushed face and painfully-achieved self-control told him more than any words could have said. There he sat at the opposite end of the table, drinking his tea and eating his toast, abashed, dumbfounded, heart-stricken, with a dim consciousness that his system of bringing up might perhaps fail after all. He was quite glad that the silver urn screened him from the gentle rebuke he imagined in the swimming dark eyes. At last he could bear the painful silence no longer.

'My darling, would you like those three little boys from the Vicarage to come and spend the day with you?'

'No, thank you, Uncle Roger,' came in a low tone, and with a tremendous effort to keep back the tears.

'Mr. Vyvyan thought them very nice little boys, dear. They would teach you some new games.'

'No, thank you; they would break my hospital, and catch my butterfly, and hurt my animals. Boys are rough and cruel, Mrs. Raisins says. But Mr. Vyvyan is my friend; and oh! Uncle Roger, *why* did he go away?'

Sobs now, as she flung herself into the outspread arms, and laid her head on the kind old heart.

'And why didn't you let me know some little children before?'—sob—'*then* I should have cared for them; but I don't know—p'rhaps not—'cos only Mr. Vyvyan understands my hospital.'

'My dear! my dear!' he murmured, now patting her gently, now stroking her hair, 'where is my patient little girl? Where is my calm little Angela? Fortitude! Fortitude! We must be strong, we must be calm, little Angela!'

'But we must love our friends too, mustn't we?' And she pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, and wiped her eyes with it. His answer was a sigh, as the old problem rose up at this little girl's touch: Love and Loss! If it could but be Love without the Loss! If it could only be calm resignation to the inevitable!

‘Miss Angela,’ said Mrs. Raisins to her after breakfast, as she stood disconsolately in the window again, ‘don’t you know that everything that happens is God’s will?’

‘No!’ said Angela, turning round and staring at her with wonder in her dark eyes, still wet with tears, ‘I did *not* know it, Mrs. Raisins. And I wish you had told me before. I will go and feed my rabbits now.’

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLI.

THE PENTLAND RISING.

1662-1678.

THIS is one of the most painful scenes in our history. Generally crime and evil are plainly before us, so that we know where our sympathies should be; but in Scotland for more than twenty years the cause of the true Church was espoused for motives in which worldly expedience had the chief share, and supported by hateful means. Oppression, cruelty, and guilt, exaggerated perhaps, but still existing in large measure, were used in her name by her most unworthy members, and constancy, patience, and purity were on the side of the schismatics, who were thus persecuted, as they had too much reason to believe, for righteousness' sake.

It is somewhat of a renewal of the feeling with which the strife with the Huguenots in the former century is regarded; but there we have not the same personal feeling, and the errors of the persecuting Church are acknowledged, whereas in Scotland the cruelties were committed in behalf of our own Church, though with no participation from the English prelates and clergy, who probably were hardly aware of their extent. Scotland was still a separate kingdom, and there was little communication.

The predominant feeling after dwelling on the history of these times is wonder at the manner in which the Church in Scotland, thus founded and thus supported, still survived, cleared herself from pollution, and became a truly fruitful and glorious Church.

'Not a religion for a gentleman,' was the judgment of Charles II. upon Presbyterianism, and certainly the Scots had done their best to disgust him with it by their severity, half-conscientious, but quite as much tyrannical.

And Charles had inherited his grandfather's belief in the saying, 'no Bishop, no King,' and believed that oligarchy in the Church was closely connected with oligarchy in the State. The Presbyterians themselves believed that he thought Bishops, being of his own choosing, and likewise lords of State, would not reprove him for his vices, like the sturdy ministers of the second order; but in this they were somewhat prejudiced, for his choice of the Episcopate, and his respect for their rebukes, were the best features in his character; although when he did not improve, they could not coerce him, as the Scots minister had done in the days of Argyle and Douglas.

Such conscience as he had, as well as taste, sense of expediency, and such desire of retribution as his easy nature could admit, were all averse to the Presbytery and Covenant.

James Sharp saw that the cause was lost, and so reported. Moreover, the Estates of Scotland, in their first fervour of loyalty, repealed *en masse* the whole of their Acts since the year 1633, and then, under the guidance of the Lord High Commissioner, Earl of Middleton, an Act was passed on the 27th of May, 1661, for the restitution and re-establishment of the Church by Archbishops and Bishops.

Meantime, as has been previously said, there was a consecration of Bishops in London to fill up the vacant sees, and the next year, at the Parliament of Glasgow, Government insisted on the expulsion of all ministers not admitted by their diocesans, though Episcopal Ordination and the Liturgy were as yet not required.

Upon this 350 ministers quitted their benefices, and ordained clergy were presented in their stead. The people were in no mood to take these ejections as the English had done. In almost all the English parishes the Episcopal clergy belonged to 'the good old times,' and were connected by the elder folk with all the remembrances of their youth. Many had been driven out and were joyously welcomed home again after a time of distress and confusion, and there could hardly have been a place where the Liturgy was not welcomed by some one as an old friend.

In Scotland, however, the ministers had come in as lawful possessors, and had seemed to have every right to their kirks and manses, so that their eviction could not but be viewed as an act of tyranny. Their flocks clung to them, following them to private houses or hill-sides; and when the new incumbent arrived, he was met with tears, and entreated to be gone, or else with actual insults. Sometimes the clapper of the bell was stolen; sometimes the church doors were fastened and barred; sometimes the newcomer was pelted, and one clergyman had a boxful of ants emptied into his boots on his way to the pulpit. To insult a curate was thought an atonement for a fault. Sometimes, when the men were prudent, the women of a parish collected in the churchyard with stones, and fairly beat off the entering curate, even when escorted by gentlemen with swords and pistols, as these would not be used against this female garrison; and when the curate had taken possession, nobody would go to hear him.

Upon this, the Scotch Parliament took a leaf out of the English statute book, and enacted that every nobleman or gentleman who absented himself from his parish church should forfeit a quarter of his year's income; that every yeoman or tenant should be fined in like proportion, and every burgess not only be fined, but lose his privileges as a citizen. It was passed by a large majority, even of those who had once been Covenanters; but it produced so little effect

that it was followed up by a Court of High Commission, to judge and determine in all cases of offences against the Church. The Bishops, the Lord Chancellor, and about thirty laymen, made up the full number, and fined, imprisoned, and whipped offenders; but ere long this Court was dissolved by the King, Lauderdale had undermined Middleton, who had to resign, and the Earl of Rothes was appointed viceroy in his stead.

Like Middleton and Lauderdale, Rothes was a licentious, dissipated man; and this, together with the reports of the habits of the Court, could not fail to make the discipline they advocated doubly odious to minds already prejudiced. To enforce obedience, a military force was sent into the disaffected districts, commanded by Sir James Turner, a fierce, unscrupulous soldier, who had once served under the Covenanters themselves, and had assisted in the massacres of Dennaerty and Duart, when three hundred Royalists had been slaughtered in cold blood.

Now in the royal service, he was sent into the south-western districts, where his soldiers were quartered on persons to exact fines from them for the following offences, abstaining from public worship at the church, and being present at conventicles; but to this he and his officers added the having children baptized and marriages performed by 'outed ministers,' and even not going to the kirk when there was no minister. Also, according to the former complaints against him, the quartering money was often exacted for more soldiers than were actually there, and for a longer time fines were levied without due information, and imposed on whole parishes without exception in favour of those who had conformed, and driving away cattle, and most soldiers quartered on the farmers made a point of behaving as brutally as possible to their unwilling hosts.

The Scots, strong, resolute men, many of whom had borne arms under the Leslies, were not likely to submit quietly to such oppression, yet no outbreak took place till 1666. Then, on the 13th of November, four men met on the road near the village of Dalry in Galloway, a party of men, driven like cattle by four soldiers to make them thresh out the corn of a poor old man who had been fined, but who had fled. Presently, while the four men were taking some food at a house in the village, a person ran in with the news that the old man had been caught, and the soldiers were about to ill-use him. Up started the travellers, and there was a scuffle in defence of the old man. One of the soldiers was wounded by a pistol fired by the rescuers, and the villagers overpowered the other three, disarmed them, and made them prisoners. Then, knowing the penalties they had incurred, the four men resolved to go through with it, and with the villagers went to the next post, and there mastered twelve more soldiers.

More men began to join them, among them the Laird of Bascombe, and there were fifty horsemen besides many on foot. One Captain

Gray took the command, and on they went to Dumfries, where they took Sir James Turner himself by surprise, and made him prisoner. A large sum of the money that he had collected seems to have been carried off by Captain Gray, who was not seen again.

Such a success made the Western population flock round them till there were about 3000, and they set off for Edinburgh through the moorlands, expecting to be joined by the gentry of the East coast, but these held back, and a colonel named Wallace, evidently a trained soldier, became leader, consulting whether to put to death Sir James Turner, but as he pleaded that he had not exceeded his instructions and they found this borne out by his papers, so that they spared his life and took him with them as a prisoner. He was surprised to see the good discipline they maintained, and the care they took to post sentinels, some no doubt having preserved the memory of Leslie's training. When they reached Lanark, they put forth a manifesto, declaring that they were loyal to the King, and only rose in self-defence, but at the same time they renewed the Covenant. They were in hopes of a rising in the Lothians and of aid within Edinburgh; and thus they reached Collington, four miles from thence; but they there heard that the city gates were closed and guarded with cannon, and that all the lawyers were up and armed against them, 'every advocate in his bandolier.'

Still worse, General Thomas Dalziel was out against them. Born of a family who believed their name to mean 'I Dare,' he had been bred up to great hardihood and enthusiastic loyalty. He had fought in Montrose's campaigns, and at the execution of the King had made a vow never again to shave his beard. He then entered the service of Russia, under the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch, distinguished himself, against the Turks and Tartars, and rose to the rank of General. He came home nearly bald, with a long, white bushy beard, and wearing a beaver hat with a brim three inches broad, no boots, and only one coat, winter and summer, and that a short-skirted, close-sleeved jacket. In this costume he walked amid the flowing wigs, embroidered coats, lace cravats, and plumed hats of the Court, in the park with Charles II., attracting such crowds of boys, that the King declared that they would squeeze each other to death, and entreated him to shave and dress like other people in mercy to the poor bairns. Once, except that he would not part with his beard, he dressed in the height of the fashion, but after a little drollery with the King, returned to his own costume.

He was a man much dreaded, of a fierce, passionate temper, and there was great consternation at the report that he was in the field with a body of regular troops. The insurgents turned back, and encamped upon the border of the Pentland hills, on an eminence known as Rullion Green. Sir James Turner heard one of the ministers named Robinson thus praying, 'And if Thou wilt not be our Secondarie, we will not fight for Thee at all, for it is not our cause,

but Thine own, and if Thou wilt not fight for it, neither will we.'

This prayer, which is rather in the spirit of Gideon's father, indicates a little doubt whether the cause was the favoured one, occasioned perhaps by the tardiness of the rest of the country to join in the insurrection. It appears that Wallace was in correspondence with the States of Holland as fellow Calvinists and at war with England, and had actually received a promise of 3000 muskets, and other weapons, ammunition, and money in proportion, on the chief fortresses being surrendered to the Dutch. The letter was signed by the Pensionary De Witt, and the negotiations were certainly suspected at Edinburgh, and perhaps deterred the Presbyterians there from joining the Western Whigs, but the whole of these proceedings are very mysterious.

Dalziel had set out for Lanark to meet them, but taking a different road, missed them; and turning back came upon them at Rullion Green, on one of the first days of December 1666. At first his advanced guard were taken for friends from West Lothian, but the sound of the kettle-drums of the dragoons and the sight of the standard soon made it clear with whom the rebels had to deal. They made a brave stand, and twice beat back a charge of the horse, but the third was successful—they broke and fled. The slaughter in the field and in the chase was very small, only fifty men being killed, and a hundred and thirty taken prisoners; but the country folk hated and feared the wild men of Galloway, and ruthlessly killed the poor stragglers.

It went ill with the prisoners. Enough was known of the dealings with the Dutch enemy to render the matter far more serious than an outbreak of mere rabble. Dalziel was used to foreign service among semi-barbarous nations; and when one of the captives called him 'a Muscovy beast who roasted men,' he returned a blow on the mouth with the hilt of his sword which drew blood.

The desire to obtain information of the under-plot led to the application of torture. Guy Fawkes had been the last victim in England, and now it was begun again in Scotland—by the boot, an iron case for the leg, into which one wedge after another was hammered at the knee—and the thumbscrew, an instrument for similarly compressing the thumb. It was said by some to have been introduced from Russia by Lord Perth, but something of the kind had been in use in Scotland before under the name of Pilliwinks.

What confessions, if any, were thus elicited does not appear. Probably the sincere, honest fanatics really knew nothing of the tampering with the national enemy, and they endured their sufferings as martyrs. One who had a brother a physician, was interceded for with Archbishop Sharpe, who answered that he should be spared if he would reveal the mystery of the plot for surrendering the Castles

of Edinburgh, Stirling and Dumbarton. Nothing was, however, discovered, the real plotters no doubt having escaped.

Twenty men were hanged in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, going in parties with great enthusiasm, and contending with one another for the honour of dying first. One of them was a young minister named Hugh MacPhail, who had preached a sermon declaring that the kingdom had an Ahab on the throne, a Judas in the Church, a Haman in the State. With his leg so crushed by the boot that he could not stand, though he had uttered no word nor groan throughout the torture, he was taken to the Grassmarket full of joy, and his last words have been recorded. 'I shall speak no more with earthly creatures, but shall enjoy the aspect of the ineffable Creator Himself. Farewell, father, mother, and friends! farewell, sun, moon, and stars! farewell, perishable earthly delights, and welcome those which are everlasting! welcome glory! welcome eternal life! welcome death!'

No one could listen without tears, and, in the subsequent executions, drums and trumpets stifled such exultant utterances.

Of the other prisoners, some were shipped off to the West Indian plantations, and others released on giving cautions for good conduct. The peasantry of Galloway and Ayrshire were punished by more severe military quartering, and what was held as very hard and offensive, a number of gentlemen in Ayr, who had collected to join the insurgents, were treated as rebels, and made to forfeit their estates.

However, in 1668 it was decided to relax somewhat of the severity of the law, but this was delayed by an attempt to murder Archbishop Sharpe, who was most bitterly hated as a renegade. He was actually believed by the populace to be in league with Satan. A story was told of a messenger sent by him from the Council Chamber at Edinburgh to fetch a paper from his study at St. Andrews, and finding him already there, though all his household denied his arrival; and when, four hours later, this same messenger, riding post-haste, came back to Edinburgh, there was the Archbishop on the stair-head with an angry countenance! Psychological societies did not exist, and of course this was believed to be witchcraft. Still worse, while presiding at a witch-trial, he was asked ominously by the prisoner who was with him in his closet between twelve and one last Saturday night, upon which he looked much disturbed, and it was said that he confessed to Lord Rothes that his visitor had been 'the muckle black deil.'

The Scotch mind naturally took an Archbishop to be almost synonymous with an archfiend, and Sharpe was held to have betrayed their cause, to be a time-server, and to have instigated all the worst acts of cruelty, just as Laud was held responsible for all the ear-cuttings and fines of the Star Chamber; and Sharpe left no diary like that of Laud to plead his cause, and has only been painted by his enemies, although there is at least one letter extant to Sir Archibald Primrose, the Lord Registrar of Scotland, showing him to

have warmly interceded with the King for several of the ministers. And he was engaged on a scheme for toleration when, in the summer of 1668, as he was stepping out of his carriage in the High Street of Edinburgh, a pistol was fired at him, but missing him, broke the arm of the Bishop of Orkney. The man was allowed to escape, and never traced.

Gilbert Burnet, the historian—afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, called on the Archbishop to congratulate him on his escape, and found him much moved. 'My times are wholly in Thy hand, O God of my life,' he said, and Burnet, who hated him, declared this to have been the only pious expression he had ever heard from the Primate. Sharpe was invited to visit the King, and on his return all concerned in the Pentland rising were promised an amnesty on signing what was called a bond of peace, engaging not to take up arms again. Moreover an Indulgence was published, permitting the deprived ministers to return to any vacant kirk and manse, on condition of their only preaching the great truths of the faith, and promoting no sedition or controversy; and to this was added an extremely severe clause against field preaching, or expounding in any house to more than the inhabitants.

The excellent Bishop Leighton of Dumblane procured that a deputation should be sent into the west to preach and explain the Indulgence, but in vain; his people were nicknamed 'the Bishop's Evangelists,' and, though in the Lothians the Indulgence was accepted gladly, the western folk abused the ministers who were willing to accede to it as Erastians, dumb dogs, and the like.

Thereupon followed an Act making field preaching an offence worthy of death, laying heavy penalties on any attending worship not conducted by an Episcopal or an Indulged minister; and, worst of all, a law was enacted against intercommuning; namely, doing any office of kindness or charity to a Covenanter, who was, in fact, to be what is now called boycotted. Moreover, in Renfrew and Ayr, the lairds were called on to give bail that their servants did not meddle with these 'intercommuned.' This, the gentlemen in a body replied, was requiring from them the absolutely impossible. Thereupon they were told that if they could not keep order, order must be kept for them. English troops were moved up to the border, Irish kept in readiness at Belfast, and the Highland host, as it was called, 8000 Roman Catholics, almost savages, were let loose to live at free quarters in these counties. It was thought that this was done on purpose to drive the people into open rebellion, so that they might be exterminated, but they kept quiet, and the Duke of Hamilton headed a deputation to lay the matter before the King. Charles allowed that much evil had been done, but not, he said, contrary to his interests. However, the Highland host was recalled, carrying off a huge amount of spoil: horses, cattle, webs of linen and woollen cloth, bed-clothes, pots, pans, gridirons, silver plate, and all sorts

of pillage. Yet so unresisting had been the people that only one life was lost!

Yet the meetings went on in the Moorlands, though broken up by the soldiery whenever detected. The Covenanters considered the beautiful green plovers or lapwings their great enemy, for no doubt considering them as bent on disturbing their nests, they swept round uttering their wild cry—Pease weep in Scotch, Pee wit in English—and thus attracted the soldiers, or the Royalist gentry.

Mrs. Smythe of Methven, or as she was termed, Leddy Methven, broke up one of these meetings, riding herself at the head of sixty horse, and providing arms and cannon in case they should besiege her.

Other ladies, however, attended the conventicles with enthusiasm, though much cannot be said for Mrs. Baillie, the lady whose horse the Life Guardsman Captain Creichton saved, and who, in her gratitude, when he [restored it at sight of her tears, betrayed the names of her neighbours who were present at the preaching, so that they had to make up a purse of hush money to the officers, to prevent fine and confiscation.

Creichton and his friend Grant lived for a year on the proceeds, and do not appear to have felt any scruples as to thus cheating the Government. Nor did such things greatly concern those in higher quarters, though they kept in favour with the King. Sharpe, however, was made to retire from the Court of High Commission to his own see of St. Andrews, but Rothés received a Dukedom and retired. Lauderdale also became a Duke, and was made Lord High Commissioner. He was a large, bloated-looking man, very well read and clever, but spelling in the most extraordinary manner even for that time, irreverent, coarse and profane; and his wife, a daughter of that Murray who had picked Charles I.'s pockets of his papers, was an extravagant, rapacious woman, on the look-out for fines and exactions. At the time Lauderdale and Rothés were assisting the King in bringing about a marriage between his son, Monmouth, and Anne, the heiress of the Scotts of Buccleuch, the great Border family. There was a story that, when three or four years old, the little Lady Anne had seen a newly-born brother brought to her nursery and that foolish nurses had amused themselves with working up her jealousy, till in a passion she threw a flat iron into the cradle, which killed the infant heir on the spot. Thus the poor child and her great Border estates became the means by which Charles provided for the profligate youth who never loved her.

On the whole, for the ten years after the Pentland rising, things were quiet, though there was a smouldering flame beneath. Sharpe, however, continued to be haunted by the face of the man who had shot at him, and after six years, in 1674, he identified this person as one Mitchell who kept a small shop, not far from the door of the palace. The Primate's brother, Sir William, seized the man, and

found two loaded pistols in his possession. He was brought before the Council, and promised his life, when he admitted that he had fired the shot; but he accused no accomplice and no witness could be found, so that the trial did not take place till 1677. Then, one of the Judges, passing near him in going into Court, whispered, 'Confess nothing, unless you are sure of your limbs as well as your life.'

Mitchell would not repeat his confession, upon which the Privy Council withdrew their protection, and Lauderdale and Rothes declared that they had heard no assurance of life given to him, though the records of the Privy Council at that date distinctly describe the confession on assurance of life.

Sir George Lockhart, an able advocate, did his best in defence of Mitchell, whose mind had become affected, but no defence availed. It was decided to put him to the torture in hopes of unravelling some plot. He received the threat with dignity. 'By that torture you may cause me to blaspheme God, as Paul did compel the saints. You may by that torture cause me to speak amiss of your Lordships, to call myself a thief, a murderer or warlock, and what not, and then pannel me upon it. But if ye shall, my Lords, put me to it, I here protest that nothing extorted from me by torture, shall be made use of against me in judgment, nor have any force against me in law, nor any other person whomsoever.'

The torture was applied, but nothing was extracted. Mitchell preserved firmness enough not to utter anything that could accuse others. Probably his act had been entirely one of personal fanaticism, but the assurance, so shamefully disowned, was not permitted to avail him, and he was executed in January 1678. The greater part of Southern Scotland was tranquil with either Episcopal or Indulged ministers, whose place as they died out would be supplied with ordained ones. The Liturgy was used in few places, in most only the Lord's Prayer, the Doxology and the Creed at Baptism, and good men, like Bishop Leighton, hoped gradually to bring their people back to the Church. The Highlands—except Argyle's country—were almost all Roman Catholic, and the earnest Covenanters were chiefly confined to the south-western hills, and were sternly repressed, but only so as to make the smothered heat more fierce.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XLVI.

THE STATE HOLIDAYS AND FORMS AT SEA.

Susan. You said we were to begin on the Ordinal, but the first service after the Psalter is that to be used at sea.

Aunt Anne. That should, I think, have been placed among other occasional services; but the arrangement may be accounted for by the fact that the portion following the Psalms was considered as a sort of appendix. It contained these forms and those for the State holidays. Ah! you are too young to know what that means. They were, besides the Accession Day of the reigning sovereign, which may be still observed, the 5th of November, the 30th of January, and the 29th of May. They were only enjoined by the State, not the Church, and there was a great deal too much of political animosity in their phrases. Each had a curious substitute for the *Venite*, compiled from different texts, and which could hardly have been sung. One *felt* King James through every sentence of the thanksgiving for the frustration of the Gunpowder Plot, and it had a still more doubtful addition about the landing of William of Orange.

S. I remember now the poems about those days in the Christian Year. That on the 5th of November is very beautiful—on our feelings towards Rome.

A. Yes; and unfortunately connected with controversy.

‘There, present in the heart,
Not in the hands, the Eternal Priest
Shall His true self impart.’

S. ‘As in the hands’ it is now.

A. Yes; and I have no doubt that Mr. Keble originally meant only to deny the corporeal interpretation, and to say even more in the heart than in the hands; but, finding the verse adduced in a sense contradictory to his faith in the Real Presence, he consented to the alteration. One real beauty in the 30th of January was the reading of the 26th of St. Matthew, the chapter which was the King’s solace, and which is now lost from being a Lesson for that day by the change of Lectionary. I have thrown my whole heart into that service, but even from the first it was a matter of party, and need not be greatly regretted. It is curious, and shows how the tones of the Church had been misinterpreted; that the Litany, which is appropriate enough on that day, should have been appointed for joyful days like the 29th of May and the Accession.

S. We have dropped the Restoration Service, too, in spite of the oak apples being still worn on the day.

A. I cannot help thinking that they must be the remnant of some older custom, as all over these south-western counties the day is called Shik Shak. I have never been able to find out why.

S. We, Church people, have full reason to be most thankful for that Restoration, except for the pain of thinking what Charles II. was.

A. Yes; it was of Church and Law, not of the personal character of the King, that one had to think on that day; and when the resumption of daily service brought it more into use, many clergymen felt it a difficulty to apply to Charles II. the words compiled by enthusiastic men in the joy of the return, taking for granted that he was all that he ought to have been. Moreover, we may well remember that his reign settled and strengthened the Church as no previous one had done—and, in great measure, the clergy of his time reaped the fruit of Laud's labours.

S. And the Christian Year poem is most beautiful—

‘Yet with that triumph seemed to float
Upon the air, one dirge-like note,
Of orphanhood and loss.’

A. These forms had not been added when the Prayer-book of 1661 passed through Convocation, and was confirmed by Act of Parliament. There was only a Royal Warrant for their use, renewed at every new reign; and which still remains at the end of the Accession Service.

S. I see. This old Prayer-book mentions besides ‘Our Colleges of Eton and Winchester, the good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.’

A. Because it was always uncertain whether it was English or Scotch, though it belonged to the English Church. Many of the clergy, as these services stood on a different footing from the rest, did not feel bound to use them, and the same with the Accession Service now. The Royal Warrant put an end to the use of the other three in 1859.

S. But not to the Accession.

A. A much more beautiful service. Dr. Daniel says it was altered in 1626 from one composed for Queen Elizabeth's accession, and passed Convocation in 1640. It was freshly used for James II., disused under William and Mary, and finally revised and set forth under Queen Anne. It is perfectly applicable, and really excellent—especially the prayer for unity.

S. Oh, yes, I know that prayer, and it is very often used.

A. I do not know from whom it came, but it is a very valuable one.

S. Some of these prayers were read on the Jubilee Year Accession Day.

A. More would have been if that 20th of June had not been Trinity Sunday, so that it was not fitting to let the thought of the Queen be

more prominent than acknowledging the glory of the Eternal Majesty of Him by Whom kings reign.

S. Some of the prayers are surely always needed.

A. Yes; I think it would be well to use them.

S. Then we turn to the Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea. Were they taken from anything old?

A. Mr. Blunt says there was a *Missa pro Navigantibus*, and I think the Russians have a special form which may have come from the old Eastern Church; but our first great voyagers used the ordinary service, and, as we know in the case of Drake, very devoutly. Again, Blake was a thoroughly religious man, and in the time of the great naval enterprises of the Commonwealth, as you may see in Dr. Evan Daniel's book, the Long Parliament published 'A supply of Prayers for ships that want ministers to pray with them;' going on to state that there were thousands of ships where either no prayers at all were used, or else the Common Prayer-book. Some prayers were given, to be used, I suppose, when no one could extemporise, and Psalms and Lessons were to be read. When the Prayer-book was restored, it was felt that something specially applicable should be supplied to the sailors, and Bishop Sanderson drew up the present form, which was passed by Convocation in 1661, after being revised by Bishop Stern of Carlisle.

S. 'To be used daily.'

A. Some chaplains do use parts daily, but I believe it is not possible to have any real attendance except on Sundays. Then, if there is no chaplain, the captain of a vessel of the Royal Navy is always bound to read prayers, and I believe seldom fails to do so. Things are much improved in these days; but I am afraid in former times there was great neglect, and much less religion was attempted or thought practicable in the Navy than in the 16th or early 17th century. Even in this form, though drawn up by such good Churchmen, there is no provision for Celebration of the Holy Communion, perhaps because of what is felt now, large and commodious as our ships have become, the difficulty of providing a proper and reverently-arranged place.

S. Yes; and in times of great danger there would be no peace or quiet, and for a dying man, at other times, there could be the Communion of the Sick.

A. The worst of it was that in those old days naval chaplaincies were a sort of refuge for disreputable clergymen. Titus Oates had held one, and in the memoirs of the 18th century we come on other instances. The sailors were supposed to think a clergyman brought as bad luck as a cat, officers brooked no restraint, and either the chaplain was a boon companion, rather sneered at than otherwise, or else his appointment was a mere matter of favour, swelling his pluralities while he stayed on shore.

S. And that in the time of the great war, and of constant danger.

A. No wonder that evil was condoned—nay, thought even a necessary part of a sailor's character, and that a nature so noble as Nelson's was allowed to become so deeply stained, apparently even without a sense of guilt. But since those days there has been a great change. Collingwood was a pious man; so was Lord Exmouth. Many of the officers became sincerely religious under evangelical teaching, and now there are many agencies at work for sailors. An admirable naval chaplain, whose name I cannot remember, did much for them, and the chaplains are now almost always earnest men and gentlemen, attending seriously to their duties. Miss Weston's letters are much valued; though still not enough has been done to lessen the temptations that beset the sailor on shore.

S. Yes, I have heard of Miss Robinson's noble institute. But that is not Church.

A. It is a case where she that is not against us is for us, and where we must be thankful that our omissions are supplied to so great a degree. Still, all this has served to render these forms much more of a reality to many.

S. Special prayers in a storm, in a fight, and thanksgivings after them—after a victory. No prayer in case of defeat! That did not enter into the English mind, I suppose, as no one would be left alive to use it. Those ejaculations in time of danger must often be a great help. And here is the provision for the time of imminent peril, and almost certain death—the Confession and Absolution from the Communion Service.

A. Perhaps they are the forms chosen as most easy for the priest, at least, to recall to memory without book or light, and as recalling peaceful home churches and friends praying.

S. The 107th Psalm may well be part of the thanksgiving when the danger is over; and there are victorious psalms, too! Then lastly, that special sentence for the funeral at sea.

A. Which those who have witnessed it say is so intensely impressive, when the weighted coffin slides over the side, and disappears under the clear deep waters till the sea shall give up her dead.

S. The sentence does not end like the regular one either.

A. No, it is more general, if I may say so, pointing more to the universal than the individual resurrection, and it has been adopted into the American Burial Service, as affording less ground for misunderstanding.

THE 'DAY OF DAYS.'

'The Day of Resurrection,
 Earth tell it out abroad,
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.'

'WITNESSING Thy resurrection, Lord Jesus, we worship Thee, Who art holy, Who alone art without sin. We fall down before Thee, Who wast crucified; we praise and glorify Thee, Who art risen from the dead. For Thou art our God, and beside Thee we know no other; and of Thy name alone will we make mention.

'*R.* The Lord is risen indeed. Hallelujah.

'Draw near, all ye that believe, and let us fall down together before Him that is risen; for, behold, through His cross great joy is come unto all the world. Wherefore we bless Thee, O Lord; we celebrate Thy resurrection. For Thou hast endured the cross for us, and abolished death in victory.

'*R.* The Lord is risen indeed. Hallelujah.

'Although Thou wast laid in the grave, O Thou Eternal, yet didst Thou spoil the power of hell. Thou didst rise victorious, O Christ our God, bringing resurrection to them who had fallen. In sign whereof Thou didst meet the women who bore spices to Thy tomb, bidding them, "All hail!" And Thou didst appear in the midst of Thine Apostles, and didst say unto them, "Peace be unto you."

'*R.* The Lord is risen indeed. Hallelujah.'

These are the Versicles used on Easter-Day by the Eastern Church, which has so many beautiful forms of prayer and praise in her Liturgy.

'The Lord is risen!' 'He is risen indeed!' The words are in our hearts, if not, as in the Eastern Church, on our lips; and every year they come to us new and fresh, bringing with them so many thoughts that it is hard to choose among them.

First, perhaps, comes the thought of victory and triumph over all the powers of evil.

'The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His Anointed'; but 'He that sitteth in heaven' has laughed at them; the Lord has had 'them in derision.' 'Thou couldst have no power at all against Me, except

it were given thee from above,' were the Lord's words to Pilate; and all through the account of His Passion, helpless and forsaken as He was in the world's sight, we trace the guiding Hand. Kings and rulers, the chosen people and the heathen, though they have raged against Him, and have been allowed to work their wicked will, yet, after all, have been but the instruments to 'do whatsoever His Hand and His counsel determined before to be done'—just that, and not a whit more! They 'knew not the voices of the prophets'; but, for all that, they have 'fulfilled them in condemning Him.' All that they did had been over-ruled.

For some time previously they had 'sought to take Him,'* but they could not until His hour was come. Even the officers sent to apprehend Him, came back, saying, 'never man spake like this Man.' And this was the only reason they could give for not bringing Him—they *could not*! And then, when the hour was come, and the priests and scribes consulted how they might take Him and put Him to death, they quite intended to avoid having any scene on 'the feast day'—the first day of the Paschal feast. But again they were defeated. Judas offered to betray Him on the very Passover night, and the opportunity was not to be lost.

Many false witnesses were hired against Him, but their evidence had completely broken down; and the result of all the accusations had been a public testimony on the part of the governor to His entire innocence.

Pilate washed his hands of the innocent blood; and yet, for nearly two thousand years, his name has been associated with the greatest crime that the world has ever seen.

The priests 'persuaded the people,' and seem to have tried to shelter themselves behind them, at all events afterwards, when they resented as an injury what they called the attempt 'to bring this Man's blood upon us.' They did not want the responsibility; but it clings to them.

The soldiers bowed the knee before Him; they worshipped and saluted Him as King—in mockery indeed, but still they bowed!

Pilate brought Him forth and presented Him to the people, saying, 'Behold your King!' He was received with a howl of execration, rejected for the last time; and 'Yet,' saith 'He that sitteth in the heavens,' 'have I set my King upon My holy hill of Zion.'

And Pilate did more; he proclaimed Him to all the world, in Hebrew and Greek and in Latin, and it was in vain that the chief priests protested, what he had written, he had written, and he cared nothing for their discomfiture. But that day was the 'preparation,' the day before the Sabbath, and as the second day of the feast† this year fell upon it, it was a peculiarly high day; and they were jealous of the law, these Jews—very punctilious about its outward observances—and now, as it drew towards sunset, when the Sabbath would begin,

* John vii. 30, 45.

† The 16th Nisan.

they were anxious to have the dead Body taken away, as otherwise It would have to remain all night and through the next day, upon the cross, which was forbidden (Deut. xxi. 23). They were therefore urgent with Pilate that His death, and that of the malefactors crucified with Him, might be hastened. But again there was the restraining Hand, for it was written, 'a bone of Him shall not be broken.'

Satisfied now, the priests withdrew, and probably their attention was engaged by other matters, or they might have interfered with Joseph and Nicodemus to prevent the honourable burial which they gave to the Lord and Master, Whom till now they had not found courage to confess. But the Scripture must be fulfilled; He had made His grave with the wicked, and now with the rich man was His tomb.

About this time the Passover-sheaf was being reaped in public by delegates from the Sanhedrin, in a field on the other side of Kedron, and Jerusalem no doubt flocked out of the city to witness the ceremony as usual. Through the night they were busy preparing it in the court of the Temple, and in the morning it was presented, the first-fruits of the harvest.

But the priests could not rest on that Sabbath day as did the mourners. They bethought them of a fresh danger, which might be more mischievous than all; the tomb must be 'made sure until the third day,' and they sealed the stone and set a watch, and thereby helped to make the Resurrection the best attested fact in history.

But it is more than an historical event. Others have risen from the dead, and come back to earth for a few short years; but of Him only has it yet been said, 'He dieth no more, death hath no more dominion' over Him.' That is the refrain which rings in our ears. 'I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore'—the first risen Man, risen to die no more. But, more than this, He has the keys of Death and of Hades, and He will never give them up!

And this is not all, for 'if Christ be not raised,' we are yet in our sins, without any assurance that the sacrifice has been accepted.

When the High Priest on the great day of Atonement disappeared from the sight of the people and passed into the Most Holy Place, it was directed that he should not prolong the prayer which he offered without the veil, 'lest his protracted absence might fill the people with fears for his safety.' When he came forth again from the Presence Chamber unharmed, they knew that the sacrifice was accepted and reconciliation made. And we who have seen our High Priest sink beneath the load of our sins, even to the suffering of death, see Him, as on this day, come forth unhurt by its pains, because 'it was not possible He could be holden of it,' and we hear the message of pardon which He brings back, 'Peace be unto you: our redemption has been accomplished, we have been 'reconciled by His death.'

And there is more than this. 'He is now the undying Man, and

His Body is spiritual and incorruptible; and in thus rising He has become the first-fruits of them that slept, the Antitype of that wave-sheaf, which was the pledge and first-fruits of the harvest to follow. And He is the Beginning and Head of a new creation, 'which in Him is to be immortal, and in Him endowed with the same eternal life, which is to be derived from Himself as the source and fountain.'

Man was not created incapable of death, though, had he remained innocent, death would not have been suffered to touch him, for in the midst of the garden of Eden there was the tree of life, to which he had free access. But when man had sinned, the way to the tree of life was barred, not in judgment only, but in mercy, 'inasmuch as, except through atonement, immortality to a sinner is but eternal judgment and misery.' That tree is mentioned again in the book of Proverbs, where Wisdom is said to be 'a tree of life to them that lay hold of her'—'whoso findeth me findeth life. . . all they that hate me love death'; and in the Apocalypse, where, to the angel of the church of Ephesus it is promised, 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God'; and again, in the last chapter, where the Apostle sees 'a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations'; and lastly, 'Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life.'

God, in mercy, had withheld immortality from man until the way could be made open to its being beneficially possessed. But now life and immortality are brought to light. Now, on this first Easter-Day, does 'man, regenerated in his whole being, walk the earth. Now first hath man obtained that immortality which it was God's eternal purpose to bestow upon him; the mortal body hath put on immortality; the corruptible flesh and blood have put on incorruption. And in *this* Man at least—this, the God-Man—is fulfilled the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."'

And He was not to abide alone, but to be the Head of a new creation. In Him the members of His mystical Body were to receive a new life—resurrection-life, regenerating them in spirit now, and hereafter, in the great regeneration, they shall be raised by His Spirit that dwelleth in them, in spiritual and heavenly bodies, fashioned like unto His glorious body.

'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.' Made manifest, the words remind us of the 'earthen vessels' of Gideon's army, in which the lights were concealed until the time appointed. For that manifestation the whole creation waits, and Sunday by Sunday we

profess to 'look for the resurrection of the dead.' Do we really do so? Does our faith go much beyond that of Martha, or even of David? Perhaps one of the saddest sights of a great city are the cemeteries, among whose tombs one may look almost in vain for any intelligent expression of *the* Christian hope. Here and there one may see the pathetic words of David, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me'; but where is the comfort which St. Paul gave to the Thesalonians, 'Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him'? We believe in the resurrection; so did Martha, so did the orthodox Jews of old; but she and they put it off to the 'last day'—something a long way off which could give them no present comfort. When the Lord announced Himself to her as 'the resurrection and the Life,' and sought to draw from her a confession of her faith in the eternal life abiding in Him, she faltered. She could believe that He was the Christ, the Son of God; but when He said, 'Take ye away the stone,' she proved the weakness of her faith by the objections which she immediately raised.

And we, though we have not Martha's excuse, have we advanced so very much beyond her? We believe in the Resurrection, of course, for it is one of the Articles of the Christian Faith; but has not 'dying and going to heaven' taken its place with many at the two extreme ends of the Church? What could saints in glory, saints who are beatified, canonised, reigning already, want with resurrection? What can it add to them? It has been forgotten that it is only when Christ, Who is our life, shall appear, that we can appear with Him in glory; and accordingly in the Church of Rome, though the creeds are duly recited, the resurrection is almost lost sight of. Indeed, some of us have done more than lose sight of it; for since death—not life—has become the entrance to glory, men have made friends with him whom Christ overcame and abolished—friends with the last enemy whom He means to *destroy*. We have forgotten the words of Wisdom, 'They that hate me love death,'* and so it has been possible for a Christian poet to write such words as those of the 'Tryst with Death'—

'I am footsore and very weary,
But I travel to meet a Friend,
The way is long and dreary,
But I know that it soon will end.

On the day of my birth he plighted
His Kingly word to me,
I have seen him in dreams so often,
I know what his smile must be.

I will not fear at his coming,
Although I must meet him alone;
He will look in my eyes so gently,
And take my hand in his own.

* Prov. viii. 36.

Like a dream all my toil will vanish,
 When I lay my head on his breast;
 But the journey is very weary,
 And he only can give me rest.'

'Put 'Christ Who is our life' in the place of *death*, and one need hardly alter a line of the poem. 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.'* Then—and not until then—by death or anything else. 'With Thy likeness': we shall be like Him, 'Who shall change our vile body till it be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.'†

'Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have.'‡ And *we* shall be *ourselves*, not somebody else; ourselves, and yet like *Him*! For we shall see His face, and His servants who serve Him so very imperfectly now shall serve Him perfectly then.

No! the resurrection is not past, as there were some even in St. Paul's day to affirm, but it *has begun*; we are living in the resurrection age, for 'Christ has risen. Can the Head rise and leave the members dead.' He went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and doubtless He shall come again with rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him. 'He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied';§ for—with reverence we may say it—He is not satisfied yet. He waits for His Church, His Bride, until He can say to her: 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.' ||

'One life blood flows through all from Thee, our Head,
 Oh, Saviour of the living and the dead;
 And while the world with sin and death is rife,
 Thou art the Resurrection and the Life.'

S. G.

* Ps. xvii. 15.

† Luke xxiv. 39.

‡ Phil. iii. 21.

§ Isa. liii. 11.

|| S. of Sol. ii. 13.

EASTER.

‘The evening and the morning were the first day.’—*Gen.* i. 2.

‘Very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.’—*S. Mark* xvi. 2.

It was chaos in God’s world,
 ‘Darkness on the deep;’
 Life germs in confusion hurled,
 Wrapt in deathlike sleep.
 Till it flashed—the light new-born,
 With victorious rays—
 Starless eve and golden morn
 Were the first of days.

It was chaos in my soul,
 Deepest shades of death;
 Dark clouds did in tempest roll,
 Came the Spirit’s Breath.
 Brought sweet peace and life new-born,
 His be all the praise;
 Stormy eve and restful morn
 Were the first of days.

Darkness reigns the Church within,
 Penitential gloom;
 Deepest mourning for our sin,
 Dread of coming doom.
 Light of light, we see the dawn
 Bright’ning as we gaze;
 Lenten eve and Easter morn
 Are the first of days.

E. H. B.

A GEORGIAN PRINCESS.

FACT—NOT FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VÈRA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' 'THE MARITIME ALPS,' ETC., ETC.

 PART IV.

' Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
 And because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'—*Lord Tennyson.*

CAPTORS and captives in Wedène had alike come to feel that the situation was unbearable, and that some solution must be arrived at; and Princess Orbeliani, who had followed the discussions and calculations of Schamyl's wives, was convinced that a term had come to their captivity. Public opinion among the naïbs, who represented public opinion in Daghestan, would expect either the satisfactory result of a large ransom, or the sale of the Christian women into a captivity where they would have to labour for their daily bread. The naïbs, in fact, loved to work on their Imaum's feelings by telling him that he was being deceived, and that these prolonged negotiations about his son were but a blind. They assured him that the restitution of Djammal-Ed-din would never take place, and for the best of all reasons—because the young man had been years ago murdered by order of the Russian Sultan. A pretender, they said, would now be sent to simulate him; and the Imaum, heartsick with suspense, had to remind himself and them of the traces of the small-pox, and of a little wound on the body of a child from whom he had been parted so many years ago, but whom he still maintained he could identify. A third naïb declared that Djammal-Ed-din had been sent to Tiflis, where he would take the cholera and perish; and a fourth, more cruel than the others, said that the young man, being subjected to the influences of a subtle poison, would not long survive his return to his father's house. We shall see that this sad prophecy was the only one that came true, and that Djammal-Ed-din did fall a victim to the pangs of love and of nostalgia for western Christendom, but in the meantime there was no ground for this assertion, or, indeed, for any of the assertions which served to torment and agitate Schamyl. Autocrat as he was, the Imaum was fain to quit Wedène for a short term of weeks, and to leave behind him the murmurs of his chieftains and the quarrels of his wives, one of whom, being of Christian parentage, was accused by the rest of favouring the Georgian prisoners.

If Schamyl thus obtained a little respite for himself, he managed at the same time to prolong for the sister prisoners a suspense that had become well-nigh unbearable.

Princess Orbeliani made up her mind to attempt one further negotiation, and to offer to remain alone in Wedène as a hostage for the safety of Djammal-Ed-din, and for the payment of a moderate ransom, provided that her child was allowed to accompany his Tschavtschavadzé cousins, and to go to Tiflis with them.

This last sublime sacrifice Varvara Orbeliani was fortunately not called on to make for the sake of the other prisoners.

Schamyl returned, and when he did so he did not appear alone. In order to avoid the responsibility of a decision, he had gone to consult a dervish of noted sanctity, and of great influence with the tribes.

The appearance of this holy man created a temporary diversion in public feeling, and his prayers, chauntings, and ecstasies soon turned every head in Wedène. A council was held in the Imaum's house on every Thursday, and the one at which the dervish appeared was felt to be big with the fates of the Georgian princesses and their children.

Next morning the Princesses, summoned to his presence, appeared before him closely veiled. A long consultation then took place between Schamyl and his naïbs. As it was not interpreted to the captives, they returned to their rooms with heavy hearts and trembling limbs. It was only too probable that the result would be unfavourable to them, and that the dervish would advise their being divided and sold into actual slavery.

Night fell! The Princesses could hear the dervish chaunting and praying, while Chouanète, the tender-hearted wife of the Imaum, told the beads of her coral rosary, and wept piteously.

Madame Drancey's agitation had reached a climax—she would not lie down to rest, and Princess Orbeliani, taking pity on her distress, went out with her into the large moonlit court upon which their prison opened, and which was overlooked by some of the windows of Schamyl's harem. The poor French governess was inconsolable. To be separated from the Princesses, and from her young charges was bad, to be for ever banished from France was worse, but to lose her honour at the hands of some piratical ruffian, who might be her self-constituted master, was worst of all.

On the last head Princess Orbeliani could reassure her.

Chouanète had, she said, promised her that in the event of any separation, she would manage to keep about herself and her children the Frenchwoman whose talents and accomplishments would be useful in the seraglio, while her ignorance of all the dialects of the Caucasus rendered her singularly helpless and terrified. In memory of her own Christian childhood, Chouanète would surely be merciful to the Frenchwoman, and once in Schamyl's seraglio Madame Drancey was safe from the eyes of all other men.

'For Schamyl himself,' added Princess Varvara, 'I can answer.

He is brave, a man of his word, and one for whom my husband during his captivity had the greatest respect. His morals are austere, and he would die rather than run the risk of pollution from the touch of any Christian woman.'

Madame Drancey hardly knew how to thank the Princess for this thoughtful provision; but while bewailing their approaching separation, she suddenly gave a cry of extreme terror.

'Look there!' she said, and pointed in the direction of a broad band of shadow which from the buildings of the seraglio was thrown across the courtyard. The Princess looked, and saw in truth a figure crawling towards them on hands and knees.

'We shall be murdered!' cried the governess, clinging to her companion; 'our lives will certainly be taken this night!'

'Hardly,' replied the Princess, 'for the person on hands and knees carries no *kanjar* in his teeth, as he would do were he coming on a murderous errand. Sit down on this bench, and let us wait till we can see him better.'

She led Madame Drancey, who was shaking like an aspen leaf, to a stone bench, and kept her hand in her own while the dreaded figure slowly approached them. 'Speak in French,' said the Princess, 'and try not to show any fear.'

The terrified Frenchwoman only answered with a gasp, and in another moment a rustle behind the bench showed that the enemy, whoever he might be, had some stronger motive for concealing himself than for avoiding them. The Princess then felt a sharp pull at her dress, and on dropping her hand she found it grasped in a small, dusty palm. By its size that must be the palm of a woman. '*C'est une femme*,' she whispered to Madame Drancey, then stooping low over the intruder, she said in Tartar—

'Who are you? and what do you want?'

'I am the wife of Schamyl's cook.'

'How did you get here to-night?'

'One of the two sentries on guard in this court to-night is my nephew. I told him that I had business with you to-night, that I could creep along under the shadow, but that he must contrive to be at the gateway when I passed, so as to prevent the other sentry seeing me.'

'What made you run the risk of being seen and shot to-night?'

'I knew that you must be very anxious, and I came to bring you glad tidings. To-morrow morning you will all be set free, and sent home together.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because my husband once did a service to this dervish, who is chaunting so loud just now, and so the holy man came into our kitchen. I heard the news, and I determined to bring them to you before I slept. You and your sister are the mothers of Jury (George) and of Sandro (Alexander), and you ought to be told that all is well.'

'I thank you warmly,' replied Princess Varvara, 'I thank you

with all my heart, and I thank God who has put it into your heart to do this for us. You felt, that though Giaours, we also were wives and mothers, women like yourself. You must tell your nephew from me how grateful we are that he helped you to pass the sentry in the gateway. I regret that there are no trifles left to us which we could offer to him and to you. I must have seen you often if you are the wife of Schamyl's cook, and I am half afraid that, if you are the woman I have seen, you are with child.'

'I shall be a mother in six weeks.'

'And you have crawled here on hands and knees? But that is even a greater risk than the sentry's gun. I hope that you may have not done some fatal injury to yourself, or your unborn child.'

'It may be so; if it is, it is Destiny, and that is all in the hands of Allah. If Allah wills it, the child will be born all right. If it is killed, then it has died in a work of mercy, such as Allah wills that we should all perform for one another.'

'We will pray for you and for your infant,' answered the princess, who continued to hold in her own the dusty hand of this poor Tartar woman.

Princess Varvara told me this incident, which is not among Madame Drancey's souvenirs, and she added that never had she prayed—even for George—with such agonising fervour as she did till she could see their charitable, shapeless messenger safely past the gateway and its sentry. She added that, to her infinite distress, she never saw that woman again, and never heard how it had fared with her in child-birth. She did not dare to reveal what the cook's wife had done, as it might have brought trouble upon her, and most certainly punishment on the sentries, since by the connivance of the one and the carelessness of the other, a stranger had been able, after the moon rose, to enter and leave the court of the seraglio. Princess Orbeliani said that she often longed to see this woman again, and to humble herself to the Mahometan who, with such tender forethought, had risked her own life for those Christians who had ever allowed themselves to despise her race and abhor her creed.

Had the Georgian princesses but known it, there was another drama of self-abnegation and charity being acted at that moment in another Mahometan breast. It is time that my readers should turn their thoughts for a little in the direction of Djamal-Ed-din, the Imaum's favourite son. Carried into captivity in Russia at the age of nine, the boy proved to have inherited from his mother a gentle and sensitive disposition. Not all the influence of Holy Russia, of metropolitans, or of professors in Kiew, not all the blandishments of officials had, however, succeeded in weaning the Imaum's son from his own faith. He was charmed; he was tamed; he wore the uniform of a regiment of Polish Lancers, but he was neither convinced nor converted. Stones are, however, worn by continual dropping, and there is also an elixir which works wonders in young heads and

hearts. Djammal-Ed-din, now of age, went into society, and there met, and alas! loved a Christian girl. It may be that he told himself that he had, and could have no hopes, that his was, and must remain, one of those loves that never have an early close; but at least they met. To breathe the same air, to talk in the same speech, and to watch the refinement of Christian domesticity had made a paradise for this young Eastern stranger. In him the savage virtues and vices of his race had become extinct when the news arrived that, at his father's request, and in exchange for some Georgian women and children, all captives of his brother's spear, he was to be sent back to his native mountains. It was a staggering blow. No more for him would the many cupolas of Holy Kiew glisten in the sun; no more for him would pretty Polish women smile; no more for him would the doors of well-ordered Christian homes be opened; and the life that awaited him in the Caucasus would be simply equivalent to being buried alive.

Emperor Nicholas summoned him to his presence. He told the young man all the circumstances; the nine months' captivity of the Georgian women in his father's *aoul* at Wedène, and the proposal that he should be exchanged for them before Easter, at a place called Chassawfurth, near the fort of Kurpinsky. The Emperor added that he could not, of course, oblige him to leave the regiment and return to the *aouls* of Daghestan, but that he should learn with satisfaction that he was prepared to accompany General Baron Nicolai to the rendezvous appointed.

The young man's face fell. 'It is,' he replied, 'as the loss of my life; but it is the will of Allah, and if my life is to be the price of setting Christian women and children free, behold I go. I am a sacrifice for them: but so Allah wills.'

The Emperor embraced the speaker, made him presents of some splendid arms, and bade him start on the third day. There were tears in Djammal-Ed-din's eyes, but after spending two days along with General Nicolai in the house of another of the royal Georgian sisters, he began to realise how full of import to them all was his sorrowful self-sacrifice. His long farewell to civilisation was, so to speak, said in that house, and in due time he reached Kurpinsky and its fort. Prince David Tschavtschavadzé was already there, and six companies of infantry, along with nine *sotnias* (hundreds) of Cossacks, and six guns to see fair play during the exchange of prisoners.

That exchange was awaited with no common emotion. The prisoners, packed in carts, were put under the care of an old mollah and of seven thousand warriors, Schamyl having reserved for his body-guard a picked body of men, whose splendid dresses, and yet more splendid mounts, were intended as much to impress the Russian commissioners as to gratify any filial vanity of Djammel-Ed-din.

On one bank of the Mitschick river, General Nicolai's tent was dressed, on the other was Hasi-Mohammed, the son who had made the

raid on Tzonindali, with thirty-two murids, and with the black banner of Schamyl. The Imaum himself sat under a tree at some distance from the brink. He had on a long, green kaftan, and used a white umbrella. When the Georgian prisoners, who had made a last stage of four hours to come up with him, were announced, he rose and silently counted them, to be sure that the tale was correct, and then, after embracing little George Orbeliani, he silently withdrew.

Hasi-Mohammed, dressed in white, with a cap of white fur, rode on a white horse that had not a single black hair. Guns were fired, and shouts of '*Allah-il-Allah!*' rent the air as he moved hither and thither, busily occupied with the arrangements for the exchange of prisoners, but he showed little or no emotion at the sight of his brother: Hassam on the contrary showed a great deal of obstinacy, and a wish to cheat the Russian officials when it came to counting the 40,000 roubles which made up the so long disputed ransom. This fox-like cunning was at length overcome, the last rouble was counted, and the last chest bound and sealed, and then the carts in which the princesses were seated were allowed to cross the stream. Weary and ragged they both looked, because of the length of the way, and because of the bitter-sweet emotions with which Princess Lydia again embraced her husband, and learnt from him that her infant's body, having been recovered, had secured Christian burial near Tzonindali. Varvara Orbeliani's long watch was over, and she could give over to Prince David Tschavtschavadzé the dear ones she had, through nine long months, protected with so much loving energy and care.

Close beside their father and husband now stood Djammal-Ed-din, who bowed to the Princesses and begged them to forgive some unavoidable delays in the journey which had had their freedom for its object. His brother, Hasi-Mohammed, then made a speech, expressive of the Imaum's admiration and good wishes for the royal Georgian ladies, and after which he took leave of them, as of General Nicolai, of Prince David Tschavtschavadzé, of their relation, Colonel Prince Bagration, and of the commandant of the fort. He told Djammal-Ed-din that he must take off his lancer uniform before presenting himself to the Imaum. So with a smothered sigh Djammal-Ed-din laid it aside, put on the new robe prepared for him, and mounting a black charger with red housings, he did not draw bridle till he stood before his father's face. The Imaum's self-possession gave way as they approached, he rose to his feet, fell on his son's neck and embraced him, after which he gave orders for an immediate return to Wedène, that all the heads of tribes, with his own household and servants, might rejoice with him over the son who had been lost for so many years, and who was now at last restored.

In the fort of Kurpinsky guns were fired,¹ and all the bells set ringing. A *Te Deum* of thanksgiving was sung for the return of the

Princesses. They, as soon as their confessions had been heard, hastened to receive the Holy Sacrament along with their families, to kiss the Gospel, the holy pictures, and the hand of the officiating *pope*; nor did Melaunia, before receiving the Holy Sacrament, omit in her confession the episode of the stolen cake. Next day the whole party left the fort. The joy of the Princesses in this the hour of their liberation was darkened by the news that they had lost their father, the Tzarévitch Ellico of Georgia, who died of a seizure on the very day in July, 1857, on which Tzonindali was sacked by the Lesghian bands. His widow, the Tzarévna Anastasia, had taken up her residence in Moscow, and thither her daughters, Varvara and Lydia, hastened with their children, after a visit to Tiflis, which had all the features of a triumphal entry.

The Emperor's congratulations were there conveyed to them by message; and when they were able, after resting and getting suitable dresses, to repair to St. Petersburg, they again heard the assurances of his sympathy from his own paternal lips.

(To be continued.)

ROSY IN TOMBLAND.

BY G. B. STUART.

‘AUNT, can we have our tea now?’

‘Can’t you wait a bit longer, Rosy? you’ve no patience, you and Freddy haven’t!’

‘But we’ve waited all through dinner time, and Freddy’s awfully hungry for tea.’

This may have been one for Freddy and two for herself, but it was undeniably true that about two hours earlier in the afternoon Rosy’s aunt, Mrs. Fowles, had adjured her niece and nephew to ‘wait’ for their dinner, and in this manner the mealtime had slipped by unnoticed by her. Now she rose with a reluctant sigh, which Rosy felt was a reproach, and sweeping aside the cuttings of black merino and grey lining which heaped her worktable, produced from a cupboard the entire resources of her larder—several uneven pieces of bread, the ghosts or skeletons of handsome wholesome loaves, a small quantity of an unattractive yellow substance in a saucer, which might have been soft soap, but was called butter, and a tea-pot of ready-made tea. Perhaps second-hand tea would have been a better name for it, for it was prepared from the tea-leaves of a family for whom Mrs. Fowles occasionally ‘charred.’ Mrs. Fowles generally brewed it in considerable quantities whenever she had boiling water handy, and in summer time (by her computation summer had to last at least nine months of the year) she drank it cold, as there was no fire to heat it by. These edibles were huddled on to a corner of Mrs. Fowles’s table, so as to disarrange as little as possible the ‘pleats’ of the mourning gown which occupied most of it.

Rosy and Freddy stood by while their aunt impartially divided the butter, and such reminiscences of the daily press as adhered to its surface through recent transmission in a newspaper, on the two largest crusts; then she poured out a mug of the flat-looking liquid to be shared between them, and with a doleful gesture, which the children knew very well, signified that the meal was ready and must be removed to a safe distance from the dressmaking, whereupon Rosy carried the tea, Freddy the bread and butter, to the window-seat which was their especial province. Mrs. Fowles poured herself out a cup of tea, broke the remainder of the bread into it, bumped it up and down viciously with a spoon, and returned to her work without tasting it.

‘Aint you got no butter for yourself?’ hazarded Rosy, from the window-seat, dimly uncomfortable.

‘No, nor aint likely to have, this side the tomb!’ snapped Mrs. Fowles, with her mouth full of pins.

She was a large, sad woman, dressed in rusty black of such peculiar density that it looked as if her underlinen must be of black material too. She was generally engaged in turning or making over servants’ and poor people’s mourning, and talked of ‘executing mourning orders’ as her occupation, though she occasionally condescended to do charring for the undertaker’s family who gave her the tea-leaves.

It was a dismal home for Rosy and little Fred, but the latter knew no other, and Rosy’s dim recollections of something pleasanter, sunnier, breezier than this shabby attic room in the old house in Norwich were beginning to fade away, along with the remembrance of her parents’ faces and voices, the strawberries in a garden, the music in church, which every day grew less and less clear. Rosy was only six now, and two years had passed since the fever had carried off ‘mother,’ and left the children to Aunt Martha’s care. ‘Father’ was mate in a sailing vessel, and Mrs. Fowles only mentioned him lugubriously when the wind howled at night. The children seemed to have lived all their lives in Mrs. Fowles’s room. Rosy tried to cling to her old memories, but they slipped from her and mingled themselves inexplicably with the ‘dreams’ which she recounted day by day for Freddy’s entertainment. Sometimes she drew unconsciously upon her recollections when Freddy demanded ‘nuther story.’ She knew something vaguely of angels playing on golden harps, though the chapel to which they sometimes accompanied Mrs. Fowles delighted more in the contemplation of supernatural beings of an opposite order.

And now Mrs. Fowles’s allusion to the butter, or rather the lack of it, touched some chord in Rosy’s memory and set all her pulses beating. ‘This side the tomb,’ her aunt had said. Where was, what was ‘the tomb,’ and who and what dwelt on the other side of it? With sudden determination she clapped Freddy’s battered straw hat on to his head, gave a precautionary hitch to the buckles of the old trousers which fastened on Freddy’s shoulders, and of which the seat alone served to cover his meagre little body down to the knees, and hurried him downstairs, tying her own sun-bonnet strings with one hand as she guided him with the other.

‘Don’t get sitting in the roadway like common children!’ called Mrs. Fowles after them, more from the habit of finding fault than from any particular care where they sat; ‘an’ if I’m not back when you come in, jest you sit patiently at the top of the stairs till I come. I’ve got to take this work home and to do a bit of shopping for Sunday!’

But Rosy and Freddy were two landings down by this time, and Mrs. Fowles gulped down her tea, and fell upon the black kiltings again; it was not often she ran so low as to-day, but work had been

slack, the undertaker's family away at the seaside, and unless she finished the gown to-night there would be no Sunday dinner even of crusts and tea.

Once out in the streets Rosy knew right well what she was about ; she threaded her way deftly through the narrow back alleys, crossed the market square where Saturday's market had spread the ground with fruit, vegetables, cheap crockery and tin-ware, and where the good-humoured, red-faced farmers in their long grey driving-coats were bargaining for household trifles to appease the wives who might have to sit up late at night for them ; the real business of the day, in oxen, store pigs, and yearling sheep, was long over. One fat man gave Freddy a big green apple as he passed, munching its fellow ; this carried the child safely and without fruitless envy past the stall of the 'Hoky-poky' vendor, whose store of pink sweetmeats, appetising little ready-packed paper-bags, and monotonous chant in praise of his wares, generally reduced Freddy to the last stage of fractiousness. Along London Street, where the country ladies and the parsons were bustling in and out of the shops, and dodging each other under the pink and white awnings, a turn to the right, and the children were close to the great grey cathedral which Rosy regarded with awe and admiration. 'You can't get in without you pay,' she explained to her brother ; 'them gentlemen in the flat hats won't let you, but you can stand about an' listen, and maybe you'll hear the music.'

But Freddy liked a street-organ far better, and did not often care to linger in the shadow of the big building, which was so jealously guarded by officials of all sorts, from grey-headed clergy to choir-boys in mortar boards.

To-day Rosy had an object in view ; she was struggling with some half-remembered impression ; she wanted to grasp something which slid from her directly she thought she had caught it. 'Let's go and look at F'ather,' she suggested, dragging Freddy along with her to the corner of the Dean's garden, where Nelson's statue watches with calm, smiling face the boys of to-day who pass in and out of the grammar-school. Rosy and Freddy always called Nelson's statue 'F'ather,' from a supposed likeness to their sea-faring parent : if she had a good look at 'F'ather,' Rosy thought she would be able to remember what mother had said, what she vaguely sought to recall, about angels 'beyond the tomb.' It was a favourite phrase of Aunt Martha's, 'this side the tomb ;' she was fond of intimating that there were numbers of good things—peace and quiet, new bread, stronger boots—which she might not hope to enjoy here, at least as long as she had the charge of Rosy and Freddy. Rosy always felt that she stood between her aunt and many advantages ; this afternoon, having partaken of the last scrap of butter, she felt more than usually guilty, more than usually anxious to make up to her aunt in some way for what she and her brother so obviously cost her. If she could only

get to the other side of the tomb and bring her some of the delicacies she longed for, and which Rosy knew were stored there—if she only knew where and what it was, that she might adventure on the quest!

It was not admiration of her country's naval hero that made Rosy's face so deeply contemplative as she stood staring at the bold, confident statue on which all the September sunshine and a few golden beech leaves lay; an intelligent foreigner who was doing the city of Norwich with a guide book stopped and asked her if she knew whose statue it was; and was immensely pleased when the serious-eyed little English girl answered him gravely, 'Father's.' He took care to enter in his note-book that evening that the people of provincial England still call their country's hero 'Father,' and being pleased with the child's answer, and her grave little face, he gave her a penny, and asked if she could direct him to Tombland? Rosy shook her head despondingly, but suddenly her eyes brightened, and her cheeks grew red; the gentleman turned away with a smile. 'They love money, these good people,' he said to himself. But it was not the penny that had come like an inspiration to Rosy. It was the word he had used, 'Tombland;' that must be the place she wanted to reach. The gentleman was going there, directly he, too, could discover the way; if they followed him they must assuredly reach it, and hear the music of the angels' harps and find the beautiful things that Aunt Martha grumbled for.

It would go hard with her, little Rosy thought, tucking Freddy under her arm, if she did not bring Aunt Martha home something to make up for all her work; there would be dangers to encounter, no doubt, by the way, most likely the Devil would meet and try to stop them (Rosalie had heard a good deal about him at the chapel, and thought herself quite up to his sly ways); but if she kept close behind the French gentleman (all foreigners are French in Norfolk), why should she not get to Tombland as well as he? And once there, why, Aunt Martha should not be a loser by it!

'St. George's, Tombland.' These were the words that Rosy spelt out with some difficulty over the ricketty wooden archway. The French gentleman had disappeared within its shadow some time before, while Rosy watched him cautiously from St. Ethelbert's Gate. Presently he re-emerged, and went down the street in the opposite direction.

'I wonder what he has got?' the child thought, as she darted across the wide roadway and stopped, panting with excitement, under the beams of the old entrance whereon the name was painted in bold, modern letters. How was it that she had never noticed the name written there before—the name of the place which her poor bewildered little mind had been groping after so long? Her rambles did not often lead her so far as this wide, empty, sunny street; oftener she and Freddy lurked about the market place, or at furthest grubbed for beech-mast under the railings of the Dean's garden.

The old wooden archway was dark and chill after the open road, and its floor was paved with rough stones. That was as it should be, Rosy thought, grasping Freddy tightly—difficult and stony and dark, and she must be on the look-out for the Devil, for he would assuredly be somewhere near. One look back, then a quick dart through the gateway, and the children were landed in the three-cornered piece of forgotten graveyard with the little church on one side, and the beetle-browed, round-shouldered sixteenth-century houses forming the two others.

Rosy gave no heed to the headstones, half-buried themselves in rank grass, till their carved cherubs only looked out from the tangled surroundings; there was the church door wide open, and the church itself lay flooded with golden, and crimson, and blue, as the afternoon sun poured through the painted windows, and dyed its dimmest, mustiest corners with colour and light. And the angels with their harps must be there, too, for, hark! peal on peal of heavenly music filled the air. Rosy's eyes swam with sudden tears as the unaccustomed sight and sound touched her senses; this was the Heaven that mother used to talk about—perhaps mother herself was waiting inside! One step more within the dazzling radius of that rainbow-tinted sunshine, and Rosy was certain—she had indeed reached the other side of the tomb. For there, right before her, on the wide stone slab, whose carven words attest the benevolence of a three hundred years' dead and gone Dame Olive, lay four-and-twenty round, white cottage loaves, neatly ranged in rows of six apiece, and with their delicious smell (for they were still hot from the oven) ravishing Rosy's third sense more appealingly than even the music and the colours had done already.

The organ rang out louder and louder; 'Hallelujah! hallelujah!' it sounded plainly (for the vicar's daughter was practising for the Harvest Festival), and all the stars and diamonds of flashing colours from the western windows danced and sparkled like a sea of gladness round the children hesitating in the doorway. This was no time for listening to the angels, for wondering at the windows, even for looking for mother, Rosy felt. She reached up on tiptoe and lifted two of Dame Olive's flouriest, sweetest-smelling half-quarters. Here was the means of comforting Aunt Martha for many deprivations; here was proof positive that Rosy had reached beyond the tomb to some of those good things that the child's faith in Mrs. Fowles's reiterated creed had so long sought after.

Mrs. Fowles climbed the grimy stairs to her attic with more alacrity than usual, having not only finished her work and been paid for it, which meant replenishment of the cupboard against Sunday, but having also encountered an unexpected visitor on her own doorstep. It was to this visitor that she kept calling over her shoulder, in a voice almost cheerful, as she came heavily up the stairs, fumbling

meanwhile in a deep pocket for the key of her room ; so much engaged was she that she stumbled against the two children lying asleep against the door, Freddy's head on Rosy's lap. And, 'Gracious Sakes !' cried Mrs. Fowles, stooping and groping in the dim twilight of the passage, as she caught at what appeared to be her nephew's fair head, and it slipped from her grasp and rolled bumping down the staircase. 'Lord, ha' mercy, what's this here ?'

'It's only me,' cried Rosy, starting wide-awake in an instant, 'we've been in such a splendid place, me'n Freddy, we've been in heaven and heard the angels an' the music, and brought you two beautiful half-quarterns from the other side of the tomb. Oh, Aunt Martha, stop that one a-rolling downstairs.'

Mrs. Fowles is wont to declare that the turn that there loaf gave her, and the children's wild talk and all, would have been quite sufficient to incapacitate her from further guardianship of Rosy and Freddy, even if their father had not returned in the nick of time to relieve her of it. And as for thieving the church bread, it was a thing she was sure she had never brought them up to, being a strict chapel member herself, knowing the folly of organ-playing, and Papist windows at Divine Worship. She never rightly understood Rosy's confused notion of reparation towards herself, but luckily the rector of St. George's, Tombland, to whom Rosy's father told the whole story that evening after the children were safe in bed, had a trifle more imagination and more knowledge of child nature than Mrs. Fowles, and received the confession with such kindly laughter as that lady would have deemed highly unbecoming in a pastor of souls.

And Rosy's mental horizon has widened with proportionately improved physical conditions, so that her adventure 'beyond the tomb' has faded away as completely as the recollection of Aunt Martha's scanty bread and butter.

THE BRIXHAM CHURCH SHIP.

ABOUT a year ago your readers may remember seeing in the 'Monthly Packet' a short paper bearing the title, 'A Cry from the Sea.' This was an account of an effort being made by some of the Brixham fishermen to get a Church Ship, to follow them during their annual spring fishing cruise of three or four months in the North Sea. The men's appeal met with ready sympathy from Churchmen in all parts of England, and beyond England, for help was even sent from Cape Town among other places. The sloop *Dauntless*, which was used as a temporary Church Ship, sailed for the North Sea fishing grounds on April 21st. The Chaplain of St. Peter's, the Fisherman's Church, the Rev. A. G. Stallard, remained on board for the inside of three weeks; the Rev. W. K. Hampshire, from Torquay, followed him for three weeks more; and the last two Sundays were taken by the Rev. A. Fisher.

I suppose few 'landsmen' can form any idea of the difficulties and discomforts attending a Church mission on the high seas. The very cramped space in an ordinary smack's hold makes the carrying on of Divine Service no easy matter, especially when the vessel is rolling much. The weather is often a very disturbing element: a thick fog may make it quite impossible to find the fleet; the sea may run so high that it would be unsafe for small boats to put off from the smacks, and boarding the Church Ship would be impossible. Then, too, the Brixham smacks fish with different North Sea fleets, perhaps hundreds of miles from each other, for the North Sea is a large place, and the Church Ship may have great difficulty in reaching some of her flock at all. As an instance of this, on one Sunday the *Dauntless* altogether missed the fleet she was making for, and only one man from a passing vessel could come on board for Holy Communion. The Church Ship, with her chaplain and crew, had to fight with these and other difficulties, and yet from the logs kept during the cruise, we find that no less than sixty-five services were held on board the *Dauntless* during the eight weeks of her mission. Of these, ten were Celebrations of the Holy Communion, and the number of communicants was sixty-nine. The Chaplain was always anxious to be as particular as possible about those who were admitted to Holy Communion; and for this reason the Church Ship was kept rather at the outskirts of the fleet for the early Celebration, and sailed into the midst of the vessels for the other services.

I think, if we compare the statistics I have given with the number of services and communicants in a country church on shore during

seven Sundays, and think of the great efforts required in the North Sea both from the chaplain and crew of the Church Ship and from those who came to the services, we shall feel that, by God's blessing, the work was worth doing, and that the men did indeed prove they truly valued the Church's help for which they had begged, and which was put within their reach last spring. Although the Church mission in the North Sea last season was chiefly among Brixham fishermen, it is hoped that as the work goes on and increases, other crews may be reached and helped. This is the earnest wish of the St. Peter's men themselves. Just under £200 was spent on the expedition last year, and there remains about £240 in hand. Those interested in the mission are most anxious if possible to collect fresh funds for an expedition in a temporary Church Ship again this spring, and to keep the money which is in hand towards building a permanent Church Ship, the cost of which is calculated at not less than £600 or £700. Contributions for either object will be gratefully received by the Rev. A. G. Stallard, Ranscombe House, Lower Brixham, or by Mrs. Maxwell Hogg, Berry Head House, Brixham.

H. F. M. H.

THE CANTERBURY RELICS.

MY DEAR —,

. . . . Yesterday I was at Canterbury, and I think it may interest you to hear from me of the remains, thought to be St. Thomas à Becket's, though you have very probably had other and better descriptions of them.

The friend with whom I went had an introduction from the Dean (who I am sorry to say does not believe in the relics) to Mr. A., who is a devout believer.

The bones were laid out on a board, and covered with a silken sheet, in a room of a house within the Cathedral precincts, the very house indeed from which the Archbishop went to his martyrdom, as it is part of what was the Archiepiscopal Palace. Mr. A. told us that every bone had been found except one knee-cap. I am going to assume in writing to you that they are the true relics, as all the circumstantial evidence points that way, though there is of course no actual proof.

It is very remarkable to see the different state of the skull on the *left* side, compared to the rest. Not only is a small piece wanting, but it was broken in three or four fragments, as though, while living, it had been weakened or even broken by severe blows, which had caused it to decay away, not at all in connection with the natural sutures, which are perfect and fit tightly.

What struck me most about the 'face' (if one may use the word), was the mixture of strength and refinement in the lines of the chin and the cheekbone. The base of the chin is very broad and perfectly straight, and judging from its proportions to the mouth, it must have been short and prominent. All this part gave one the idea of a powerful character, as did the high bridge of the nose, which was much longer than one generally sees in a skull; the refinement and beauty were in the line of the cheekbone, to where the lower jaw ended in the straight square chin. The forehead is very broad and strongly marked above the eyebrows, and the head is altogether large in front, and highest above the forehead, as it rather falls away in the part which would be highest in a Greek statue, and again quite at the back of the skull it is rather full. I am sure when clothed with muscle and skin, the face must have had that wonderful expression of unearthly sweetness which Francia sometimes gives his saints, and I wish some artist who was *sympatico* could have made a careful study of the bones, and then drawn in the face, as it would probably have been in due relation to the form of the bones.

Mr. A. said the skeleton must be that of a man at least six foot one inch in height, and we are told that St. Thomas stood a head and shoulders taller than the other priests at the Altar. Speaking generally, the bones struck me as being thin for their length. Of course it might be said that they are very old, and consequently have dried up; but if one thinks of other bones of great, or even greater age—as for instance that dreadful hecatomb in the crypt of Hythe Church—the peculiar slimness of these is very observable, and one wonders if from his Eastern Mother, St. Thomas had inherited an Eastern slowness of mould. It was of course very difficult to judge of the hands, but they appeared to have had long bones.

After showing us the relics, Mr. A. very kindly took us all over the parts of the Cathedral connected with the martyrdom. Do you remember that the stone in the chapel of the martyrdom, which is supposed to mark the exact spot where the Archbishop fell, has a small square piece of another kind of stone inserted in it? This is believed to be a great mark of its authenticity, as they have at Rome (I forget where) a small piece of stone which they say is part of the stone that was stained with the Archbishop's blood, and it exactly corresponds with the size of the piece inserted at Canterbury. There is certainly a very curious dark stain on all the slab except that small piece, which (the stain I mean) reminds one much of that very creepy stain on the stones around where the block used to stand on Tower Hill, and which they say shows even through fresh stones—'Blood-crying from the ground,' in both cases one thinks!

But to return. After looking at the spot where the murder happened, we went into the crypt, and Mr. A. pointed out where they had found the coffin. One calls it a coffin, but it is more like a stone trough, the two ends being but slightly different in size, so that it does not at all resemble the usual shape of a mediæval coffin; it appears to be hollowed out of soft sandstone, and might easily have been intended for use as a watering trough, and thus at hand when the hasty burial was performed. Mr. A. said that the position within it of the bones would well accord with the idea, that after the desertion of the Shrine by Henry VIII.'s orders, and the burning of the coffin, etc., the bones were secretly removed during the night by the Archbishop's friends, and buried as near the spot of his *first* sepulture as possible. The foot of this coffin just touches the foundations of the original shrine.

The bones were to be replaced in the coffin yesterday afternoon. One could almost wish there had been some sort of Church service; but I suppose in the absence of positive proof of whose they are, it would have been difficult to have a function.

I don't feel as if I have given you the least idea of the wonderful reality of all the details of the martyrdom to one's mind's eye, now one believes one has seen the Saint's veritable bones, and fancies one has seen his face. One had seen Canterbury Cathedral several times

before, but it must for ever feel quite a different place to one now, more as if hallowed by the actual presence of some holy person one had seen and known. . . .

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

M. G.

NOTE.—Written before the report of the Archæologists, commissioned by the Dean and Chapter, was published.

To this may be added a very curious tradition recorded in the diary of James Yonge of Plymouth, a celebrated surgeon in the end of the 17th century. He records in June, 1687, that when riding to Portsmouth, between Stockbridge and Salisbury, '2 or 3 myles out of Salisbury I saw plainly that which they call Tho'. á Becket's walk. There was corn in the fields on the right Hand, and this walk discovered itself by a darkish colour of the corn (which was then well grown), and lasted from the side of the Down about a myle over the Valley, it seems an egentruk line like a path, and they say y' Thomas a Becket had a solitary abode on the topp of these downs, and used to walk over these grounds to a house for his subsistence, and meditate by the way; it certain that whatever sort of corn or grayn grows on that place, its of another colour different from the rest, it may be discerned some myles off.'

James Yonge was an ardent Tory, a defender of the authorship of the Eikôn Basilike, and was acquainted with many noted men of his day.

C. M. Y.

ZOLTÁN BÁCSI.*

BY TRÉFAY.

I.

THE gipsy band struck up the 'Rákóczy March,' and the lively, patriotic air had its immediate effect on the company. The elder gentlemen, assembled at whist and taroc, got inattentive to their cards, and the one who was just laying out dummy began to thump the measure of the tune with each card he put on the table. The lookers-on stamped their feet and nodded their heads, clinking their glasses together, and swallowing at a draught the fiery Hegyaljai or Ménes wine. Their eyes sparkled, they turned up their moustaches and looked as defiant as if they wished to begin '48 all over again.

The 'Rákóczy March' *was* the revolutionary air of the Hungarians; it is now simply their national one. It is played everywhere, by every gipsy band, and does not mean the slightest harm, for the country has got its 'own' again; the nation is as loyal as any in the world. Still there is a certain charm in that once forbidden and persecuted air. Its very name calls up the memory of a great rebel, who about two centuries ago fought for political independence and religious freedom, of a national hero whose name is as familiar to the *Csikós* † on the lonely *Puszta* as to the poet and the historian.

The ladies assembled in the adjacent room left off discussing the number of turkey-chickens they had bred this year and the bad qualities of Slovakian servants, and began to accompany the music by tapping their small, elegant feet, or opening and shutting their fans. Even the old lady in the window-corner, with the black silk handkerchief tied over her cap, dropped her knitting and by-and-by began beating the time with her knitting-needles. She thought of those days in '48 when the 'Rákóczy' was played and sung in the streets, and of the day when her own husband and one of her sons had marched off to its tune, shouting '*Éljen a haza!*' ‡—the one never to return, the other to live in prison and exile for many years; she thought of how the 'Rákóczy' had died away when the Russians came and after them Haynau, who was worse.

The young people who sat together in the pretty round turret-chamber were the least affected by the national March. They kept on talking and laughing and smoking cigarettes. Why should they

* The right of translation is reserved.

† Horse shepherd.

‡ 'Long live our native land!'

get enthusiastic by an air that was played at the beginning of every ball, and which had never been forbidden in their time? It meant less to them than the 'Rule Britannia' does to the English of the present day, or the 'Wacht am Rhein' to the German village school-boy. It had done its work; they enjoyed the fruit without thinking of the torrents of blood shed over its growing.

The last chord of the tune was sharply accented after gipsy fashion, and the cards and the chatting were taken up again.

They were all relations, those thirty or forty people who had come to celebrate Zoltán Bácsi's namesday; all belonged to the Tátrafalusy family, *the* family of the Comitatus.* Most of them were living at the village of Tátrafalva, in the very heart of Karpathian mountain scenery. It was their ancestral nest, and had been, four hundred years ago, the centre of a really large estate; but the heritage having been always equally divided among all the sons of the deceased, most of the different parts had become of small extent. Each of the families had a house of their own, some fields, a patch of alpine pasture, and a bit of mountain forest; still, as the Tátrafalusys always voted unanimously at Comitatus elections, and possessed a good deal of influence among the Slovakian peasantry, they were considered a family of great consequence even by people who had but little respect for an eight-hundred-years' pedigree. They used to meet almost daily, to have their gossip and fight their quarrels and to call each other by their Christian names, with the addition of *bácsi* (uncle) and *néni* (aunt) for the elder members of the family.

'How delightful!' cried a pretty woman with a little snub nose and fiery brown eyes, when the gipsy band began to play again. 'Charming! This is the fashionable "Csárdás." And how well they are playing it—almost like Berkes Lajos!'

'Is his the best gipsy band now?' asked a fat elderly lady with a pleasant rosy-cheeked face. 'Old Rács Pál was chief gipsy conductor in my days. But then you must know better, Irma, having been living at town all last winter.'

'Why, yes, I ought to, Tinka Néni,' said the first speaker, lifting up her little nose. Her husband was 'Ablegatus' (member of the Hungarian Parliament), and they lived at Budapest, and when they came to spend the Midsummer holidays at their mountain village, the Ablegate's wife was considered a first-rate authority in fashionable and accomplished talk.

'They *do* play well!' said Gizela Néni, a handsome woman with very beautiful hands, who had been lazily fanning herself. 'The music is getting into one's feet!'

'So it is!' cried the Ablegate's wife, rising. 'Come, Gizela, let us have a turn!'

The handsome lady rose likewise, clapped her fan together, and

* County.

they both began advancing at the slow stately measure of the *Lassu*, the first part of the 'Csárdás,' gliding and bending gracefully to the right and to the left, moving their fans with Spanish *grandezza*, and expressing in their motions and features the sweet melancholy music.

They had just got to the open door of the gentlemen's room, when the music stopped for an instant and the '*Fris*' began—the lively second part, a sort of quick, jolting, shrugging measure, somewhat resembling a Scotch jig.

Instantly Irma dropped Gizela's hand, made a few steps towards a card-table, where a tall freckled gentleman with red hair and moustaches was presiding, stamped her feet to the lively music, turned to the right and left, shook her spread-out fan before her face, looking up coquettishly from beneath it, stamping her feet and bending and jumping up again, and doing it all in such bewitching fashion that the freckled gentleman, who at first looked rather cross at the interruption, threw down his cards, equally began stamping his feet, putting his right hand to his forehead and holding his left arm stretched out behind him, and so advanced to meet his fair partner, who now began a retreating motion, but at last allowed herself to be caught, and they both stamped and hopped and bent together, wheeling round once or twice occasionally, the gentleman holding the lady with both his hands round her waist, and she putting her hands on his shoulders.

Gizela had been taken hold of by a short gentleman in a laced coat and shining top-boots, who did even more stamping and fierce advancing than the freckled one; and when the youthful party in the turret-room heard the noise of advancing feet, they came pouring in likewise, and on seeing the freckled gentleman stamping and wheeling round like a young fellow of twenty, they all shouted, 'Éljen Zoltán Bácsi!' and joined in the dance.

The gipsies who had been playing in the verandah, on seeing that the master of the house was leading the 'Csárdás,' approached, playing all the time, and placed themselves at the door between the dining- and the card-rooms.

The apartments were large and lofty, uncarpeted, with plain white-washed walls and vaulted ceilings, cheerful and stately-looking with their old carved furniture and huge fireplaces, where enormous logs of wood were burning. They seemed made for music and dancing. There was no crowding, no dust, and the fascinating gipsy music, now shrieking and wailing as if in despair, now a low murmur like a lover's wooing, now shouting in delight and triumph, resounded against the lofty vaults in its undefinable beauty.

Among the young people were a handsome man in the uniform of a hussar officer and a very pretty girl with dark hair and large, laughing eyes. They seemed to form the centre of the youthful party, and kept on dancing just in front of the gipsy band.

The gipsy leader gave a sly look at the couple, then he drew his bow sharply across the violin, and the music stopped.

'*Hogy volt!*'* cried the young officer, and threw a ten-florin note to the gipsy; and '*Hogy volt!*' came a stentorial shout from the freckled gentleman, and a hundred-florin note was flung to the leader of the band.

The gipsy conductor took up the money, bowing and grinning, and the '*Lassu*' was begun again.

'Well, really,' said fat, rosy-cheeked Tinka Néni, 'I never saw Zoltán Bácsi in such high spirits for a long time.'

'*Jaj!*'† grumbled the old lady with the black silk handkerchief, 'I believe they are all going mad! Fancy Zoltán at his age dancing and throwing money to the gipsy!'

'Why, he is not old,' remarked another elderly lady, with a pale fat face and a tearful voice; 'he is at his best; he may be thinking of marriage any day.'

'He was sixty at Peter-Paul's Day, on the 29th of June,' was promptly stated by comfortable Tinka Néni.

'He could not refuse dancing, being the host,' began the tearful lady again; 'it was Irma and your Gizela, *édes* (sweet) Máli Néni, who asked him.'

Máli Néni gave her knitting a jerk. 'Of course, it was my daughter,' she grumbled; '*jaj!* she is always so tiresome! The idea of her beginning to dance at her age, and being a widow, too!'

'Well, people *might* find fault with her. I do not say she ought to leave dancing to the young girls; but you know people *will* talk spiteful things. Dear Gizela is dancing with Lehel Bácsi; he, too, is a bachelor like Zoltán, his brother, and people might say there was a little flirtation.'

'You need not fear for your three girls, Juli,' said Tinka Néni, comfortably resting her fat hands on her lap; 'they have got partners, every one of them, and so has your married daughter, and she is six months and a fortnight older than Gizela.'

'*Jaj*, Gizela is always so tiresome!' persisted old Máli Néni. 'Lehel will spoil her new silk dress with his blackened boots, I know.'

Tearful Juli Néni suddenly stretched out her neck.

'Oh, little Mariska has got the handsome hussar officer,' she said; 'and he actually led her in front of the gipsy! I don't say it is rather impudent, as dancing in front of the gipsy means to set oneself off as a perfect "*Csárdás*" dancer; but I am afraid there may be unkind remarks passed about——'

'About what?' asked Tinka Néni, with her comfortable smile.

'Well, perhaps about Mariska's being here at the party.'

'I do not see anything strange in it. Her father, or rather say her mother, has been at open war for years and years against Zoltán Bácsi, who, however, never returned their enmity. They have gone

* How was it! *Da capo!*

† Oh!

to law against him, and been spending their money on law-suits and advocates; and then poor Etel has had a fit of apoplexy, poor soul! I suppose from sheer hatred and spite, and she has been lying like a stone, neither moving nor speaking, for the last year. So János did quite right in trying to make it up with Zoltán Bácsi—János always was a good-natured fellow who took things easy; and, after all, Zoltán Bácsi may forget and forgive.'

'But they did not make it up,' protested Juli Néni, shaking her head in a melancholy way; 'I am very much afraid they did not.'

'*Hát* (well), they will do so; and János took the first step in coming here with his daughter to congratulate.'

'But in that elegant dress! My girls have no such dresses!'

'Poor thing! She has no idea how matters stand. She thinks her father to be still a rich man, and talks so hopefully about her mother's state of health. We must not tell her the truth, poor little beauty!'

'I shall not say anything. But that young officer ought to be told she is no *parti*; for he may be paying attentions because he thinks her a rich girl. Officers are said to be so very calculating. Besides, what do you think of that illness of poor Etel? Is it not all so very strange, so very mysterious? The sister of my cow-herd is a niece of János's man-cook. The cook is going to leave, you know, because his wages have not been paid for a year. *Hát!* that girl says that Etel can talk and move when she chooses, that she saw her sitting in her night-gown at the writing-table supported by old Porubska. And she says Porubska knows many things if she would only tell. *Hát*, I don't believe a word of it all, only peasants, and servants in particular, will gossip, you know.'

The conversation was interrupted by Zoltán Bácsi, who, after having danced with the young, now approached to give his arm to Máli Néni, the eldest lady of the family, and take her in to supper.

Máli Néni rose with some difficulty, deliberately put away her knitting, and walked off with Zoltán Bácsi.

'*Jaj*, Zoltán, you have been so foolish!' she began, after being fairly seated at the head of the table and provided with excellent venison-pie and a glass of Tókaj from '34. 'How could you dance at your age, and make Gizela dance too! She is always so——'

'Never mind, Máli Néni,' replied Zoltán Bácsi, his eyes sparkling with mirth and good-nature, 'allow me to drink your health! Why, you don't remember when we, you and I, used to dance the "Csárdás" together? And I think, I was rather in love with you—I really do think so!'

'*Jaj*, how can you talk so! You are at least ten years my junior!'

'I don't know exactly my age—I dare say Tinka does—she is a living almanac—really, a living almanac. But I do not think there is much difference between our respective ages—not much. Take

another glass of wine, Máli Néni! I assure you, one would not think you fifty yet—not fifty, really.'

Máli Néni was going to remonstrate; but then the gipsy music began and the health-drinking and *éljen*-shouting, and there was such a delicious roast mountain-cock and a favourite pastry of the old lady's that she never allowed herself at home, and the old Tókaj gave her such a wonderful feeling of youthfulness and general kindness to all men, that she quite forgot to tell everybody how tiresome her daughter Gizela was.

II.

THE following morning was bright and beautiful. The air was clear and bracing, with a shade of coldness peculiar to autumnal morning air. The distant mountains had a hazy bluish colour, and trees and flowers were wet with dew.

There was a neglected look about the garden belonging to the house of Tátrafalusy János;* still the place was one of the loveliest spots in the village. Slowly rising from the village road, it formed three terraces in front of the low, long-stretching old building, each of the terraces being covered with flowers and shrubs and provided with a garden-seat, or a bower leaning against the sloping turf.

The young girl standing on the gravel walk of the upper terrace was looking with loving eyes at the beautiful landscape before her. It was so picturesque, that out-of-the-way mountain village with its ancient houses half-hidden by tall firs or wide-spreading old linden-trees in their autumnal glory! Beyond it the river was winding through fields and velvet-green meadows, a raft now and then dashing along on its clear waters; on its opposite bank villages were straggling up the rising ground, or nestling between the forest-clad mountains, whose dark green gradually faded into vaporous blue as they rose higher and higher; in the background showed the grand mountain ranges of the Fátara and High Tátra, from the sharply-peaked Choos to the gigantic fortress like groups of the Kriván and Bástia. How dark-blue they stood out against the pale sky, those wonderfully shaped peaks and ridges, with a patch of snow here and there which only made the blue appear deeper! And to make the picture more perfect still, it was closed in at the right by the fir-covered slope of the Kamenica, the home-mountain against which Tátrafalu was leaning.

Mariska loved that terrace and the old house with its big clumsy towers at each corner. It was called the *Kastély* (castle) by the peasantry, and had a large hall with a frescoed ceiling and oak-panelled rooms, and was even said to possess a family ghost. The girl was very fond of her mountain-home, and in former times used to

* In Hungarian the Christian name is put after the family name.

think, would she marry and spend here all her life, as most of her aunts and cousins had done?

The Tátrafalusys had always chosen their wives among their own family. They had become Protestants soon after the Reformation; one branch of the family, however, had clung to the old religion, and that very branch had been blessed with an uncommonly large number of daughters who all married into the Protestant line. Therefore, sons being according to Hungarian law and custom brought up in the religion of their father, and daughters in that of their mother, nearly all the gentlemen of the Tátrafalusy family were Protestants, and all the ladies Roman Catholics. Religious tolerance, however, being a universal virtue of the Hungarians, no manner of ill-will or unkindness arose from that diversity of persuasion.

Tátrafalusy Etel, Mariska's mother, was an exception to that traditional rule: she was a Protestant, and had been a Countess Rétesy. Perhaps she would have been looked at rather as an intruder by the other ladies of the family, if her mother had not been first cousin to Zoltán Bácsi, and if her title had not made up for the misfortune of not being a Tátrafalusy.

Mariska had in former years considered it as a matter of course that she would be married to one of the Tátrafalusys, and she used to wonder who it was to be: Cousin Antal, who was handsome, an excellent horseman, and shot a bird in its flight, but who could never overcome the difficulties of Hungarian grammar, and used to tear up six sheets of paper before he managed to compose a note of four lines; or Cousin Károly, who had squandered away his fortune at Vienna and Budapest and brought home nothing except an entire absence of hair and an everlasting yawn; or Cousin Sándor, who gambled and threw his money to the gipsies, and would sit hours and hours smoking cigarettes and staring at the ceiling? Afterwards she had spent a winter with an aunt living at Vienna, and from that time she had left off wondering and taken to day-dreaming, and in all her dreams the elegant figure and the handsome intelligent face of a young hussar officer stood foremost. How odd it had seemed to meet him here in that country-place, and how fortunate it was her father had made up his mind yesterday to congratulate Zoltán Bácsi and take her with him! They had had to go by stealth without her mother knowing of it, for she would never have allowed it—she showed such intense hatred against Zoltán Bácsi, and she had altogether been so altered by her illness—she had become so very strange.

What could it all mean? Why did she hate that kind, amiable old man, who was loved and respected by everybody? Well, never mind, it would all come to rights, as her father used to say when any difficulties arose—why worry at things lying beyond one's power? The world was so full of sunshine and loveliness, and life such a delightful thing!

She broke a half-blown rose of glowing red, and fastened it between

her dark tresses. Then she made a little nosegay of heliotrope and mignonette for her mother; they used to be her favourite flowers formerly, before she got ill—perhaps she would smile at seeing them. The young girl gave one last look at the bright beautiful landscape; then she went into the house.

She felt a shiver on entering the hall; it seemed so damp and cold; no fire was lit in the large chimney, no breakfast-table laid. What did it all mean? And where was that beautiful china vase gone, her mother's pride? It was so old and costly, and had been in her family more than a hundred years.

Mariska rang the bell. Nobody came. She went into the kitchen. There was no cook to be seen, but a fire was burning on the hearth, and an old Slovakian peasant-woman, who was kept for doing odds and ends of garden and kitchen-work, was sitting near it watching the boiling milk. She was looking very flushed, and an empty brandy-bottle was lying beside her on the floor.

Mariska spoke to her in her Slovakian native tongue, which is used all throughout Upper Hungary for communicating with the peasantry, few of whom know Hungarian.

'What is the matter, Porubska?' she asked. 'How is it that you are making the breakfast? Where is the cook?'

Porubska looked up from her milk-pot, grinned a little, and rose to kiss the young girl's hand. '*Moja draga, moja krasna!*' (my dear, my beautiful one) she cried. 'Where is the cook? Why, he is gone; and so is the housemaid; they have run away, just as the man-servant did at St. John's Day. But never fear, *moja krasna*, old Porubska will serve you just as well, and she will not make a fuss about wages, as they did, ungrateful dogs!'

'What was it about their wages?'

'Well, *pan velkomužni* (the gracious master) could not pay them. Was it his fault, when he had not got the money? So they ran away, the creatures!'

'I suppose they broke that costly china vase between them, which I saw is wanting in the dining-hall, and they ran away because they were afraid of punishment.'

'Broke that vase?' chuckled the old woman. 'Why, *moja krasna*, *pan velkomužni* sold it to the Jew! You know, those bad people will make gentlemen sell them everything—first the forests and fields, and then their houses and the cattle, and at last their beautiful furniture.'

Mariska grew pale as death; the flowers fell from her hand.

'My father sold that ancient vase,' she said faintly, 'which has been an heirloom in our family!'

'So it is, *moja krasna!* He wanted money for giving a bit of dinner to the gentlemen that are coming to-day. The butcher and the shop-keeper refuse to give us things without paying—may their mothers be punished for it! Now, it would not do to send guests away without a dinner and wine from such a noble house as this. But I ought

not to have told you; *pan velkomuzni* will scold me for it!'—and she bustled away to the hall.

Mariska followed her slowly, and stood quite motionless, only shivering a little now and then, while the old woman was preparing the breakfast-table. She started when her father entered the hall with his usual easy smile; then she went to meet and kiss him.

Tátrafalusy János had been a handsome man in his younger days; but he was now looking unhealthy and much older than his age. His large blue eyes were fine in shape and colour, and his pleasant smile gave a certain charm to a face which would have been insipid without it, in spite of its regular features.

He returned his daughter's embrace very affectionately, and sat down to drink his coffee, into which he poured a small glass of cognac. Mariska played nervously with her spoon; but, unable to control her uneasiness any longer, she began:—

'My dear father may excuse me for speaking out so bluntly; but Porubská has told me such strange things: the servants have left for want of payment, and the tradesmen refuse to supply us, and, in fact, that there is no money in the house, and that—that you sold——'

'What has the stupid woman been talking about?' was the answer, given with the most unruffled equanimity. 'Being short of money is a thing that happens to every real gentleman in our days. It is only a momentary inconvenience, my love; do not let that trouble you. We shall have plenty of it again to-morrow. I am going to get rid of some bits of forest and alp—where the cattle have been this summer, you know—and which has only been an encumbrance to me, for I am unable to look after it, my short breath preventing me from riding or walking up-hill.'

'And the cattle?'

'They will go with it, I am glad to say. But do not let that give you any uneasiness, *galambom* (my dove). There will be a cow or two left to supply our housekeeping with milk and butter. We shall have all that business over to-day. The lawyers will put it all to rights for me, and I shall have no trouble at all with it. By the bye, we are going to have them at dinner, so I hope my little housekeeper will think of the *menu*.'

'O, dear papa, I wish you would let me know the state of your pecuniary affairs! We might spend less money in housekeeping, you know, and I might save much by making my own dresses, and I shall give up smoking. Lieutenant Latics only remarked yesterday that he did not like to see a cigarette between a young lady's lips.'

'Nonsense, *galambom*! Don't think about what such a *parvenu* said! And whoever heard of a Tátrafalusy making her own dresses! On the contrary, I mean to send you a handsome dress, and bonnet to match, from Vienna one of these days.'

'Does my dear father intend to travel now, with his cough?' asked the young girl anxiously.

'Why, yes, *édes leányom* (my sweet daughter). The doctor says I ought to do something for my health. This cough is not dangerous, you know, but it is worrying, and I shall go to Gleichenberg in order to get rid of it. I must, of course, stop at Vienna, and I only wish I could take you with me! I should be so proud to show my lovely daughter to my old friends.'

'You are very kind, *édes atyám* (my sweet father); but I cannot leave poor dear mamma, much as I should like to go with you and take care of your health. Do not stay long at Vienna, please; you might catch cold and——'

'Do not make yourself uneasy on my account, *édes leányom*. I shall only just stop long enough to consult a physician. Those specialists, you know, may do one more good than a cure at Gleichenberg, and perhaps I may come back still before Christmas, and be able to put all those tiresome affairs in order, and then all will be well again.'

'I hope it may!' said the girl sadly.

III.

THE lawyer gentlemen had arrived from the nearest little town and had dined at János's house. A good deal of light and strong wines had been enjoyed by the guests and their host; after dinner all three had gone away to the *Torony*, an old building belonging to the *Tátrafalusys* in common, and used for judicial transactions and family business in general. Mariska could not bear being left in the dark about things concerning so nearly her parent's welfare and her own future. Was there no possible means to find out the truth? Her father would tell her nothing, that was certain. Those lawyers, whom she knew well, might perhaps have answered her questions, if she had had an opportunity of speaking to them without her father being present. He seemed, however, to presume such a thing, and never left them for a minute. What if she went to Zoltán Bácsi? But her mother might hear of it and get angry and excited, and her health might suffer by it.

But, to be sure, there was old Máli Néni. She had known all the present generation of the *Tátrafalusys* when they were babies; she knew all the bright and dark leaves of their lives' history. She was a deaf, testy old lady, but she was said to have been honest and plain-spoken all her life; she would not make fine speeches on being asked, but would tell the truth, were it ever so painful to the hearer.

Mariska put on a short jacket, tied a bright-coloured silk handkerchief over her head, and started for her visit.

That silk handkerchief was a little piece of diplomacy on the part of the young girl. She liked to wear, and, in fact, preferred it to a hat or bonnet, except on state occasions, and so did most of the ladies in the village. But Málá Néni actually abhorred hats and bonnets of any kind; she used to declare the silk handkerchief to be the only thing fit for a Hungarian lady, and to state her opinion that Hungarian people had been well-off and happy until ladies had taken to wearing hats and bonnets. She herself never wore anything over her cap but a black silk handkerchief; and a year ago, when she had been suffering from the gout and been obliged to go to Trencsin-Teplitz, she had obstinately refused to put on a bonnet even of the quietest shape, and had travelled and appeared at the spring and *table d'hôte* in her black silk handkerchief.

Máli Néni was sitting by herself in the open gallery of her house—a bent and withered old woman, whose only remnants of former beauty were a pair of unusually bright eyes and very well-shaped hands, now half-covered by black mittens. She had been knitting rapidly, and was just giving her spectacles a push to adjust them on her thin aquiline nose, raising her work in front of her eyes to look how far down the fallen stitch had slipped, and shaking her head when she considered it to be lost in the chaos of the ingenious pattern.

Mariska was at her side in an instant.

‘I kiss your hands a thousand times, *édes nénikém!*’ (my sweet auntie), she said, taking the knitting from the old lady’s hand; ‘let me take up that stitch. *Ugy!* (that’s it). Now it is all right again! How wonderfully well you are doing this complicated work! Knitting mittens is not an easy matter, and such a laborious pattern, and of black wool, too! It is quite astonishing you can do it at your age!’

‘I can do many things better than you young people,’ was the pleased answer. ‘Gizela, for instance, pretends this kind of knitting makes her eyes ache, and she is not yet forty! By the bye, she will be sorry to miss you, *édes lelkem* (my sweet soul). She went out half an hour ago, and will not be back in a hurry when she has got a chat with Irma or any of them.’

‘Never mind, *nénikém!* We do not want her, do we? I shall put your knitting to rights if you want me to, and get you a shawl when you are cold, and you will tell me of olden times, and of the revolution, and all that sort of thing. I like so much to listen to you, and to sit here in this pleasant corner, with the Kriván in front of us. What a grand-looking mountain it is!’

She had put her mouth close to Málá Néni’s left ear, and was chatting away with all the insinuating amiability of a Hungarian girl.

‘Yes, yes, my dear,’ the old lady answered, ‘you are right. This place is pleasant enough, and I think everybody likes it, for, on

summer evenings particularly, when there is moonlight, the young people all come and sit here the whole evening. I like to see them about me, although I don't hear what they are talking, only I do not approve of all the flirtation going on in this old gallery. But that is all Gizela's fault; she has quite a silly predilection for encouraging love-making and love-matches between our young cousins. She is very wrong, I think. Love-matches do not promote happiness—Oh, you are making the Zolyom lace! Who taught you?'

Mariska had taken a little cushion and some bobkins from her work-basket, and began making lace with some coarse grey thread.

'Some peasant-woman from the "Old Mountains," a relation of Porubska's. I like making the lace, and it is so useful.'

'So it is,' said the old lady approvingly. 'You may trim dresses with it, and save a good deal of expense. You are a sensible girl, *lelkem*. Well, as I was saying, love-matches never turn out well. You see, I was a young girl once, as you are now, and pretty they say—I think I was prettier than Gizela; Elemér has rather got my face, poor fellow! Well, I was gay and giddy and ready to fall in love, as young girls will be, and there happened to be a young Austrian officer quartered in this neighbourhood, a handsome fellow, and—well, I should have gone to the end of the world with him, even to Russia, I think, if my poor father, who is now blessed in Heaven, had not put a stop to it.'

'But why, *nénikém*? Was that officer a bad man?'

'Not at all; he was good and clever; but, you see, he was a peasant's son, and had risen from the ranks, and it would never have done for a Tátrafalusy to become a Madame Müller or Zapfel!'

'Oh, I see, he was a German—an Austrian, I mean—that is why your father objected!'

'No,' said the old lady, rather impatiently; 'he would not have objected, if the young man had been of noble old family. The Austrians were not disliked so very much in my young days, although we were not particularly fond of the Vienna Government even then; but that fierce hatred only broke out at the time of the revolution.'

'And, *nénikém*, how did it end?'

'Why, of course, I had to give him up; and I married afterwards Tátrafalusy István, a cousin three times removed, and I could remain in my own village and among my own family, and I was very happy indeed.'

'But did you never think of him—I mean, of the young officer?'

'Think of him? I don't know. I was married, and had sworn to love my husband and to be a good wife to him. I never saw that young man again. He was killed, a long time afterwards, in the first Italian war in '49, Zoltán told me he had read it in the newspaper. Those old stories are haunting my memory rather now, when I am sitting alone, knitting and thinking; for you know, *lelkem*, it is so difficult to talk to Gizela, she is so stupid, I can never understand

what she says. But when I was young I led an active life, and, what with bringing up my children and superintending the house-keeping, I had no time for harping on a disappointed life and all that nonsense, as Gizela does. I often tell her she is very ungrateful, when she is going on so.'

'Was Gizela Néni, too, obliged to marry a man she did not love?'

'Well, in a way, yes. She was fond of one who was handsome and frivolous, and who flirted with her for years, and after all married a beauty and an heiress. I always told her it would come to that; but *jaj!* she would be so tiresome!'—and Máli Néni gave her knitting an energetic shake.

'Poor Gizela Néni! I am so sorry for her! But who was it, *nénikém?*'

'You need not pity her at all!' said the old lady impatiently, without minding the question. 'She enjoyed her life better than girls who are married early and are obliged to sit in the nursery and superintend the cooking. She got a kind husband afterwards, and although he was rather too fond of gambling, he left her a handsome fortune; for he died early, poor fellow! And she is very well off now, and can do good to her brother, who is such an awkward hand in money-matters, poor dear! I often tell her she is much happier than poor Etel, your mother, who did make a love-match, and is now as wretched a woman as can be, and would have been well and happy if she had accepted the hand of Zoltán, who was so fond of her.'

'Indeed? Zoltán Bácsi in love with poor mamma? It seems so very odd!'

'Not the least, *édes lelkem*. He was neither very young, nor exactly handsome; but he was a man in the prime of life, and would have done anything to please her. And he is a rich man, and, with her fortune added to his, they would have been able to live like magnates. Not that he thought of her money! He never cared for that a bit; but he loved her sincerely, and was of opinion she liked him too. And it was very wrong of her not to tell him openly how matters stood; but after staying for months at his house with her mother, who was his aunt and a widow, and only owed to his management the preservation of her own and her daughter's fortune, then to run away with János—your father, I mean, who was handsome, but as giddy as could be, and never able to say "no!" to anything, were it ever so foolish; to run away and distress her cousin and her mother, who died soon after her daughter's elopement from sheer grief. And Zoltán would have forgiven it all; he always was noble-hearted and unable to bear malice against anybody. But what did she do? Began quarrelling with him about her property, and pretending he kept back some of her mother's fortune, and that she had a claim to some forest and alps, which in reality had been his by right from the beginning; and then she went to law against him and spent sums after sums on lawyers, and would not hear of any peaceable arrangement, which

Zoltán most kindly proposed ; for he never forgot she was his favourite aunt's child, and had been his pet and darling from her babyhood. But she would have nothing but strife. I believe it was because she felt herself in the wrong, and, being an iron-headed Calvinist, she would not own it. Well, so things went on badly ; and between bad management and law-suits, debts were incurred, the property had to be heavily mortgaged, and at last, when the Jews refused to lend any more, and the creditors wanted to have their interest paid punctually and no money was to be had, the property had to be put up for public sale. First the forests went, then the alps and fields, then the houses, and to-day the last bit of field and the cattle are sold. And what did Zoltán do ? Can you guess ? *Jaj !* there is Gizela coming back ! How very tiresome of her ! You need not say I told you all those old stories, *galambom* (my dove), for she is always grumbling when I tell people things that may hurt them. But I think knowing the truth is better than living in illusions, *ugy-e ?* (is it not).

'So it is, *nénikém,*' said the young girl, and her sweet face looked very grave ; 'so it is, and I am very grateful to you.'

Gizela Néni entered the little garden, and lazily walked up the time-worn stone steps that led to the gallery. She had a blue silk handkerchief tied over her head, and wore a dark silk dress and loose jacket to match. She held out her hand to Mariska, and as the young girl stooped to put it to her lips she would not let her do so, but kissed her on both cheeks.

'I have something to tell you, my little beauty,' she said, sitting down on one end of the cushioned benches with her feet stretched out before her, and her head leaning against the wall. 'I just now met two gentlemen going out shooting : the one was Zoltán Básci, and the other—will you guess his name ?—he was looking even more handsome in his shooting-jacket than in his *attila*. It is a pity he is going back to Vienna to-morrow, *ugy-e, lelkem ?*'

Mariska grew crimson, and the old lady very irritated. She was continually irritated in speaking to or of Gizela, although her daughter was kind and dutiful to her—much more so than her scapegrace son Elemér, who had squandered his mother's fortune and his own, and who, notwithstanding all his errors, was, and always had been, his mother's favourite. Her daughter, whose only faults were a too great softness of heart and a want of activity, did her best in procuring comforts for the old lady and in paying Elemér's debts and supplying him with money for gambling at Monaco.

'*Jaj, Gizela !*' the old lady exclaimed, and that '*Jaj !*' the chief interjection of the Hungarian language, which is used to express joy and sorrow, playfulness and displeasure, sounded particularly impatient, and was accompanied by three short shakings of the head. '*Jaj, Gizela, how foolish you are, in spite of your hair beginning to turn grey !*'

‘That is why I hide it under a pretty blue handkerchief, mamma,’ said Gizela, with a good-natured smile. ‘Well, I was going to say, *Mariskám* (my Mariska), it was rather unkind of you to go off last night at Zoltán Bácsi’s so early and leave somebody looking after you with a most melancholy face. Ilona did her best to flirt with him, and so did Pepi and Stefi; but he was coolly polite to them, and they were quite disgusted with that ice-block, as they called him.’

Mariska rose to hide her embarrassment, and took leave with the usual hand-kissing and embracing.

When she was hardly out of sight, Máli Néni began shaking her head, and uttering such a rapid succession of ‘*Jajs!*’ that even Gizela gave up her comfortable posture and raised her large blue eyes in surprise.

‘What is the matter, mamma?’ she asked quietly.

‘What is the matter?’ repeated the old lady, shaking her head so violently that her spectacles fell off her nose and got entangled in her knitting. ‘*Jaj*, Gizela, you are so stupid! Now, that is all your fault; and as to your ever getting sensible, as befits your age, that will never be! The idea of your telling that young girl, who must get vain and giddy only by looking into her mirror, for she is as beautiful as an altar-painting, and there was none like her in the Tátrafalusy family for a hundred years, and that is saying something, for we are a handsome race,—the idea of your telling her about that officer being in love with her! *Jaj!* I could have thumped your head for it!’

‘But why do you get into such a passion, mamma? He is really in love with her, and deeply too. He talked to me of her, and grew quite eloquent and poetical. He has known her for a year; they met at Vienna; and she, too, seems to like him.’

‘*Jaj!* to hear you sighing and talking of loving and liking after all your experiences!’

‘Just on account of my blasted life, mamma. I have been made unhappy, and I should like to see all lovers as happy as people can be in this imperfect world; and that young man pleases me very much indeed; he seems to be such a perfect gentleman.’

‘Does he, indeed? Do you know of what family he is?’ the old lady added ironically.

‘Yes, he is Latics Árpád; and the Latics family are landed proprietors in one of the Southern Comitates.’

‘*Jaj*, how well you are informed! They may be landed proprietors; but do you know that they are Moravians or Illyrians, and that that young fellow’s father was a *Bach-Huszár*?’

‘Was he indeed? Well?’

‘*Jaj*, Gizela, don’t pretend not to understand me! You know very well what is meant by a *Bach-Huszár*, although you were a little girl when the revolution broke out, and when, afterwards, our own army was defeated by the Russians, and the best and bravest of our nation

were hung, or imprisoned, or had to live in exile—you must know it all from having heard it talked over frequently enough; and then, when the country was quiet again—quiet like a cemetery—they sent us a whole army of officials from the Austrian provinces, particularly from Bohemia and Moravia, and those men oppressed and cheated us, and were detested by every true Hungarian, and scornfully called *Bach-Huszárs*, after the minister Bach, who was then at the head of the Vienna Government, and whose plan it was to have us governed after Austrian fashion. You know all that well enough, although you are looking as indifferent and sleepy as if it did not concern you in the least.'

'I do recollect having heard about it; but I don't care for politics, and I cannot conceive why that young man should suffer for his father's having had an appointment under the Bach Government.'

'*Jaj*, Gizela, don't make me impatient! A *Tátrafalusy* married to the son of a *Bach-Huszár*! Do you think Mariska's parents would allow such a thing?'

'János is good-natured, and fond of his only child.'

'János is a fool, who will say "yes" to anything; but Etel will not give her consent.'

'I dare say not; she is half crazy, poor woman! But who told you, mamma? Perhaps it is all only gossip.'

'*Jaj*, you will not believe me! How provoking you are! Well, Juli told me, and she does not tell stories.'

'No, she does not; but she manages to find out everything that may hurt anybody and cause mischief. Besides, she has three unmarried daughters, and Latics Árpád is a "parti," as Irma said last night.'

IV.

TIME went on. The Karpathian country was thickly covered with snow. Mountain and valley, hill and dale, were shining in bright uniform white, and the Våg, which separates the High and Low *Tátrás*—in summer time a dashing little river with bright transparent waters, made lively by rafts floating down to the Danube, and the Slovakian peasants on them with their picturesque brown cloaks and broad-brimmed hats, and their long flat hair and deep, melancholy eyes—was now hard and frozen, not smooth like your streams in the plain, but full of oddly-shaped blocks and fissures that told of the young and passionate life going on underneath, and only kept down for a while by the hard and powerful hand of winter.

Life in the villages, too, had become as monotonous as the scenery. The roads were very quiet. Only a Slovakian peasant-woman with a bundle of sticks might be seen occasionally hurrying over the frozen ground, or a little boy, in as broad-brimmed a hat as his elders,

carrying a bottle of brandy from the inn home for the comfort of the family. About three or four times a day, a long row of primitive sledges carrying timber used to pass through the villages. Half-a-dozen of tall trees were fastened to the sledge with iron chains and dragging after it on the road, sliding to the right and left, and sometimes upsetting one of the rare passengers. The calling out of the drivers, and the clatter of the horses, and the creaking sound of the timber moving along on the icy surface of the ground, mixed with the monotonous noise of the thrashing flail, were the only interruption of the deep stillness.

Tátrafalu society was little affected by the severeness of the season. The Tátrafalusys were such a nestful of people, and always ready for paying and receiving visits and for giving parties and going to such, and even the poorer among them had a sledge in their coach-house and a pair of horses in the stable—horses of the hardy Galician race, small and strong, and as well fit for ploughing the field and dragging the cart on work-days as for pulling the carriage or sledge of the noble family on Sundays and holidays. So the village was gay and lively, and what with gipsy music and dancing, poverty and sorrow were forgotten.

Mariska was the only one among the young girls who led a lonely and laborious life. Her father had gone to Gleichenberg, and wrote frequently; but his letters were short, and the account he gave of his health was most unsatisfactory. He sent his daughter fine dresses that she did not wear, and that she would have gladly exchanged for the money spent on them; for János had left her a very small sum indeed to keep house with during his absence. She worked at her laces as hard as she could, and old Porubska sold them at a Jew's shop in the nearest town. They were invariably bought by the shop-keeper, and so well paid for that many a comfort could be procured for the invalid. Besides, there were all those Nénis as kind and sympathising as possible. They would come and sit with the sick woman for whole afternoons, and bring many a nice dish or bottle of rare old wine, and offer it in so delicate and graceful a manner that acceptance was made pleasant and easy.

Still the girl's mind was troubled by sorrowful thoughts. Her father's ill-health, the sad prospect of poverty and even distress opening before her, and above all, her mother's state of mind, which seemed little short of actual insanity, all this worried and depressed her and made her lovely colour fade and her bright smile grow rarer and rarer.

The doctor who came to visit her mother shook his head and ordered her an hour's daily walk. Now, that would seem a matter of course to an English or German girl; Hungarian ladies, however, have no idea of fatiguing themselves by constitutional walks in spite of all that doctors have been preaching and writing on the subject. The more you get south-eastward, the nearer you draw to the Balkan

Peninsula, the more you will find walking considered hard, unnecessary work, and a ride or drive the only way of motion fit for a lady.

Mariska stared at the doctor when he prescribed open-air exercise; but, being a sensible girl, she listened to his advice, and, when her mother had gone to sleep after dinner, she wrapped herself well up in her fur cloak and cap, drew a pair of 'kapci' over her kid boots, and started. Those 'kapci,' high boots made of very coarse felt-like cloth, are anything but a graceful *chaussure*; they make a clumsy foot and a shapeless leg; but they are very warm, and proof against any quantity of snow, and are, therefore, at least in the Tatra district, equally worn by the Slovakian peasant and by the Hungarian gentleman on his shooting expeditions, or by the Hungarian lady tripping away on a visit.

Mariska did not go through the village. She disliked being asked questions, or being attended by some idling cousin. She chose a path across the meadows that would take her straight up to the woods.

It was a dull day, and the air seemed a mixture of fog and snow. No mountains were to be seen; even the wooded hills were only a misty outline. The young girl knew the path. It used to be well trodden at the beginning, as it led to a neighbouring village, but farther on, where it branched off towards the woods, she was quite prepared to have to go knee-deep in the snow. The narrow yellowish line she was following did, however, not cease as she had expected, but led up the hill and right into the wood, which now seemed to take a more distinct shape on approaching.

It had been her father's property once, that forest covering the hill and reaching down to the valley opposite. The cows used to be kept there in summer, and the sheep higher up at the alp, and she had driven there with her father by a road leading to it from the village side; she was still a little girl at that time, and Tátrafalusy János a wealthy man.

How times had changed since! And yet, the woods were as beautiful as they had ever been, all pine and fir, with their evergreen needle-like foliage, and large masses of rock between, now looking like white velvet, and the branches of the trees heavily laden with snow, and every needle of the foliage and every dry blade of last autumn's grass that rose above the snow wrapped in frozen mist.

The path led on to a little ridge, from which the opposite alp used to be visible on sunny days, and indeed, when the young girl reached that spot, the fog suddenly, as if by magic, cleared away from the hill- and mountain-tops, a bright blue sky was seen overhead, and all that wintry forest-world was sparkling and glittering like a fairy's realm.

Mariska sat down on the trunk of a tree. All was looking so lovely, and that pure air, that grand silence, did her good. She took a letter

from her pocket and looked at it lovingly. It had been read over many times; she knew it almost by heart, and yet the news it contained were rather sad than otherwise. It was her father's last letter, written in the usual undecided strain, talking of weak health and an intended excursion to Graz, where another doctor was to be consulted. Then it mentioned a certain Lieutenant Latics, quartered at Graz, whom he had met on the railway and travelled with all the way to Vienna, and who frequently came to Gleichenberg, where an aunt of his was spending the winter, and never failed to come and spend an hour with him, and who was a very gentlemanly fellow and an uncommonly kind and pleasant companion.

The young girl read that passage over and over again, and forgot that it was getting late. Little clouds of mist began to rise, hanging like bits of veil on the branches and filling the air with a kind of vapour wherein the setting sun was throwing strange red and yellow lights. Mariska gave a last look at the wonderful picture around her and rose to go, when she was startled by the noise of the axe, some calling out of men, and the crash of a falling tree. The sound was faint—it seemed to come from a considerable distance; no doubt woodmen were at work in the forest below the alp. The trodden path which led on in that direction was now easily explained.

Mariska hesitated. Should she go back, as she had come across the meadows? It was very lonely, and she might lose her way in the fog that was getting thicker after the sun had disappeared. It would perhaps be wiser to follow the path leading to the valley, where she would soon be in the track made by the timber-sledges. She might meet some of the woodmen; and they were a wild set certainly, living at wretched villages high up on the mountains far from any civilisation, and they used to come down only for the wood-cutting, for they were awfully poor and did work wherever they could get it, and they used to spend the whole week in the forest sleeping in miserable little huts made of branches and sticks, and warming themselves by hard work and a great deal of very bad brandy; and on Saturday nights they used to go back to their own village, ten out of twelve sadly tipsy. Still one never heard of their doing any serious harm, except that of having an occasional brawl and some broken heads between them.

Mariska thought it best to choose that path. She ran down towards the valley as fast as the slippery ground would allow her, and had soon reached the road leading to the village. She gave a little sigh of relief, for although that road had grown as slippery as glass by the sledging of the timber, she was at least safe from losing her way, and it was pleasant to hear the sound of approaching voices.

She stopped and listened. Sledges seemed to be coming. She heard the drivers shouting and the cracking of whips. Now she might walk in their track, she would be quite safe. She had just arrived at a spot where the road turned to the left, following the sudden descent of the hill. Huge rocks were

rising on the right, while on the left the bank formed a steep precipice. She knew the place well: it was generally considered an awkward one for driving, and might even now prove dangerous to her in case the timber-sledges should come suddenly down upon her. Fog and darkness were increasing. She could hardly see a yard before her; but the noise was very near to the turn of the road.

She strained her eyes: a pair of horses' heads emerged from the mist. She called out to the men to stop; they did not hear or mind her. Which side of the road would they take? Oh, how fortunate! They kept pretty close to the rocks; it would be wisest to step over to the other side and wait till they had passed. She did so, drawing as near to the brink of the precipice as possible. The first sledge went by rapidly with the timber dragging close to the opposite rocks—the second likewise—now the third; there seemed to be only one more, when suddenly the timber changed its direction, sliding towards her; now it was quite close; she stepped back as far as she could with the precipice behind her, and drew in her breath, trembling all over; the wood pushed against her foot; she slipped, fell across the tall sliding trees, and felt herself borne down the road with awful rapidity, then by the rolling of the tree flung on the ground, no doubt to be crushed between the timber. Shudder and sickness overcame her.

When she opened her eyes again, she saw close to her face a pair of bushy eyebrows white with frost, and an immense fur-cap, and a gruff voice said—

‘Well, it is really you, my little cousin. I thought it was some ghost of the forest! What business have you to be lying on lonely roads like a corpse and to frighten honest people?’

She knew the voice and the strong hand that supported her head—they were Zoltán Bácsi's. He always scolded and grumbled when he felt sad or uneasy.

Mariska put her hand to her forehead, as if to gather recollection of what had happened.

‘I had walked to the wood up there,’ she said faintly. ‘The doctor said I wanted air. And I meant to come back this way, and the sledges came and the timber seized me—it was so awful!’—she shuddered in thinking of it.

‘What folly! And you don't even know the fellow that drove the sledge? Of course not! And if you did, it would not be of much use, for I could not have him hung for it, as in the good olden times; and as to putting him to prison, why, the fellow would consider it a pleasant winter residence! Of course, you have broken an arm or a leg, *ugy-e*, have you not?’

‘I don't think there is anything the matter,’ she said, rising and stretching her limbs.

‘Nothing at all? Are you sure? Think a little: there must be something!’

Mariska could not repress a smile.

‘I think my elbow is hurt,’ she said, ‘and I feel a little nervous, that is all.’

‘Well, my dear, you have had a narrow escape! God be thanked for it! And now take my arm—it is an old man’s, but strong enough, and you may safely lean on it. We shall soon reach the village, and you must come to my house and have a cup of coffee or a glass of old Tokay, and——’

‘Thank you very much, dear Zoltán Bácsi! I kiss your hands; but I am afraid mamma will have missed me and be uneasy.’

‘So they have made even you mistrust me, while I should like to protect you in your loneliness, *szegény galambom!*’ (my poor dove).

Mariska burst out into tears.

‘I do not mistrust you,’ she said; ‘I know you have been wronged, and I wish—oh, so sincerely—there would be peace and harmony amongst us all again. I am lonely, very lonely, and although all the Nénis and Bácsis are very kind to me, I have nobody to whom I could tell all—none who would advise me in my troubles!’

‘I will be your friend, my poor little rosebud! Never apply to any one but me. I shall stand by you, come what may! And now, since you don’t wish to enter my house, I shall see you home. It was fortunate I had been out shooting so late. The dogs had taken up the scent and run on through the Poludnica forest, and I ought to have known by the sound they would not drive the game my way. I suppose they have devoured it by this time, and will have an indigestion. It is poor sport hunting with those hounds—they ruin any shooting-ground; but we Hungarians are lazy people—we prefer sending our dogs up the mountains instead of exerting ourselves in climbing. We are the riders *par excellence*; but walking exercise is not our strong point. In spite of all our civilisation, there is a good deal of King Attila and the Hun left in us, is there not, *kicsikém?*’ (my little one).

‘Not in you, Zoltán Bácsi! You are a learned man, and can talk foreign languages, and have travelled all over Europe; but——’

‘Oh, indeed? You know how to flatter, little one. That, too, is a Hungarian quality: we like to say pretty things, and we are not false—we really mean what we say—at least, while we are saying it. Our kindness and our enthusiasm, both are sincere. *Moriamur pro rege nostro!*—and they did die for our great lady-king, many of our ancestors! Do you ever read history, *lelkem?*’ (my soul).

‘I do when I can get any. I am very fond of reading serious books, for I know I am ignorant, although perhaps I learned a little more than most of my cousins, who were all brought up in the convent.’

‘I shall send you books such as you will like. You read French and German, *ugy-e?* Very well, I am glad of it. It is now the fashion in Hungary to read and talk nothing but Hungarian. They call that patriotism. Ridiculous! We were good patriots in my time, I think, we who fought for our country and lost life or fortune and position

by standing up for our rights, and still we had made our studies in Latin, and knew the German and French authors by heart. It is very proper to be fond of one's own language and literature; but our literature being rather green still, although most lovely in its very youthfulness, we ought to read Shakespeare and Molière and Göthe and Schiller, from whom our own poets learned.'

Zoltán Bácsi, being an old man, liked to talk, and be listened to and understood as he was by Mariska, and when they arrived at the *Kastély*, the time seemed to have gone very quickly.

'Here we are at your door, *lelkem*. I shall send you some wine directly to give you a little strength after your madcap walk.'

'*Közsönöm* (thanks), Zoltán Bácsi! I shall try to be worthy of your kindness.'

'Nonsense, *kicsikém*! (my little one). But why does old Porubaka not open the door?' He gave another hard knock. 'Ah, there she is! Well, my old woman, you are surprised to see me? Take care of your *kisasszonyka* (your young lady); she has tired herself; get her some hot coffee directly!'

'Oh, *pan velkomužni*!' (the gracious gentleman) cried the old woman, seizing his hand and kissing it in spite of all his endeavours to withdraw it. *Jaj, kisasszonyka, moja draga*! (my dear miss) that is good—you have come at last! There has been a letter waiting for you ever so long. The messenger from the telegraph-office brought it, and he says it ought to have been here in the morning; but as he was just getting home a cart-load of wood, and there was nobody else to take the letter—*Jésus Mária*! What is the matter, *moja draga*?'

Mariska had opened the telegram, and all the colour forsook her face when she read the few words it contained. She looked round her in a bewildered way, as if she did not understand, then, uttering a passionate cry, she hid her face on the old man's shoulder. He understood it all. The telegram announced the death of Tátrafalusy János.

V.

THE burial was over. The earthly remains of the once brilliant cavalier had been consigned in state to the family vault in the village cemetery, a burial-ground hardly inferior in beauty of scenery to the far-famed cemeteries of Vevey and Montreux. The funeral service, held in the little village church, had been attended by a multitude of people, and there had been much weeping and lamenting, and all that loud utterance of grief which appears so strange to the northern mind, but is peculiar to an impulsive and passionate people like the Hungarians. Tátrafalusy János had been a general favourite with the gentry and peasantry, for he was kind in a way and easy and hospitable, and gave when he had anything to give; therefore most of the crying and '*jaj*'-ing was genuine.

All the Bácsis and Nénis were full of sympathy; but when Gizela Néni came to see Mariska and her mother, and only kissed the girl without saying a word, and looked at her so full of sadness and love, then Mariska knew who had been Gizela Néni's lover, and for whose sake she had been forsaken.

The sad event had produced a wonderful change in the invalid woman's state. On that memorable evening when Mariska, nearly choking with tears, began to tell her the fatal news, a sudden light seemed to dawn in her mother's eyes. She sat up in her bed and said—

'I know he is dead. Everything dear to me must perish. Now they will come and cheat you out of your fortune! But I shall not allow it. I am well versed in the law; I know their tricks. We must be careful. Do not trust anybody—nobody! Do you hear me?'

'I hear you, dear mamma,' her daughter answered, a tearful smile playing about her lips; 'but I am afraid, we really are so poor, that it will not be worth anybody's while to cheat us, even supposing we had such enemies.'

'Silly girl!' said the widow, with an impatient gesture. 'You do not know the world, but I do. I shall take care of your interest. Your father made a will. I know where it is. I shall act for you.'

The widow, indeed, had herself dressed and carried to the sofa. One side of her body had been maimed by apoplexy; but her right hand and foot were not affected, and her brain the physician declared to be sound, except for the one fixed idea that people wanted to cheat her.

The will was found. It seemed to have been composed when the deceased was still in undisputed possession of the property. All was left to Mariska, and only the use of the house and garden allowed to the widow for her lifetime, considering 'she had a large income of her own.' The Ablegatus was appointed Mariska's guardian.

Etel was pleased with the arrangement and talked about her daughter being an heiress, although the property had been somewhat diminished and she herself cheated out of her own fortune by the lawyers. István, the Ablegatus, however, who came down from Budapest, to show his readiness, as he ceremoniously said to her, of accepting the proffered trust and talk over with his ward and her mother all necessary business matters, quietly and plainly told her that a whole swarm of creditors had come forth, and that, unless things were entirely left to his management, not a kreuzer would be saved for either mother or daughter. The house and garden had, in fact, been sold to a Jewish timber-merchant, who had equally bought the forest. That man, however, might be prevailed upon to exchange it for some isolated strip of forest and alp, the only unmortgaged property poor János had left. They could in that case live on

quietly in the old house, and, by selling the produce of their garden, earn a little money.

Etel shook her head a good deal, looked suspiciously at the Ablegate, and tried to remonstrate; but his firm and decided way of speaking silenced her at the end.

Before starting for Budapest again, he told Mariska in private—

‘*Édesem* (my sweet one), your poor father has left things in a sad state of confusion; but we hope to disentangle them with patience and time. Be active and economical; and if you want any advice, apply to Zoltán Bácsi. Your mother need not be told when you do.’

‘I am very grateful, István Bácsi,’ said Mariska, ‘that we may remain in the old house, if only for mamma’s sake. I wish spring had begun already, that I might show you how much money I shall make out of the garden. It has been shamefully neglected. The man-cook, who had the care of it, knew himself unwatched, for mamma was ill, and I thought myself a fine lady unfit for real work. Now I know I am a penniless girl, and my life is to be one of hard and serious labour.’

‘*Isten áldja meg!* (God bless you). Do not forget what I said about Zoltán Bácsi.’

Spring arrived, and the out-door work gave the young girl health and spirits. Things seemed to take a better turn than she had expected; and one day Zoltán Bácsi, to whom she went whenever she felt doubtful about anything, said to her, with his good-natured, half-ironical smile—

‘István is a capital manager, quite a capital manager! Fancy, he sold that last bit of alp of yours so advantageously that you will be able to keep some cattle! He intrusted me with purchasing it. So be not surprised when you hear a cow’s bell tinkling one of these mornings! They may go up to the pasturage with mine; it will save your keeping a shepherd.’

And indeed, on the following day, when the sun was setting and the distant mountain range was steeped in glowing red, when the fir-trees threw long shadows across the turf of the garden terrace and the evening bell sounded from both church-towers, there came the familiar tinkling of the cattle returning from the pasture; they did not pass on as usual, but stopped near the *Kastély* for an instant; two beautiful cows entered the court-yard, and were received with a glad exclamation by Mariska and a cry of delight by old Porubska, who altogether had been in a very happy state of mind lately, since not only did she receive her wages with a punctuality she had never experienced before in all her life, but even those of three years’ standing had been paid down to her to the last kreuzer, and she therefore applied to the brandy-bottle much less frequently, having no occasion for drowning her sorrow.

There was a certain quiet charm in the busy life Mariska was

leading now. It was not actual happiness, but it was contentment. Her mother, although suspicious and irritable, took a sort of interest in all that went on around her; she talked little, and, as it seemed, with some difficulty, but it was pleasant to hear the sound of her voice again. The housekeeping and gardening and the making of butter and cheese made the time pass quickly; and then there were the delightful books Zoltán Bácsi used to send his young cousin, and which seemed to open a new world to her and lift her above trifles and gossip. She felt thankful and confiding, and, by-and-by, sweet visions of future happiness began to mingle in her mind with the grave thoughts of thankfulness and duty. Latics Árpád had arrived on a visit at Zoltán Bácsi's, and he had called on Etel to tell her all about her husband's last days; and he had been kindly received and attentively listened to, and asked to come again. And he did come, almost daily. He was so patient and amiable, in spite of Etel's changing mood, and knew so well to deal with her, and to talk to her with his low, sonorous voice, as if she were a sick child.

And one evening, when he had come to say good-bye, and Mariska saw him as far as the old linden-tree by the garden-gate, he spoke to her from the fulness of his heart, and told her how he had loved her from the time they met at Vienna, and asked her to be his wife.

And the big old linden-tree heard the old, old story over again, that he had listened to many a time during his long life; and he listened with a foolish delight, for it was the time of his blossom, and he fell to dreaming of his youth, and stretched his crooked branches, and showered sweet smelling flowers over the two young lovers.

(To be continued.)

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is Personal Religion helped or hindered by the organisation and mechanical work of religious societies?

Honeysuckle thinks it is apt to be hindered in the organisers by undue attention to detail, and by the likelihood of secularising the religious work.

Constantine, on the other hand, considers the societies helpful, because they make one's religion less lonely and selfish.

Enid, while seeing the dangers that may be found in such societies, speaks of the great advantage of being obliged to do one work, whether we feel inclined or not.

Alma writes an interesting and very impartial essay, stating both sides of the question well.

Rudge writes well, but her paper applies mainly to religious communities, such as sisterhoods, not to guilds and societies for people living a secular life.

Does *West Penwith* really think that the fact that church membership is a help to personal religion, would be considered as debatable ground, and need defence in the pages of the 'Monthly Packet'? The question is, Do we want to be members of any narrower body?

Felicitas writes strongly against organisation, which she considers Pharisaic. *Chelsea China* does not see what rules about almshouses, and asking people to give to bazaars, has to do with the subject. She also fails to follow the connection of *Molecule's* arguments. Of course the 'mechanical work of religious societies' is the work done in them by rule, not handicraft of any kind.

Average thinks that the religious life is sustained and regulated by the regularity of a society.

Chelsea China gives in full *Elcaan* and *Lucciola*, for and against, and *Dragon-fly*, as showing what is *Chelsea China's* own view, that it is a matter depending on development and on character. If the society can give something higher than the individual has got without it, it is a help; if not, it is a hindrance.

Hindered, I think, though I speak with great diffidence. I do not know if the question is meant to include societies formed for some definite work of benevolence, or if it deals only with those Associa-

tions for prayer and religious observances so multiplied in our day. In the former case, mechanism is absolutely necessary, even where it is a necessary evil. In the latter, I think religious societies tend to obscure the claims of a central society, which includes the objects of all the lesser ones. I mean the Catholic Church, which is an Association bound by the strongest ties for every religious object that can be devised or named. With sincere sympathy, and hearty appreciation of zeal in promoting holy habits, I have a strong feeling that when a good person performs such an act, says such a prayer, keeps such a rule, because he belongs to a society, rather than because the Church is an Association for the same good object, and he is a member of it, his personal religion is scarcely helped, especially if he gradually draws in and narrows his feeling as to this or that good purpose, looking upon the members of the small society as more entirely belonging to him in Christian brotherhood than the rest of his baptized brethren in Christ. These societies seem to me to possess a natural tendency to run into *cliques*, and that, I humbly submit, is a spirit all the more dangerous to personal religion, that it is so insidious.

LUCCIOLA.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

Perhaps no designation is more frequently misunderstood than that of 'personal religion.' That an apposite answer cannot be offered to any question unless its purport be first understood is obvious, and therefore before endeavouring to give a reply to the above question, I should like clearly to define the signification of the term 'personal religion.' Personal religion, then, does not simply denote an exercise of obligatory or self-imposed activities, neither does it signify the conviction of individual justification; but its meaning may rather be expressed as—a 'binding again' of the individual to his Redeemer, in the affections of the Beatitudes. Viewing, then, the signification of 'personal religion' in this manner, are we helped or hindered in its attainment and establishment by 'the organisation and mechanical work of religious societies'? Firstly, are we helped or hindered in *theory*? That is to say, setting aside the abuse and errors of practice, is assistance to be anticipated from the working of such societies?

And in reply, I think we may at once and unconditionally answer in the affirmative. Why? Because the Church—a religious society—was founded by our Lord for the grace, teaching, and encouragement of its members, proving that the nature of its work is a help, and not a hindrance, to each individual of mankind.

Secondly, Are we helped or hindered in *practice*?—i.e. Does 'the organisation and mechanical work of religious societies' really, practically, aid us in the attainment and strengthening of 'personal religion'? And in reply, I would again answer 'Yes,' provided that

such societies are truly the outcome of the spirit of the Church, aiming at the increase of her power according to Divine Will. Why? Because such societies promote

(a) Method in the use of our individual energies, thereby inculcating in us that love of order and absence of haste so conspicuous in the Gospel narratives.

(b) Humble perseverance, as living by *rules* to which *all alike* aspire, rather than self-glory in our own spasmodic efforts.

(c) Unity of action as well as belief, which implants in us the *habit of friendship*.

(d) And lastly, the concentration of combined and continual prayers upon particular objects of desire for our *own* welfare as well as for that of others.

These are some of the ways by which I think 'the organisation and mechanical work of religious societies' assists in the attainment and establishment of 'personal religion,' in that great 'binding again' to Him Whose example it is the individual Christian's life-work to follow.

ELCAAN.

As a rule, all these societies are *managed* by the good and true, who are perpetually beaten upon their knees by the greatness of their responsibilities. But the young recruits know little of this; and we are often frightened by hearing girls talking confidently in high-pitched voices about 'the Cause' in public, when we should feel it far safer if they only in private on their knees dared so to speak of *their* favourite endeavour for God's glory, which may not, after all, be His will.

Bustle and declamation and publicity have entered into religious life, as into all others nowadays. Every educated girl must have a chance of being stirred now, and indolence is less easy and more wrong; but, probably, the hidden life is less easy, too, now everybody thinks so much of his or her duty to his or her neighbour.

Girls in these days are (if they choose to be) followed from morning to night by their obligations to some society or other besides the Church, and therefore it seems far safer in many cases that a society of some sort should protect their religious reading, or such external parts of their duty to God, from being crowded out. Moreover, many a well-disposed girl comes home from school with a desire to work for God, which can find no safe opening except in a society which is most helpful in enabling her so to do. But the rules that were to start with a help and scaffolding for her religious life to form within, will become, in the course of a few years, to one, barriers which seem hindrances instead of helps; to another, they have become the thing itself, while a third will have gone on unconsciously adapting them and herself to the needs of a real and ever-deepening individual life. This is what all are intended to do, of course; but

certainly many do let their societies limit their prayers, so to speak, to intercessions for their own set of interests, instead of spreading them world-wide through sympathy with man and heart intimacy with God.

An outside religious life that is not hypocrisy, but is unreal, is certainly very much fostered by the present mania for societies for everything. But on the whole, probably, the *amount* of good and evil is hardly altered by the different *forms* of the special temptations of one age or another.

DRAGON-FLY.

Great spirits are above mechanism, but breathe into others through it. Average spirits are assisted by suggestion, exhortation, moral support, contact. The mechanism of the society conveys all these, and prevents each worker from fighting 'for his own hand.' But the peril begins of resting in the mechanism, and becoming a wheel, and a cranking wheel, instead of a sentient member, warm within and without.

Personal religion, and especially works of love, are aided and supported, but must go far above and beyond. We are not only members of each other, but of Christ.

SPERMOLOGOS.

Two papers on 'Gossip' will stand over till next month.

Average Carina and *Golden Gown* have sent papers on 'Town and Country'; but Chelsea China thinks that the last word has been said on that controversy.

QUESTION FOR APRIL.

Do the advantages of a reserved temperament counterbalance its evils?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher, before May 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Questions for April.

13. Write a life of Polycarp.

14. What was the condition of the Church between the reigns of Septimius Severus and Decius? Mention any emperors who favoured or tolerated Christianity.

15. In what respect did the persecution of Decius differ from those which preceded it?

16. Give some account of Origen.

BOG-OAK extremely regrets that from unavoidable circumstances she is unable to draw up her class list this month.

Notices to Correspondents.

In the March number a desire is expressed for the meaning and derivation of the word 'Drang,' which is used in Devon to denote side streets.

Halliwell's 'Archaic Dictionary' informs us that the term is used in the west country dialects, and signifies 'a narrow lane.'

The etymology then becomes obvious: it is derived from Dringan, to press, meaning a passage you can just squeeze through, or in which people will press against each other, or in which the houses seem to press together and narrow the passage.

The same sort of lane is called in more northern counties a 'chewar,' or 'chau,' from 'cerren,' to turn, because such passages are never straight; and across the Border they are called 'wynds.'

ISIS.

In reply to *H.*, there are a great many German or Saxon words still lingering in country parts of Devon. 'Drang,' a steep by-street, generally narrow and up-hill, is obviously from the German verb 'Dringen'—to press, toil, squeeze, and accurately describes the necessary climb.

G. BENEDICTA STUART.

In answer to *A. F.*'s inquiry in February number for lines beginning—

'Is it true, O Christ in Heaven,'

I believe they were in a novel called 'Egyptian Bonds,' published some years ago. If *A. F.* will send me her address, I shall be happy to copy the rest of the verses for her.

Mrs. CALDWELL, Blunt's Hall, Witham, Essex.

Can any one tell *Eva* if a story called 'The Scaramouches,' which came out in 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' several years ago, is by either Mrs. Gatty or Mrs. Ewing, and whether it is published separately, and is in print?

ROSENTHAL FUND.—Help urgently needed to carry on E. L. Mission to the Jews, and specially to aid persecuted inquirers. The smallest contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by the Rev. M. ROSENTHAL, 32, Navarino Road, Dalston, E.

We hope in our ensuing volume to arrange for a series of Papers on English Literature, to assist our readers who may be preparing for the Cambridge examinations. Each Paper will be succeeded by questions, and the answers will be criticised privately for those who desire it, with a final class list and prize of books.

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVII.

‘They come, they come.’

DR. DAGGER examined Mrs. White and pronounced that there had been mortal disease of long standing, and that she had nearly, if not quite, reached the last stage. While people had thought her selfish, weak, and exacting, she must really have concealed severe suffering, foolishly perhaps, but with great fortitude.

And from hearing this sentence, Kalliope had turned to find at last tidings of her brother in a letter written from Avonchester, the nearest garrison town. He told his sister that, heart-broken already at the result of what he knew to be his own presumption, and horrified at the fatal consequences of his unhappy neglect, he felt incapable of facing any of those whom he had once called his friends, and the letter of dismissal had removed all scruples. Had it not been for his faith and fear, he would have put an end to his life, but she need have no alarms on that score. He had rushed away, scarce knowing what he was doing till he had found himself on the road to Avonchester, and then had walked on thither and enlisted in the regiment quartered there, where he hoped to do his duty, having no other hope left in life !

Part of this letter Kalliope read to Miss Mohun, who had come down to hear the doctor’s verdict. It was no time to smile at the heart being broken by the return of a valentine, or all hope in life being over before twenty. Kalliope, who knew what the life of a private was, felt wretched over it, and her poor mother was in despair ; but Miss Mohun tried to persuade her that it was by no means an unfortunate thing, since Alexis would be thus detained safely and within reach till Sir Jasper arrived to take up the matter, and Mr. White had been able to understand it.

‘Yes; but he cannot come to my poor mother. And Richard will be so angry—think it such a degradation.’

‘He ought not. Your father——’

‘Oh! but he will. And I must write to him. Mother has been asking for him.’

‘Tell me, my dear, has Richard ever helped you?’

‘Oh, no, poor fellow, he could not. He wants all we can send him, or we would have put the little boys to a better school.’

‘I would not write before it is absolutely necessary,’ said Miss Mohun. ‘A young man hanging about with nothing to do, even under these circumstances, might make things harder.’

‘Yes, I know,’ said Kalliope, with a trembling lip. ‘And if it was urgent, even Alexis might come. Indeed, I ought to be thankful that he is safe, after all my dreadful fears, and not far off.’

Miss Mohun refrained from grieving the poor girl by blaming Alexis for the impetuous selfish folly that had so greatly added to the general distress of his family, and rendered it so much more difficult to plead his cause. In fact, she felt bound to stand up as his champion against all his enemies, though he was less easy of defence than was his sister; and Mr. Flight, who was the first person she met afterwards, was excessively angry and disappointed, speaking of such a step as utter ruin.

‘The lad was capable of so much better things,’ said he. ‘I had hoped so much of him, and had so many plans for him, that it is a grievous pity; but he had no patience, and now he has thrown himself away. I told him it was his first duty to maintain his mother, and if he had stuck to that, I would have done more for him as soon as he was old enough, and I could see what was to be done for the rest of them, but he grew unsettled and impatient, and this is the end of it!’

‘Not the end, I hope,’ said Miss Mohun. ‘It is not exactly slavery without redemption.’

‘He does not deserve it.’

‘Who does? Besides, remember what his father was.’

‘His father must have been of the high-spirited, dare-devil sort. This lad was made for a scholar—for the priesthood, in fact, and the army will be more uncongenial than these marble works! Foolish fellow, he will soon have had enough of it, with his refinement, among such associates.’

Jane wondered that the young clergyman did not regret that he had sufficiently tried the youth’s patience to give the sense of neglect and oblivion. There had been many factors in the catastrophe, and this had certainly been one, since the loan of a few books, and an hour a week of direction of study, would have kept Alexis contented, and have obviated all the perilous intercourse with Gillian; but she scarcely did the Rev. Augustine Flight injustice in thinking that in the æsthetic and the emotional side of religion he somewhat lost sight of the daily drudgery that works on character chiefly as a preventive.

'He was at the bottom of it, little as he knows it,' she said to herself, as she walked up the hill. 'How much harm is done by good beginnings of a skein left to tangle.'

Lady Flight provided a trained nurse to help Kalliope, and sent hosts of delicacies, and plenty of abuse was bestowed on Mr. James White for his neglect. Meanwhile Mrs. White, though manifestly in a hopeless state, seemed likely to linger on for some weeks longer.

In the meantime, Miss Mohun at last found an available house, and was gratified by the young people's murmur that 'Il Lido' was too far off from Beechcroft. But then their mother would be glad to be so near St. Andrew's, for she belonged to the generation that loved and valued daily services.

Lord Rotherwood, perhaps owing to his exertions, felt the accident more than he had done at first, and had to be kept very quiet, which he averred to be best accomplished by having the children in to play with him, and as he always insisted on sending for Valetta to make up the party, the edict of separation fell to the ground, when Lady Rotherwood, having written his letters for him, went out for a drive, taking sometimes Miss Elbury, but more often Adeline Mohun, who flattered herself that her representations had done much to subdue prejudice and smooth matters.

'Which always were smooth,' said Jane; 'smooth and polished as a mahogany table, and as easy to get into.'

However, she was quite content that Ada should be the preferred one, and perhaps no one less acute than herself would have felt that the treatment as intimates and of the family was part of the duty of a model wife. Both sisters were in request to enliven the captive, and Jane forebore to worry him with her own anxieties about the present disgrace of the Whites. Nothing could be done for Kalliope in her mother's present state, Alexis must drink of his own brewst, and Sir Jasper and Lady Merrifield were past Brindisi! As to Mr. White, he seemed to be immersed in business, and made no sign of relenting; Jane had made one or two attempts to see him, but had not succeeded. Only one of her G. F. S. maidens, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Kalliope, and in perfect despair at her absence, mentioned that Mr. White had looked over all their work, and had been immensely struck with Miss White's designs, and especially with the table inlaid with autumn leaves, which had been set aside as expensive, unprofitable, and not according to the public taste, and not shown to him on his first visit to the works with Mr. Stebbing. There were rumours in the air that he was not contented with the state of things, and might remain for some time to set them on a different footing.

Miss Adeline had been driving with Lady Rotherwood, and on coming in with her for the afternoon cup of tea, found Mr. White conversing with Lord Rotherwood, evidently just finishing the

subject—a reading-room or institute of some sort for the men at the works.

‘All these things are since my time,’ said Mr. White. ‘We were left pretty much to ourselves in those days.’

‘And what do you think? Should you have been much the better for them?’ asked the Marquis.

‘Some of us would,’ was the answer.

‘You would not have thought them a bore?’

‘There were some who would, as plenty will now; but we were a rough set—we had not so much to start with as the lads, willy nilly, have now. But I should have been glad of books, and diversion free from lawlessness might have prevented poor Dick’s scrapes. By the bye, that daughter of his can do good work.’

‘Poor thing,’ said Miss Adeline, ‘she is a very good girl, and in great trouble. I was much pleased with her, and I think she has behaved remarkably well under very trying circumstances.’

‘I observed that the young women in the mosaic department seemed to be much attached to her,’ said Mr. White.

‘My sister thinks she has been an excellent influence there.’

‘She was not there,’ said Mr. White.

‘No; her mother is too ill to be left—dying, I should think, from what I hear.’

‘From the shock of that foolish lad’s evasion?’ asked Lord Rotherwood.

‘She was very ill before, I believe, though that brought it to a crisis. No one would believe how much that poor girl has had depending on her. I wish she had been at the works, I am sure you would have been struck with her.’

‘Have you any reason to think they are in any distress, Miss Mohun?’

‘Not actually at present; but I do not know what they are to do in future, with the loss of the salaries those two have had,’ said Adeline, exceedingly anxious to say neither too much nor too little.

‘There is the elder brother.’

‘Oh! he is no help, only an expense.’

‘Miss Mohun, may I ask, are you sure of that?’

‘As sure as I can be of anything. I have always heard that the rents of their two or three small houses went to support Richard, and that they entirely live on the earnings of the brother and sister, except that you are so good as to educate the younger girl. It has come out casually—they never ask for anything.’

Mr. White looked very thoughtful. Adeline considered whether importunity would do most harm or good; but thought her words might work. When she rose to take leave, Mr. White did the same, ‘evidently,’ thought she, ‘for the sake of escorting her home,’ and she might perhaps say another word in confidence for the poor young people. She had much reliance, and not unjustly, on her powers of

persuasion, and she would make the most of those few steps to her own door.

‘Indeed, Mr. White,’ she began, ‘excuse me, but I cannot help being very much interested in those young people we were speaking of.’

‘That is your goodness, Miss Mohun. I have no doubt they are attractive, there’s no end to the attractiveness of those Southern folk they belong to—on one side of the house at least; but unfortunately you never know where to have them—there’s no truth in them, and though I don’t want to speak of anything I may have done for them, I can’t get over their professing never to have had anything from me.’

‘May I ask, did you send it through that eldest brother?’

‘Certainly, he always wrote to me.’

‘Then, Mr. White, I cannot help believing that the family here never heard of it. Do you know anything of that young man?’

‘No; I will write to his firm and inquire. Thank you for the hint, Miss Mohun.’

They were at Beechcroft cottage gate, and he seemed about to see her even to the door. At that instant a little girlish figure advanced, and was about to draw back on perceiving that Miss Adeline was not alone, when she exclaimed, ‘Maura, is it you, out so late! How is your mother?’

‘Much the same, thank you, Miss Adeline!’

‘Here is one of the very young folks we were mentioning,’ said Ada, seeing her opportunity, and glad that there was light enough to show the lady-like little figure. ‘This is Maura, Mr. White, whom you are kindly educating.’

Mr. White took the hand, which was given with a pretty respectful gesture, and said something kind about her mother’s illness, while Adeline took the girl into the house, and asked if she had come on any message.

‘Yes, if you please,’ said Maura, blushing; ‘Miss Mohun was so kind as to offer to lend us an air-cushion, and poor mamma is so restless and uncomfortable, that Kally thought it might ease her a little.’

‘By all means, my dear. Come in, and I will have it brought,’ said Adeline, whose property the cushion was, and who was well pleased that Mr. White came in likewise, and thus had a full view of Maura’s great wistful, long-lashed eyes, and delicate refined features, under a little old brown velvet cap, and the slight figure in a grey ulster. He did not speak while Maura answered Miss Adeline’s inquiries, but when the cushion had been brought down, and she had taken it under her arm, he exclaimed—

‘Is she going back alone?’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Maura, cheerfully; ‘it is not really dark out of doors yet.’

‘I suppose it could not be helped,’ said Miss Adeline.

‘No; Theodore is at the school. They keep him late to get things ready for the inspection, and Petros had to go to the doctor’s to fetch something; but he will meet me if he is not kept waiting.’

‘It is not fit for a child like that to go alone so late,’ said Mr. White, who perhaps had imbibed Italian notions of the respectability of an escort. ‘I will walk down with her.’

Maura looked as if darkness were highly preferable to such a cavalier; but Miss Adeline was charmed to see them walk off together, and when her sister presently came in with Gillian and Fergus, she could not but plume herself a little on her achievement.

‘Then it was those two!’ exclaimed Jane. ‘I thought so, from the other side of the street, but it was too dark to be certain; and besides, there was no believing it.’

‘Did not they acknowledge you?’

‘Oh, no; they were much too busy.’

‘Talking. Oh, what fun!’ Adeline could not help observing in such glee that she looked more like ‘our youngest girl’ than the handsome middle-aged aunt.

‘But,’ suggested Fergus, somewhat astonished, ‘Stebbing says he is no end of a horrid brute of a screw.’

‘Indeed. What has he been doing?’

‘He only tipped him a coach wheel.’

‘Well, to tip over as a coach wheel is the last thing I should have expected of Mr. White,’ said Aunt Jane, misunderstanding on purpose.

‘A crown piece then,’ growled Fergus; ‘and of course he thought it would be a sovereign, and so he can’t pay me my two tan—shillings, I mean, that I lent him, and so I can’t get the lovely ammonite I saw at Notts.’

‘How could you be so silly as to lend him any money?’

‘I didn’t want to; but he said he would treat us all round if I wouldn’t be mean, and after all I only got half a goody, with all the liqueur out of it.’

‘It served you right,’ said Gillian. ‘I doubt whether you would see the two shillings again, even if he had the sovereign.’

‘He faithfully promised I should,’ said Fergus, whose allegiance was only half broken. ‘And old White is a beast, and no mistake. He was perfectly savage to Stebbing’s major, and he said he wouldn’t be under him, at no price.’

‘Perhaps Mr. White might say the same,’ put in Aunt Ada.

‘He is a downright old screw and a bear, I tell you,’ persisted Fergus. ‘He jawed Frank Stebbing like a pickpocket for just having a cigar in the quarry.’

‘Close to the blasting powder, eh?’ said Miss Mohun.

‘And he is boring and worrying them all out of their lives over the books,’ added Fergus. ‘Poking his nose into everything, so that Stebbing says his governor vows he can’t stand it, and shall out the concern if the old brute does not take himself off to Italy before long.’

‘What a good thing,’ thought both sisters, looking into each other’s eyes and auguring well for the future.

All were anxious to hear the result of Maura’s walk, and Gillian set out in the morning on a voyage of discovery with a glass of jelly for Mrs. White; but all she could discover was that the great man had been very kind to Maura, though he had not come in, at which Gillian was indignant.

‘Men are often shy of going near sickness and sorrow,’ said her Aunt Ada. ‘You did not hear what they talked about?’

‘No; Maura was at school, and Kally is a bad person to pump.’

‘I should like to pump Mr. White,’ was Aunt Jane’s comment.

‘If I could meet him again,’ said Aunt Ada, ‘I feel sure he would tell me.’

Her sister laughed a little, so well did she know that little half-conscious, half-gratified tone of assumption of power over the other sex; but Miss Adeline proved to be right. Nay, Mr. White actually called in the raw cold afternoon, which kept her in when every one else was out. He came for the sake of telling her that he was much pleased with the little girl—a pretty creature, and simple and true, he really believed. Quite artlessly, in answer to his inquiries, she had betrayed that her eldest brother never helped them. ‘Oh, no! Mamma was always getting all the money she could to send to him, because he must keep up appearances at his office at Leeds, and live like a gentleman, and it did not signify about Kalliope and Alexis doing common work.’

‘That’s one matter cleared up,’ rejoiced Jane. ‘It won’t be brought up against them now.’

‘And then it seems he asked the child about her sister’s lovers.’

‘Oh!’

‘It was for a purpose. Don’t be old maidish, Jenny!’

‘Well, he isn’t a gentleman.’

‘Now, Jane, I’m sure——’

‘Never mind. I want to hear; only I should have thought you would be the first to cry out.’

‘Little Maura seems to have risen to the occasion, and made a full explanation as far as she knew—and that was more than the child ought to have known, by the bye—of how Mr. Frank was always after Kally, and how she could not bear him, and gave up the Sunday walk to avoid him, and how he had tried to get her to marry him, and go to Italy with him; but she would not hear of it.’

‘Just the thing the little chatterbox would be proud of; but it is no harm that “*Mon oncle des îles Philippines*” should know.’

“‘I see his little game,” was what Mr. White said,’ repeated Adeline. “‘The young dog expected to come over me with this pretty young wife—my relation, too; but he would have found himself out in his reckoning.’”

‘So far so good; but it is not fair.’

‘However, the ice is broken. What’s that? Is the house coming down?’

No; but Gillian and Valetta came rushing in, almost tumbling over one another, and each waving a sheet of a letter. Papa and mamma would land in three days’ time if all went well; but the pity was that they must go to London before coming to Rockquay, since Sir Jasper must present himself to the military and medical authorities, and likewise see his mother, who was in a very failing state.

The children looked and felt as if the meeting were deferred for years; but Miss Mohun, remembering the condition of ‘Il Lido,’ alike as to the presence of workmen and absence of servants, felt relieved at the respite, proceeded to send a telegram to Macrae, and became busier than ever before in her life.

The Rotherwoods were just going to London. The Marquis was wanted for a division, and though both he and Dr. Dagger declared his collar-bone quite repaired, his wife could not be satisfied without hearing for herself a verdict to the same effect from the higher authorities, being pretty sure that whatever their report might be, his abstract would be ‘All right.’ Never mind.

Fly had gained so much in flesh and strength, and was so much more like her real self, that she was to remain at the hotel with Miss Elbury, the rooms being kept for her parents till Easter. Mysie was, however, to go with them to satisfy her mother, ‘with a first mouthful of children,’ said Lord Rotherwood. ‘Gillian had better come too; and we will write to the Merrifields to come up to us, unless they are bound to the old lady.’

This, however, was unlikely, as she was very infirm, and her small house was pretty well filled by her attendants. Lady Rotherwood seconded the invitation like a good wife, and Gillian was grateful. Such a forestalling was well worth even the being the Marchioness’s guest, and being treated with careful politeness and supervision as a girl of the period, always ready to break out. However, she would have Mysie, and she tried to believe Aunt Jane, who told her that she had conjured up a spectre of the awful dame. There was a melancholy parting on the side of poor little Lady Phyllis. ‘What shall I do without you, Mysie dear?’

‘It is only for a few days.’

‘Yes; but then you will be in a different house, all down in the town—it will be only visiting—not like sisters.’

‘Sisters are quite a different thing,’ said Mysie stoutly; ‘but we can be the next thing to it in our hearts.’

‘It is not equal,’ said Fly. ‘You don’t make a sister of me, and I do of you.’

‘Because you know no better! Poor Fly, I do wish I could give you a sister of your own.’

‘Do you know, Mysie, I think—I’m quite sure, that daddy is going to ask your father and mother to give you to us, out and out.’

‘Oh! I’m sure they won’t do that,’ cried Mysie, in consternation. ‘Mamma never would!’

‘And wouldn’t you? Don’t you like me as well as Gill and Val?’

‘I like you better. Stop, don’t, Fly, you are what people call more of a companion to me—my friend; but friends aren’t the same as sisters, are they? They may be more, or they may be less, but it is not the same kind. And then it is not only you, there are papa and mamma and all my brothers.’

‘But you *do* love daddy, and you have not seen yours for four years, and Aunt Florence and all the cousins at Beechcroft say they were quite afraid of him.’

‘Because he is so—— Oh! I don’t know how to say it, but he is just like Epaminondas, or King Arthur, or Robert Bruce, or——’

‘Well, that’s enough,’ said Fly; ‘I am sure my daddy would laugh if you said he was like all those.’

‘To be sure he would!’ said Mysie. ‘And do you think I would give mine for him, though yours is so kind and good and such fun?’

‘And I’m sure I’d rather have him than yours,’ said Fly.

‘Well, that’s right. It would be wicked not to like one’s own father and mother best.’

‘But if they thought it would be good for you to have all my governesses and advantages, and they took pity on my loneliness. What then?’

‘Then? Oh! I’d try to bear it,’ said unworldly and uncomplimentary Mysie. ‘And you need not be lonely now. There’s Val!’

The two governesses had made friends, and the embargo on intercourse with Valetta had been allowed to drop; but Fly only shook her head, and allowed that ‘Val was better than nothing.’

Mysie had a certain confidence that mamma would not give her away if all the lords and ladies in the world wanted her, and Gillian confirmed her in that belief, so that no misgiving interfered with her joy at finding herself in the train, where Lord Rotherwood declared that the two pair of eyes shone enough to light a candle by.

‘I feel,’ said Mysie, jumping up and down in her seat, ‘like the man who said he had a bird in his bosom.’

‘Or a bee in his bonnet, eh?’ said Lord Rotherwood, while Mysie obeyed a sign from my lady to moderate the restlessness of her ecstasies.

‘It really was a bird in his bosom,’ said Gillian gravely, ‘only he said so when he was dying in battle, and he meant his faith to his king.’

‘And little Mysie has kept her faith to her mother,’ said their cousin, putting out his hand to turn the happy face towards him. ‘So the bird may well sing to her.’

‘In spite of parting with Phyllis?’ asked Lady Rotherwood.

‘I can’t help it, *indeed*,’ said Mysie, divided between her politeness

and her dread of being given away; 'it has been very nice, but one's own, own papa and mamma must be more than any one.'

'So they ought,' said Lord Rotherwood, and there it ended, chatter in the train not being considered desirable.

Gillian longed to show Mysie and Geraldine Grinstead to each other, and the first rub with her hostess occurred when the next morning she proposed to take a cab and go to Brompton.

'Is not your first visit due to your grandmother?' said Lady Rotherwood. 'You might walk there, and I will send some one to show you the way.'

'We must not go there till after luncheon,' said Gillian. 'She is not ready to see any one, and Bessie Merrifield cannot be spared; but I know Mrs. Grinstead will like to see us, and I do so want Mysie to see the studio.'

'My dear' (it was not a favourable my dear), 'I had rather you did not visit any one I do not know while you are under my charge.'

'She is Phyllis's husband's sister,' pleaded Gillian.

Lady Rotherwood made a little bend of acquiescence, but said no more, and departed, and Gillian inly raged. A few months ago she would have acted on her own responsibility (if Mysie would not have been too much shocked), but she had learnt the wisdom of submission in fact, if not in word, for she growled about great ladies and exclusiveness, so that Mysie looked mystified.

It was certainly rather dull in the only half-revivified London house, and Belgrave Square in Lent did not present a lively scene from the windows. The Liddesdales had a house there, but they were not to come up till the season began; and Gillian was turning with a sigh to ask if there might not be some books in Fly's schoolroom, when Mysie caught the sound of a bell, and ventured on an expedition to find her Ladyship and ask leave to go to Church.

There, to their unexpected delight, they beheld, not only Bessie, but a clerical-looking back, which after some watching, they so identified that they looked at one another with responsive eyes, and Gillian doubted whether this were recompense for submission, or reproof for discontent.

Very joyful was the meeting on the steps of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and an exchange of 'Oh! how did you come here? Where are you?'

Harry had come up the day before, and was to go and meet the travellers at Southampton, with his uncle Admiral Merrifield, who had brought his eldest daughter Susan to relieve her sister or assist her. Great was the joy and eager the talk, as first Bessie was escorted by the whole party back to grandmamma's house, and then Harry accompanied his sisters to Belgrave Square, where he was kept to luncheon; and Lady Rotherwood was as glad to resign his sisters to his charge as he could be to receive them.

He had numerous commissions to execute for his Vicar, and Gillian

had to assist the masculine brains in the department of Church needlework, actually venturing to undertake some herself, trusting to the tuition of Aunt Ada, a proficient in the same; while Mysie reverently begged at least to hem the borders.

Then they revelled in the little paradises of books and pictures in Northumberland Avenue and Westminster Sanctuary, and went to Evensong at the Abbey, Mysie's first sight thereof, and nearly the like to Gillian, since she only remembered before a longing not to waste time in a dull place instead of the delightful streets.

'It is a thing never to forget,' she said under her breath, as they lingered in the nave.

'I never guessed anything could make one feel so,' added Mysie, with a little sigh of rapture.

'That strange unexpected sense of delight always seems to me to explain, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive,"' said Harry.

Mysie whispered—

'Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest!'

'Oh, Harry, can't we stay and see Henry VII.'s Chapel, and Poets' Corner, and Edward I.'s monument?' pleaded the sister.

'I am afraid we must not, Gill. I have to see after some vases, and to get a lot of things at the Stores, and it will soon be dark. If I don't go to Southampton to-morrow, I will take you then. Now then, feet or cab?'

'Oh, let us walk! It is ten times the fun.'

'Then mind you don't jerk me back at the crossings.'

There are few pleasures greater of their kind than that of the youthful country cousin under the safe escort of a brother or father in London streets. The sisters looked in at windows, wondered and enjoyed, till they had to own their feet worn out, and submit to a four-wheeler.

'An hour of London is more than a month of Rockquay, or a year of Silverfold,' cried Gillian.

'Dear old Silverfold,' said Mysie; 'when shall we go back?'

'By the bye,' said Harry, 'how about the great things that were to be done for mother?'

'Primrose is all right,' said Mysie. 'The dear little thing has written a nice copybook, and hemmed a whole set of handkerchiefs for papa. She is so happy with them.'

'And you, little Mouse?'

'I have done my translation—not 'quite well, I am afraid, and made the little girl's clothes. I wonder if I may go and take them to her.'

'And Val has finished her crewel cushion, thanks to the aunts,' said Gillian.

'Fergus's machine, how about that? Perpetual motion, wasn't it?'

‘That has turned into mineralogy, worse luck,’ said Gillian.

‘Gill has done a beautiful sketch of Rockquay,’ added Mysie.

‘Oh! don’t talk of me,’ said Gillian. ‘I have only made a most unmitigated mess of everything.’

But here attention was diverted by Harry’s exclaiming—

‘Hullo! was that Henderson?’

‘Nonsense, the Wardours are at Cork.’

‘He may be on leave.’

‘Or sold out. He is capable of it.’

‘I believe it was old Fangs.’

The discussion lasted to Belgrave Square.

And then Sunday was spent upon memorable churches and services under the charge of Harry, who was making the most of his holiday. The trio went to Evensong at St. Wulstan’s, and a grand idea occurred to Gillian—could not Theodore White become one of those young choristers, who had their home in the Clergy House?

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC. .

CHAPTER XI.

'Though we be tied and bound'—

'Once with magical sweet singing
 Blackbirds set the woodlands ringing
 That awakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.'
 —*J. Ingelow.*

MEANWHILE the Squire went on alone up to the Court, and on asking for Maurice, was shown at once into the library.

That room was never a cheerful one, and to-day it looked even less so than usual. The blind was partly drawn down, though the light was none too good, and in the wide old-fashioned fireplace were the hollow burnt-out remains of what had an hour before been an enormous fire. The room was warm enough, but the merest handful of bright coals would have looked more cheery than those yawning, ashy caverns.

The couch was drawn up to the fire, a ponderous, angular, uncomfortable-looking affair; and Maurice was lying on it, with his face turned away from the light.

He started up as Mr. Tyndal entered, greeting him eagerly, and flushing and growing pale again in an instant.

'No! I wasn't asleep,' he answered, as the Squire hoped he had not disturbed him. 'But I have been at work till just lately, and my head won't stand very much at present.'

'I should think not, especially of that sort,' answered his visitor, glancing with much disfavour at the ponderous volumes which loaded the table. And sitting down he proceeded to disburden himself of Mrs. Tyndal's kindly messages, and to detail all the scraps of news that he had picked up during the last few days. He was rather shocked to find that Maurice had not looked at a paper lately, and didn't know what was going on in the political world.

'You say you must be doing something?' he remarked. 'I am sure it would be much better for you to look over the papers than to tire your head with such heavy stuff as *that*,' and he glanced at the books again.

'They are all in the corner there,' said Maurice, rather wearily. 'But I don't seem to take any interest in them.'

‘What is it that you *do* take interest in, then? Let’s see,’ said the Squire, and he leaned over the table, pulling first one and then another of the heavy volumes towards him. ‘Why! they’re all medical! Maurice! my dear boy, this won’t do, indeed! What can you expect but to knock yourself up again, if you mope by yourself all day, and look up your “symptoms” in books of this sort.’

Maurice actually laughed, and sat up, looking considerably less wretched than he had done at first.

‘My symptoms!’ he said. ‘My dear Squire, you surely don’t suppose I was looking up my own case in all those authorities? Why! if you will look, you will see they are all open, or marked, at diseases of the hip and spine.’

‘Yes, yes, I dare say,’ answered Mr. Tyndal, pursuing his own train of thought, as usual, regardless of all that could be said. ‘When a man’s shut up by himself, with nothing else to think of, he may well get all sorts of fancies into his head, especially after such an illness as you’ve had, my dearest lad. I know you can’t help it, as things are; but doesn’t it just show you what a foolish idea it was for you to come up here to this great lonely place before you were fit to take care of yourself? Be advised by me, now, and come down to the Hall again. It would make us all so much more comfortable.’

‘You are too good to me—far too good,’ answered Maurice, after a moment, rather huskily. ‘But I couldn’t, really. Kind as you are, it was against my will that you took me to the Hall in the first place. Do you remember? And I couldn’t go there again now. You wouldn’t ask me if you understood.’

There was something in his tone far more earnest than the usual answer to an over-pressing invitation. The Squire looked puzzled. ‘I don’t understand any of it. I’ll admit that. They used to say you were wilful when you were so bad, and I used to stand up for you—but I’ll be shot if I’ll do it again. You’re just as wilful as ever they like to call you, and worse!’

‘Then, being so wilful, I must have my own way,’ said the young man, smiling rather sadly. ‘Good-bye, if you must go so soon.’

‘Ay! I must be going. And I think I shall have to bring up Mrs. Tyndal to scold you and set you to rights. Why don’t you have your fire poked, man, and your blind drawn up, and the whole room looking less as if there was somebody dead in the house?’

Maurice laughed again. ‘I will try and have things a little better next time you come,’ he said, and resigned his thin hot hand to the Squire’s great brown one—but looked away while they exchanged good-byes once more.

Two days after that Mr. Layton came up to the Hall once more, and happened to find Agnes Morrison alone in the drawing-room. He had had so many half-accidental *tête-à-têtes* with her of late that no one thought anything of this one, and every one but Dagmar was

surprised when the next day the Vicar asked to see Mr. Tyndal, and announced that he and Mrs. Tyndal's niece were intending to marry.

Surprised as every one was, there was no reason why any one should be anything but pleased, and no reason why the marriage should be put off any longer than was necessary just to get the vicarage into order.

Agnes and Mr. Layton were very quiet over their happiness; perhaps with something of the feeling that we all have at times that it is not well to make a fuss about a new-found joy, for fear it should somehow vanish. But they were very happy and satisfied at heart, and there was little fear but they would grow accustomed to happiness soon enough.

It was suggested at first that they should be married very early in the spring; but Agnes was a little alarmed at the idea of such precipitation, and her other aunt, with whom she had spent nearly half her life hitherto, wished to have her for a little while before her marriage. So it was agreed that the wedding should take place in June, and meanwhile Agnes went down to Brighton to her aunt, to say good-bye to all her old friends, and (as Day insisted) to get a trousseau that should cause the hair of Winstead to stand on end.

All the talk and interest occasioned by this prospect had rather taken the attention of the Hall people from Maurice, though none of them forgot him. But all through the early spring, after Agnes was gone, the Squire worried himself greatly over his young friend, for whom he still felt a fatherly responsibility.

Maurice was by way of being well again, that is to say, he went about as usual, and never admitted that he was not strong enough to do whatever he wanted to do. But he looked dreadfully ill, and though he was cheerful enough when any one went to see him, it was easy to guess that he was sadly depressed when he was alone. And though he was almost pathetically grateful and friendly in his manner, it was impossible to make him really sociable, or to induce him to come down to the Hall as often as of old. When he met any of the family by accident, he seemed to be only too pleased to see them, but he would not seek them, nor hardly allow them to seek him. Mr. Tyndal laid it all to those wretched works on medicine, which still held their place on the young man's table. He demanded inquisitorially every time they met whether Maurice had done with them yet; and though the young man was more regardless of his health than was altogether wise, Mr. Tyndal still held to his opinion that the boy was moping himself till he was getting hypochondriacal, and that it was no wonder if he was depressed and had fancies about himself.

Spring was creeping on. It was an evening late in March, when, although the air was cold, there was a scent of fresh earth, a smell as of green things springing in the hedgerows, that seemed to have set all the birds singing with its glad promise of sunny days to come.

Mr. Layton, too, had been furnishing his nest, like the birds, and his heart was glad as he walked up the park, under the shadow of the trees, listening to the bold merry thrushes, who seemed to have determined not to go home till morning, and were challenging one another from tree to tree.

In the open spaces of the park there was light still, so faint and diffused that one hardly noticed that it came from the little crescent moon that hung like a golden thread in the south-west. Under the trees and in the shrubberies it was dark, but Mr. Layton threaded his way with a well-accustomed foot towards the church. Almost every evening he came up, either just at dusk or a little after dark, to lock the little church for the night, and bring away the key. He knew that there was little likelihood of interfering with any one's devotions by coming now and then a little earlier than usual; for, though it was his pleasure to keep the church always open by day, his people were not so circumstanced as to be likely to frequent it.

He paused a few moments in the churchyard, looking over the park and the village, and then up at the great house, square and stately, and yet somehow forlorn-looking, as if it had waited desolate so long that it had forgotten how to be cheery.

Then he passed on, stepping carefully over the graves, and reached the porch. He noticed with some wonder that the door stood open, but passed on into the church, as he did every evening, to think over his next Sunday's sermons in the hush of the building where he was to deliver them.

Inside the church it was quite dark, and he moved slowly, as one always does in the darkness, even on the most familiar ground. His footsteps fell noiselessly on the matted floor, and his eyes explored the gloom, seeing at first only the dim outline of the windows, and then as they grew accustomed to the darkness, distinguishing pulpit, and reading desk, and chancel steps, and the dark square masses of the curtained pews.

Suddenly he stopped short. His ears had not, consciously, received any sound, and yet he knew somehow that he was not alone. He felt that there was some one in the church not far from him; and strained his eyes into the dusk that seemed to quiver and float like smoke before them.

The chancel was even darker than the nave, but he did at last seem to distinguish something there—a dark figure, stretched at full length upon the floor, before the altar-step.

Mr. Layton was a wise and patient man, despite his fire and energy. He did nothing, did not even move, but waited to be shown what he had better do. Whoever it was had not heard him; and who was he that he should thrust himself between the Owner of that House, and what might be a soul in agony that had crept there to His feet?

The stillness was utter, except that through the open door you could hear the birds still singing; and he stood motionless, hardly daring to

breathe, till it was broken by another sound, in strange contrast to these.

A sob—a bitter choking sob—subdued and wrestled with even there, that told of a soul in agony indeed, but one that had added the keen sting of shame to the rest of its anguish.

Mr. Layton did not even try to think who it might be; though perhaps he guessed, in spite of himself. But that sob was like a cry for help, all the more pathetic because it was unconscious; and he answered it upon impulse, in a way that seemed strange even to himself afterwards. Standing still where he was he spoke through the darkness, softly and clearly, the words that flashed into his mind, *'Though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us.'*

Then he went away down the church, noiselessly as he had come, leaving the door open behind him.

'I don't know who it is, and it is no business of mine to know,' he said to himself. 'I only hope I haven't meddled too much as it is.' But though he spoke thus, he half betrayed his strong suspicion, as he turned away to saunter up and down till the church should be left empty, and he should be able to take the key. For he purposely took up a station from which he should *not* see the private path that led from the Court to the church door.

All the same he could not help listening, when at last he heard the click of the heavy latch as some one drew the church door to after him. And he was not in the least surprised when he heard a step, light, and yet slow and weary, pass along that shaded walk, and heard the second click of the gate that led through the yew hedge into the grounds close by the Court.

The next day Mr. Layton half resolved to go up to the Court, as if by accident, and see Maurice Claughton. But on second thoughts he resolved not to do so, but to wait and see what Sunday would bring forth.

During his illness the prayers of the Church had been desired for Maurice, in the little building almost under his own roof, where every one knew him and heartily desired that he might get well. But when on his recovery the Vicar gently suggested that he might like to return thanks, he had answered coldly that he would rather not, that he did not know yet whether there was any occasion for thankfulness.

But he was almost always there, morning and evening, alone in his great square pew, and at the sight of him on this next Sunday Mr. Layton yielded to an impulse like that which had moved him before in the dark church. After the prayer for all conditions of men, he added that most beautiful prayer for those 'tied and bound,' wondering if to any one there the words might really have a special significance.

He was so afraid of being over-ready to meddle, that his mind

misgave him, almost as he began it, that he was not acting quite fairly. But the slight hesitation only gave an added impressiveness to his usually clear and reverent delivery. Perhaps very few of his rustic congregation noticed that a prayer was used which they did not often hear; and those who did observe it had their attention a little distracted from it by a slight disturbance—a little crash in the Court pew. It was only that Mr. Claughton had dropped his prayer-book, the great silver-mounted book which he always used. He had been rather joked at the Hall about that book (which he had bought for himself), and its size and weight, but no one guessed the reason of such a choice. The fact was that, the book being as strange to him as could well be, he did not find it easy to find his way about the dainty diamond and pearl editions that were first offered to his notice.

He followed the service always with scrupulous care, in his massive volume with the rubrics of the proper colour, but never uttered a single response aloud.

And now the book lay at the bottom of the pew, and for the moment he did not attempt to pick it up. All that could be seen of him was the top of his dark head, just above the book-board; but when the congregation rose from their knees, more than one might have noticed that Mr. Claughton looked rather white and shaken, as if he had startled himself more than any one else by the little involuntary fracas.

Mr. Layton would not look, and would not hear; but he could not help being aware of something, though he would not suffer himself to think of it at such a time. But he did not see, what no one else noticed either, that Dagmar Tyndal looked a little pale too as she rose. With such girls a sudden thought, an impulse of hope or fear or high resolve, will for a moment curdle the quick blood in the cheeks, while it makes the eyes shine brightly. And Day's eyes shone, though there were tears sparkling on the long dark lashes.

Two days after that Maurice actually came down to the Hall of his own accord. But when Dick, who happened to catch sight of him, rushed up in high glee and was about to drag him off to the schoolroom to inspect some wonderful performances that were going on there, he declined, on the ground that he had only come on business to see the Squire.

'Uncle Arthur's in the drawing-room, I believe,' answered Dick. 'Will you come there?'

'No!' answered Maurice. 'I'll go to the library, if you'll tell him that I'm here.'

'Oh, well,' answered Dick cheerfully, 'now you *are* here you'll never escape with your life till after dinner, that's certain. So after you've done talking business you can come and see what Day and I are after.'

The Squire, summoned by Dick, hurried off to the library with a beaming face. But he returned, after a long interval, looking

positively tragic, and sat down without saying a word—which was portentous indeed. Dick, who had heard him pass the schoolroom, followed him as far as the drawing-room door and put in his head.

‘But I say, Uncle Arthur, where’s Maurice?’

‘Gone home again.’

‘But isn’t he going to stay to dinner then?’

‘No!’

Dick saw that for once he was not going to hear all about the matter, and discreetly withdrew, wondering not a little.

Mrs. Tyndal looked up anxiously.

‘My dear Arthur, what’s the matter? You haven’t quarrelled with Maurice, have you?’

‘No; I could find it in my heart to say I wish I had! I could understand *that*. But I’ll be hanged if I can understand how things are going now. Of all things for a young fellow in his position to want to do!’

‘What *does* he want to do?’

‘I put it to him,’ said the Squire, becoming energetic, but, as usual, answering himself, and not his questioner. ‘I said, “If you’ve got fanciful about yourself—as is but likely, when you *will* mope up there by yourself, and spend all your time over those wretched doctor’s books—make your will if you like. There is nothing to hinder your doing that, and I’ve known men who had got nervous about their health relieve their minds in that way, and live for sixty years after.” But he said that he didn’t want to make his will, and that he neither wished nor expected to live for sixty years.’

‘But what is it that he wishes to do, then?’

‘Well, he implies that he means to go abroad again, and he looks no more fit to go knocking about out there than he does to go to the moon; but I daren’t say a word to discourage him about his health, because he is more than down enough already. But, first and foremost, he wants to see Wallingford.’

‘Mr. Wallingford! But Maurice doesn’t know him, does he?’

‘Never set eyes on him! but he knows that he is the heir-at-law, and I couldn’t deny it. And he says that, being his heir, he wants to see him, and make some arrangements; and then he spoke about changes in the future, and caught himself up, and wouldn’t finish. “What’s Wallingford to you?” I said, “he’s old enough to be your father, and he’s immensely rich. He never had the slightest reason to expect to inherit anything from your side of the house, and he hasn’t the slightest moral claim. What you’ve got to do is to get married, and keep up your own family, and never trouble your head about Henry Wallingford.”’

‘I’m afraid Maurice wouldn’t quite like such very plain speaking,’ suggested Mrs. Tyndal gently.

‘I don’t know,’ said her husband, looking rather guilty. ‘He seemed rather upset, and said that it was not very likely that he

should ever marry. And he begged me to say nothing more then, and said that I should understand it all when I had heard his explanation with Wallingford. Well, it may be so, but I'm far enough from understanding it now.'

He was silent for a moment, in deep reflection; while Mrs. Tyndal was silent too, wondering, as usual, what she could *do* to make things go better.

'Well,' said the Squire again, at last, 'the upshot of it all is that I am to ask Wallingford here. Maurice seemed to have set his heart on seeing him; and, for some reason, he neither wanted to go to his place, nor to ask him up to the Court. I would have done more for him than that if only I could have seen him cheer up a little, and so I told him. But he wouldn't stay to dinner, though he couldn't pretend that he had anything to do at home—and he looks like his own ghost! I don't know what's to be the end of it, I'm sure.'

Mr. Tyndal carried out his ex-ward's wishes, all in the dark though he was, and wrote to Mr. Wallingford, pressing him kindly to come and see them, and holding out a vague suggestion of business discussions by way of lure, and Mr. Wallingford replied in his usual Parliamentary style, with many thanks and compliments, detailing all the numerous business affairs and public engagements which usually detained him at home, but promising to try and spare a day or two to visit Winstead in the course of a fortnight. There the matter rested, and meanwhile nothing more was seen of Maurice, except in church. He seemed to be waiting for Mr. Wallingford's visit, and something in the air seemed to make all the family at the Hall look forward to it as to a momentous crisis, though they knew not why.

At last, one lovely April morning, Maurice received a hastily-written note from the Squire. 'Wallingford comes to-morrow, and will be here in time for dinner at six. Of course you will be down to meet him.'

'One day more,' said Maurice to himself, with a strange smile, crumpling the letter in his hand, and looking over the wide expanse of the park where the underwood was just touched with a misty green. 'One day more! What shall I do with it?'

He paced up and down the room for a few minutes, and then rang the bell, and briefly announced that he should be out all day, and should not be home to dinner. 'If any one should come or send up from the Hall, you may say that I am gone over to Shardbrook.'

'Very well, sir. Shall I order your horse, or the dogcart?'

'No, thank you. I shall walk,' answered Maurice, with half a smile; and the kindly young footman retired, rather doubtful of his master's powers of getting so far, and confirmed in his former opinion that Mr. Claughton had lost his nerve since that bad accident, and dared not ride or drive.

It was true that Maurice had determined never to mount the poor

Chevalier again, but it had never occurred to him that any one could think he was afraid. And ill and worn as he looked, it was not from the effect of anything that made a long walk otherwise than welcome to him.

He set out across country, with the unerring instinct of one used to pathless wilds; and walked very fast, forgetting how early it was, and that he should arrive at Shardbrook before the tidiest of cottage housewives might be supposed to desire a visitor. He had been to see little Janie more than once since his accident, as well as before, and was really more than a little fond of her, though he supposed himself to be merely interested in her as a 'case.'

'I have been wondering which would go first, she or I,' he said to himself, as Shardbrook appeared before him in the distance, bowered in its blossom-laden orchard trees. 'If she is here still, I may as well see her once again.'

But he did not see her again for all that, for when he reached the village the blinds of the little cottage were all down, and the windows showing as white as the cherry boughs that leaned over the thatched roof.

'She died early this morning,' said a woman whom he spoke to in the road. 'It's a happy release for her, poor lamb.'

Maurice looked up at the white window-blinds once more, and turned away.

'A happy release,' he was repeating to himself as he went. '*A happy release*—Those are hardly safe words for me to meditate upon to-day.'

It was not noon yet, and he had no thought of going home for many hours. If he could wander about all day, he thought, and tire himself utterly, he must needs sleep to-night—sleep, perhaps, till late into the next morning.

He turned upwards to gain the brow of the long ridge that sheltered the valley. He had a fancy for walking on high ground, especially where it fell away on either hand and showed the far blue distance, and the faint outlines of other hills.

Once up there on the ridge he could distinguish the moors, subdued to a faint pearly tint by the soft misty April light, but darker than the other hills; and towards them he turned his steps, feeling a vague attraction to them that was enough for one so motiveless as he was just then.

He had not gone more than a mile or so before a steep ravine appeared before him—a cleft in the hillside, choked with trees—from the bottom of which a little brook sent up a babbling voice. The rough cross-country track which he had been following made a long *détour* to the right to cross this higher up, where it was less deep and precipitous, but Maurice was not in a mood for being turned out of his way. He climbed the low broken wall, crashed in among the delicate pale-green undergrowth, and was swinging himself down the

steep crumbling bank, when his ears caught a sound that made him stop short, even where stopping was hardly possible.

The little wood was full of the sweet voices of the spring, thrushes calling one to another, smaller birds keeping up a continuous under-flow of musical babble, water trickling as it fell from stone to stone.

But the sound that he had heard was sweeter than all these, the low ripple of a voice that mounted from speech into song, and melted from song into laughter.

Maurice knew that voice well enough—

‘My heart should hear her, and beat
Were it earth in an earthly bed.’

He stopped short, listening. There was another voice with her’s, Dick’s, but they came no nearer. The ripple of laughter ceased, the talk went on; but he was not quite near enough to hear the words. Then came song again, words and tune plaintive enough, but somewhat gaily chanted, as a bull-finch might whistle such an air as ‘Oft in a stilly night.’

*‘Now Johnie’s gude bend bow is broke
And his gude graie dogs are slain,
And his body lies in the Durris-deer,
And his hunting it is done.’*

Still Maurice stood and waited, listening, and a curious change came over his face, a lifting of the cloud that had hung there all that day and for many a day before.

‘This one day more,’ he said to himself. ‘Yes, I *will* have this one day more. I was not strong enough for six months of it, but I can snatch this one day. It will be something to remember, when——’

He did not finish the sentence, even to himself, but swung himself down the slope, through the creeping tangle of ground ivy and dog-mercury, and the downy tufts of opening ferns, towards those voices where they mingled with the voice of the prattling brook.

In a moment or two he came upon a pretty sight, a spring day’s dream which might match with that memorable one of the Midsummer Night, with Day for Titania, and Dick for Puck, since he was hardly old enough for Oberon.

Dagmar Tyndal had not crowned herself with flowers, nor filled her hat with them, nor otherwise adorned herself as we all know a heroine ought to do. But she had her lap full of primroses and pale windflowers, as she sat on a fallen tree beside the stream, and was simply delighting herself with their beauty. And she was quite sufficiently beautiful as she was, without any help from picturesque grouping and accessories. Dick sat at her feet on a mossy stone, with his knees drawn up to his chin, and his bright mobile face turned to her’s. They were deep in the discussion of some knotty point, as usual; and Maurice knew well by now that when those two were

alone, or all but alone, they did not talk nonsense as they did in public, but considered all manner of subjects, some of them very serious ones.

They were not so deep in their discussion, however, but that Day lifted her eyes and saw who was drawing near. Maurice could hardly tell what the quick flash of her eyes meant, and he had no time to consider just then, for Dick caught the change in her face, and turned quickly to see what had caused it.

'Hurrah! Now this is jolly,' he exclaimed. 'You haven't been out with us ever so long, and now you're just turned up at a lucky time.'

'If I may stay?' he answered, looking at Dagmar.

'You may stay,' she answered, with a gracious bend of the head. 'And you may help me to repress this boy, who needs a great deal of repression. He has the impertinence to say that these are *not* "wind-flowers," and further that they are not worth picking.'

'Well! they were always "wooden enemies" in *my* time,' answered Dick defensively.—'Take a seat, Maurice, here are lots of stones about—And you know they'll all be dead before you get them home.'

'They will revive again in water,' answered Maurice, taking the seat so hospitably offered; 'and I never heard them called by either name, so I am no judge.'

'You are trying to *trim*,' said Dick indignantly. 'Well, you can decide the other point, at least. Day is so hard-hearted, she will have it it is too early to unpack the lunch-basket yet. And I am starving.'

Day only laughed softly, and arranged her flowers.

'Well!' said Maurice, 'there won't be enough for me, you see. So there again I am strictly impartial.'

'Oh, yes, there will. I made Mrs. Tikey put us up a double allowance, in case I wanted a second go in. So you can have some, and if we're hungry again before we get home we'll go to old Mrs. Heyworth's and get some milk and new bread.'

'Am I to consider myself asked to dinner?' asked the young man gently, looking at Day as she bent over her flowers, smiling to herself.

'By all means, if you can dine on cake and sandwiches.'

'Then I give my vote in favour of the basket being opened at once. Who cares what time it is? What have watches to do out here? and doubtless they are all wrong.'

'Two against one, and that one very hungry too,' said Day resignedly. 'Well! I yield. Propriety made me stipulate that we should not begin devouring before one o'clock, as we generally do on these occasions. But propriety does not seem to be appreciated; and, as you say, perhaps it is one after all.'

Dick gave a whoop of delight, and proceeded to unpack; spreading a white cloth over a large uneven stone, and setting out the eatables

upon it as artistically as the absence of dishes and plates permitted. Meanwhile Day allowed Maurice to help her to gather up the rest of her flowers and tie them in bunches. 'There will be nearly the luncheon-basket full,' she remarked, with a certain satisfaction, as she plunged her slender little hands in the clear cold stream. 'Dick! where's the soap?'

Dick produced a piece of soap from his pocket, and a towel from the basket, and handed them over. Maurice took possession of both, and stood in attendance, making her hold out her fingers while he took up water in his great brown palms, and poured it over them. The performance lasted a good while, with much talk and laughter; and when at last it was over, the party sat down to lunch in the highest spirits.

Never since he first came home had any of them seen Maurice so merry, so full of queer anecdotes and allusions, so ready to twist everything into food for mirth. There was nothing forced about it; indeed, it would have been impossible to force mirth in such a place, and for such a party. It was plain that he was really enjoying himself, and yet Dagmar, watching him a little wistfully, thought to herself that Scotch people would say that he was 'fey.' And she also thought to herself that she knew why.

For her own part she had never been so kind and so gentle as she was that day; not even when Maurice lay on the floor at her feet in that little cottage kitchen in Shardbrook.

Perhaps she, too, was 'letting herself go' a little, as they sat there in the soft spring sunlight, with all the birds love-making over their heads; saying to herself 'I, too, will have this day to remember.' Her whole manner was full of a delicate gracious interest, that from her meant a great deal. To Maurice, it seemed a crowning touch of the irony of Fate, that on *that* day of all others such a hand should seem to open to him the gate of Paradise, and beckon him within. It made the part which he had to play easier, and at the same time a thousand-fold more bitter. The joy of it went to his head like wine; the pain of it helped him to play his part with more spirit, like the spur in the side of a mettled horse. His high spirits were real enough in their way, even while he was saying to himself, in a kind of undercurrent of thought, that with to-day the bitterness of death would be past.

He was naturally modest, and circumstances had helped to make him more so. Even now he did not read in the eyes of his young goddess all that some men would have found there. He only saw the hint of a joy that might have been. 'She might have loved me,' he said, in his heart. 'And I think, thanks to the time when I was hardly master of myself, she must guess that I love her. Shall I tell her, or shall I not? Shall I end this day so, and have that too to remember—or would it grieve her for nothing. Would she care enough to grieve; or would she smile and put it by; or would it be

pleasant to her to think, years after, "When I gave my girlish fancy, I had at least a man's whole heart in return?"

The sunlight changed from pure white radiance to misty gold, the long afternoon was nearly over. They had exhausted the woods of their treasures—had made them ring with jest and laughter—and had left them in peace. Dick had insisted on being hungry again, and they had visited the quaint old dame who lived in the only house near, a little farmstead, cast away among the lonely fields. Here Dick had had milk and new cakes to his heart's content, and Day had nursed an armful of kittens, and discoursed sagely with the old woman who had known her from her cradle.

Then at last they had set their faces homewards, not weary, but satisfied with wandering; and walked on together through the long meadows in the level evening light, Day and Maurice side by side, and Dick here, there, and everywhere, peering for birdnests in the hedgerows, or stealthily craning his neck over the banks of the brook to look for a water-vole's collar of bright air-beads.

And all the way Maurice was balancing the same question in his mind. 'Shall I speak, or shall I not? It is the last time, it makes no difference! Will it make it harder or easier for her to forget; and have I the courage to desire that she should find it easy? Am I right in fancying that it would be a satisfaction to her to know it; or am I only cheating my own despair? What does it matter? It will so soon be all over and done, and to-morrow will cure her of any gentle fancy that may have crossed her mind.'

He looked at her askance as she walked on through golden sunlight and pale green shadow, dreaming over the flowers she held. Oh, for courage to tell her all, and then for a bolt out of the blue to end it! But for that false step of the poor old Chevalier's six months ago, there would have been half a world between them now, and nothing to tell. In a very little while longer there might be half a world between them, still; and she would know so much that never a thought of her's would care to bridge the distance. Should she know only so much—or all, so that perhaps in years to come a little thought of pity might sometimes cross that gulf?

His mind was too storm-tossed to make decision easy, and he had not yet decided when they reached the stile that led from the fields into the Winstead lane, not far from the lodge gates. Just as he was helping Dagmar over the stile, a sound of wheels was heard in the road, which drew nearer, and suddenly stopped. It was Mr. Tyndal's groom in a dogcart; and he touched his hat to the party with an air of friendly appreciation of the situation. 'Please, sir,' he said, 'Mr. Tyndal sent me up to the Court. I have a note for you.'

Maurice opened it, and read—

'All my mistake, as usual. Wallingford coming *to-night*—already here, in fact. We will have dinner at half past, but do you get into the trap and come down at once. He is rather *put out*, at not having

been met, etc., in due form; but I am impressing it on him that it was all my fault.'

For a moment the sunlit landscape flickered before Maurice's eyes like the light of an expiring lamp; but by a desperate effort he pulled himself together. 'To-night then! and my day of respite is over! No matter! I will have this one more half hour, whatever comes of it.' 'Look here,' he said, aloud, 'I will walk on to the Hall now I am so near it; and will you drive up to the house, and ask my man to send me down all the things I shall want for this evening? It will save time,' he went on to Dagmar, and handed her the note. 'Your father seems to want me as soon as possible.'

The man drove on, and Dagmar read the note, more slowly and carefully than its contents seemed to warrant. 'Mr. Wallingford come already!' she said rather faintly, as she folded it, looking in his face with a curious questioning sympathy.

'Mr. Wallingford!' cried Dick. 'My stars! I meant to cut dinner to-night, but I shan't, if old Wallingford's to be there, and Maurice. And that being the case, I must *fly*, for there are all those wretched beasts to be fed; and a fellow will have to dress, I suppose.'

He suited the action to the word, and fled, like the wicked, vanishing through the lodge gates, and up the drive before the others had turned the corner of the lane.

The other two followed, silent for the moment, both pale, both wearing a certain air of expectation. Maurice could not *know* how far his companion's sympathy had enabled her to share his thoughts, but in his intense pre-occupation he spoke at last, as if he had reckoned on it.

'I am in a strait,' he said slowly, after they had passed the lodge gates, and were walking up the long grassy avenue. 'And the time that I had reckoned as my own has suddenly dwindled down to nothing. I shall blame myself, as it seems to me, either way. But it is harder to blame oneself for having done nothing than for having done too much; and for this once I will speak. I have something to say to you, Miss Tyndal.'

She started a little at the name, for indeed it was months since he had formally addressed her by it. She lifted her eyes to his for one moment, but they sank beneath the passionate glow of those bent down to hers, and she said nothing.

'I *have* called you by your own name,' he went on—and it was a wonder how tones so quiet could be so full of passion and regret. 'But I shall not so presume now, for I shall never call you by that name again—never again! And what I have to say is in itself a presumption, as you will understand very soon. It may be that very soon you will remember what I say now as an added reason why you should turn your face away, if by any wild trick of Fate we two should meet.'

He paused an instant, but still she said nothing. She trembled a

little, but she moved slowly on, with a kind of maidenly dignity that had nothing repellent about it. And all around them and above them the birds poured out their love-songs, 'as if never they would cease.'

'I ask *nothing*,' he went on after a moment. 'Remember that, and let it help you, by and by, to forgive me. Even if things were as they might be, I should not dare to ask anything *now*—not yet. And as things are, if you thought well to grant me, in ignorance, but the touch of your hand, I would not suffer you so to bless me and to wrong yourself. But I claim the privilege of speech, as men claim it on the scaffold when they go to a death less terrible by far than this death of the soul which I must die to-night.'

'You are free to speak,' she answered. Her voice trembled a little, because his passionate emotion swayed her with a kind of physical sympathy; but she did not seem surprised. Her eyes met his once more with a certain celestial calm that was in itself a promise. 'I have expected this,' said the look, 'now try me,—ask me for help, and see if I fail you!'

'I love you,' he said. 'If it were any good I might say I have loved you from the first day I saw you. For your beauty first I loved you, because to me you were the fairest thing that eye could desire. But now, through and beyond that, I know and love you to the very depths of your pure white soul. Many a better man than I will love you, but as long as you live no one will ever know you better, or love you more.'

Surely never was there a love avowal made in tones of such unutterable sadness, or such perfect calm. No man who had the faintest shadow of a hope could have been so desperately in earnest, and yet so fluent of speech. It seemed as though he were past all hesitation and doubt, as dying men have got beyond earth's small embarrassments.

They were still moving on while he spoke, drawn by a necessity that mastered both. The end of the avenue was nearly reached, and in a few steps more they would be in the garden, and close to the house. And still the birds sang far and near, the passionate joy of their love-story mocking the passionate sorrow of this human love-story to which their glad songs bore chorus.

'It is nearly over,' said Maurice, with a long sigh. 'I have said my say. If I could pile protestation upon protestation it would come to no more than what I mean when I say that I love you. Perhaps I ought to wish that you should forget me, but I think you do not easily forget. Only, when you think of me—and blame and despise me, as you must, and as others will—remember at least that I loved you—loved you so well that I found courage to leave you.'

They were close by the gate now, and Dagmar laid her hand upon it, and turned to face him, with shining eyes.

'Wait one moment,' she said, not trembling now, but speaking with an urgent emphasis. 'You have asked for nothing, you say, not

even for an answer. But *I* claim a right to speak—to give an answer, not now, but by-and-by, when I know everything. I will remember, as you say ; but you, too, are to remember—remember that I have not given my answer yet ; that I have a *right* to give it, when I shall know.'

She pushed open the gate almost before she had done speaking, and passed swiftly across the garden, Maurice following. The great cool cavern of the porch engulfed her, and by the time he entered it she had flitted across the hall and up the stairs, like a ghost surprised by cock-crow. He had her great basket full of spring flowers in his hand, and he stood by the table looking at them dreamily. The wind-flowers were all withered, as Dick had said, past any power of water to revive them—fortunate children of the spring, that had ended their brief lives in her hands. She had forgotten them—all her woodland treasures—never in the same sense to remember them any more. Maurice put down the basket, and stealthily abstracted a few of the pale drooping flowers. He had other flowers of Dagmar's giving—a bit of honeysuckle, the rose that she had bidden him wear at the summer fête, a late autumn bud that she had sent him by Dick while he was ill. It seemed to him that these frail wind-flowers, dead before his hand touched them, were suitable enough to add by way of remembrance, to such relics as these. They would represent the end of his love-story—not by any means such an end as his new friends in the county had long been prophesying—but then he had known for some time that it was his lot to 'wear his rue with a difference.'

(To be continued.)

ANGELA: A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART I.

CHAPTER V.

'Then He showed us a mansion unfinished,
 With our name on the topmost stone;
 And He said, "It doth wait till your souls are full grown;
 Ye reap not until ye have sown."'—*S. Williams.*

Two men—English tourists—seated one summer morning breakfasting in the balcony of the Hotel Schweizerhof at Neuhausen. A letter in round childish hand on pink paper is brought to the elder of the two. He lets his coffee chill, whilst he reads over and over again the quaint little composition in these words—

'DEAR MR. VYVYAN,

'Uncle Roger told me your address. Will you please come back soon. I think rabbits and guinea-pigs are rather stupid—at least, they are not like you. My hospital has a worm in it now—a bruised worm. The butterfly has gone. Please bring me home any hurt thing you find. Uncle Roger has made my spelling all right in this letter. I am your

'Little friend,
 'ANGELA.'

Several letters of the same description followed Vyvyan, or awaited him at various inns and hotels during his tour, and the younger man, his fellow-tourist, always noticed how, when any of these letters came to hand, Vyvyan used to look as if a sunbeam had touched him.

* * * * *

An old man sat alone in his library, with an open letter in an unfamiliar hand before him.

'Dear Sir,' ran the letter, 'my friend Vyvyan was laid up with fever at Cologne; and although he has sufficiently recovered for me to bring him home, he is desperately low and weak, and nothing rouses him so much as to talk of your little girl. Could you somehow manage to send her to London with her nurse, and let her pay him a visit? Excuse an abrupt note—I am not good at letter-writing.

'Yours faithfully,
 'MAURICE LANGFORD.'

Temple.

A small tap at the door, and Angela came into the room with a glorious 'Maréchal Niel' rose in her hand, the only flower Mr. Merton cared to have on his table. He took it mechanically from her, and then kept her hand in his silently.

'Why are you so grave, Uncle Roger?' she asked.

'Because Mr. Vyvyan is ill, and his friend Mr. Langford has written to ask me to let you go up to London to see him.'

She asked no questions; she only said quietly—

'Then I must go to him, please; because he said once, if he was ever ill, I must take care of him as I take care of my hospital things.'

'But, my dear child, I cannot spare you. I could not let you go away.'

'Then why did you have Mr. Vyvyan here, Uncle Roger? He calls me his little friend, and so I *must* see him. I can smooth his pillow, and I can give him water to drink, and I can put my little cold hand on his forehead. I dare say it's hot, and he likes that, I know. Then p'raps he'll get better.'

'My darling, I think you would be very much in his way.'

Then she flushed indignantly, but all she said—and in the softest little voice—was—

'No, I *shouldn't*, Uncle Roger, 'cos we are friends.'

He drew her on to his knee, and sat stroking her hair back silently.

'Mrs. Raisins would take me,' she went on in a quaint little reassuring way. 'I wouldn't trouble *you*, Uncle Roger, 'cos I know you don't like large towns, and London is big. I will come back, you know,' she added, pressing his hand caressingly to her cheek.

'Why, yes, child,' he said meditatively, 'you will come back—I know that; but what shall I do without you?'

'There is fortitude, you know, Uncle Roger,' she replied gravely. It was paying him in his own coin with a vengeance, but it was said in all good faith; for how could she do better than gently remind him of his own unfailing panacea, which she dimly perceived to be something he esteemed highly, although she might never attain to it herself—perhaps not until the day when she should clearly understand those words on Mrs. Raisins' sampler. He held her face between his hands tenderly, as he said—

'Go and tell Mrs. Raisins that I want to speak to her, my darling. You shall go to-day, and she must consult with Williams about trains.'

There was something electrifying in the very sound of that last word, and Angela sprang off his knee and vanished. He sat there, after she had left him, wrapt in thought.

'Vyvyan sick—Angela going away—only for a few hours certainly, but still—was it not an epitome of life? "This hasteth to be—that other to have been; of that which is now becoming, even now somewhat hath been extinguished. And wilt thou make thy treasure of any one of these things?"'

Mrs. Raisins was ironing a black silk apron for afternoon wear, she had been sponging it with beer, according to an old-fashioned receipt. The sponge was soaking in a little basin of beer; the hot iron hissed along over the odoriferous silk; fastidious little Angela stood in the doorway, with both hands over her nose, as she cried out—

‘Oh! what a horrid smell of beer! indeed, you must leave it all, now, please, Mrs. Raisins, because Mr. Vyvyan is ill, and I am going to see him, and you are to go with me; Uncle Roger says so, and he wants to tell you all about it in the library. And *please* do make haste and ask Williams what train is best. And will you ask Mary to give me a pat of fresh butter, and will you give me a pot of jam—and—what else was it Red Riding Hood took to her grandmother? It will go in my little basket.’

When Mrs. Raisins had fully grasped the situation, and had obtained corroborative evidence from Mr. Merton, she arrived at two conclusions: firstly, that Mr. Merton was daft, and not fit for anything but books; secondly, that it would be a blessed change for her little mistress. Silk apron, sponge, hot iron, were all put away.

‘But you are not coming home the same day, my dearie,’ she said to Angela. ‘I told your Uncle Roger that a cousin of mine, Mrs. Purser, retired from the grocery line, a widow for ten years, and never likely to marry again, lets lodgings close by the Temple, and I know she has rooms to spare—and *there* you and I shall bide for the night. Why, you’d be shaken into twenty pieces if you was to come back to-day! Mr. Merton had better be a baby or a mummy at *oncet*. Now I’m going to pack your portmantle, my dear.’

‘And please put in my favourite books,’ urged Angela, ‘for me to read to Mr. Vyvyan. “The Cuckoo Clock” and “Line upon Line”—p’raps he’d like to hear about the plagues of Egypt as much as I do when I have a cold and can’t get out. And now I’ll go and say good-bye to the animals, and Lance, and my hospital, and Uncle Roger.’

Into the library and into his reverie stepped dainty little Angela equipped for London.

‘Please will you take care of my hospital till I come back, Uncle Roger,’ she said, laying a hand on his as she stood at his knee. ‘There is a snail with a broken shell in it—I’m not quite sure that it’s alive, but don’t bury it when I’m away. And there’s a caterpillar, too—that’s very weak; I think p’raps a bird half swallowed it, and put it out again because it didn’t like the taste. Speak cheerfully to them, please. Good-bye, Uncle Roger, I’m going now.’

They had never been separated before, and the old man felt strangely, shudderingly, the truth of those words, ‘In every parting there is a shadow of death,’ as he kissed her again and again. He had speculated over the necessary sorrow and the necessary pain to which we are born, over the courage and calmness with which we must face both; but he had fondly thought that all practical experience of

such disturbing elements in life was over for him long ago. And here it was all once more, in this good-bye for a day with a little child.

‘Good-bye, dear Uncle Roger,’ she said again, laying her cheek against his caressingly. ‘Lance will sit with you when I am gone.’

‘But you are coming back, my child? you are coming back?’ said the old man imploringly.

‘Why, yes! of course I am coming back!’ she said, opening her eyes wonderingly.

Mrs. Raisins was heard to cough drily outside, and Williams appeared, saying—

‘It is time, sir.’

And Angela was gone.

‘Coming back’; yes, even he was forced to solace himself with those two little words, before which all his philosophy fell away into the background—Angela was coming back.

The half-closed door was slowly pushed open, as the sound of carriage wheels died away down the drive, and Lance shambled in shyly, with a half-reluctant wag of his tail. He seated himself beside Mr. Merton’s armchair, with his nose on his master’s knee, and his appealing eyes raised to the face above him. They both missed that little girl sorely. But the dog had the greater fortitude, for the man laid his hand upon the dumb brute’s head and wept.

Vyvyan’s Chambers were turned into a hospital for the nonce. Not so very many days back he had been at Death’s door, as the saying is, but Death had closed it fast against him, obliging him to turn the corner sharply; and from this vantage-point, it was a little difficult to retrace his steps along the road out of the valley of shadows into the sunshine of life’s level plains once more. His friend Maurice Langford was still with him; his four months’ course of study as army medical student at Netley College had terminated before his tour on the Continent with Vyvyan, and he was now due at Aldershot for two months of riding-school and drill. Vyvyan was many years his senior, but difference in age was no bar, in their case, to a most perfect sympathy between them. These sympathies and friendships are too subtle for analysis, and spring up constantly where there is an utter dissimilarity of character. Vyvyan had met Maurice Langford at Oxford one Commemoration week, four years ago, in the rooms of a mutual acquaintance; and when the said Maurice Langford—light-hearted and warm-hearted, clear-headed and strong-headed, thoroughbred to the backbone—came up to London for his medical course at St. George’s Hospital, Vyvyan looked him up, and grappled him to his side with hooks of steel.

Now, at the present moment in our story, the senior friend is dozing in bed, and the junior is napping in an armchair in the adjoining room.

A gentle tap at the door brings Langford to his feet as if it were a gun.

Opening the door, there advanced—before he could prevent them, if he had so wished it—a most dainty-looking little child, and an urbane, black-satin-clad elderly dame. The latter made a profound obeisance and was preparing an address, but the child—pointing with her hand to the door of communication that stood ajar between the two rooms—said—

‘I have come to see Mr. Vyvyan. Angela Mohun, I am. You said he was ill. May I go in and see him now?’

Mrs. Raisins here put in her clause explanatory. Langford was seized by an irresistible desire to laugh, but something about Angela stopped him.

‘Mr. Vyvyan is better,’ he said; ‘and I am sure it will do him good to see you, if you can be quiet.’

Angela immediately sat down on the floor, and took off her boots, greatly to Langford’s amusement again; then she rose on her stocking-feet, and picking up her basket, said, with an air of considerable dignity and importance—

‘I have brought some butter—and some jam—and some little cakes. May he have them?’

Once more a repressed smile, as Langford dropped on one knee before her, and said that he must—if she would permit—peep in and see the contents of such a fairy basket. Here a slight movement was heard in the next room, and Angela—waiting no longer for Mr. Langford’s guidance—went in on tiptoe.

Then Langford was a witness to the marvel of ‘the little great, the infinite small thing that rules some hours,’ in our lives.

He saw the sick man who had tossed about for days, restless and feverish, lying perfectly tranquil under the touch of a child’s hand. Angela sat at the bedhead, and having drawn off her black silk glove, placed her small hand on his forehead from time to time, with the grave question, ‘Is that nice?’

Mrs. Raisins had gone to look up the widowed cousin. And Maurice Langford, with something akin to boyish shyness, thought he would not intrude upon such a friendship as evidently existed between this little girl and the matured man, and so he betook himself to some etching in the adjoining room. But he could not help overhearing scraps of a dialogue from time to time—words that were funny enough, sometimes, to the uninitiated.

‘My frog with very weak hoppers ate the little beetle that had lost some legs,’ said Angela once, ‘so I couldn’t keep him any more—I turned him out.’

‘Ah! it’s lucky that Langford won’t have to contend with that sort of thing at Netley,’ was the response.

‘What’s Netley?’

‘The hospital for soldiers where he will be doctor some day.’

‘I *should* like to see that!’

‘So you shall some day; I’ll take you.’

‘I wish my sick things could smile at me as you do! It would be so nice. If my worm could only have smiled when I picked it up the other day, and put it on a soft bed of grass in my little hospital!’

Here Vyvyan laughed so uncontrollably, that Langford came in to mount guard. Angela turned her face towards him, and said, in the same subdued tone which she had adopted ever since she entered the Chambers—

‘Will you let me come and see your hospital one day?’

‘Yes; perhaps Vyvyan will bring you to see me there,’ he replied, ‘when I am amongst the sick and wounded. You will come and nurse me then, won’t you?’

‘I mean to be a hospital nurse,’ she said composedly, with a sort of ‘don’t-attempt-a-joke’ manner.

‘And why do you mean to be a hospital nurse?’ he asked, amused, as he seated himself on the side of the table with his hands in his pockets, looking at her.

‘Because I *do* pity things that are hurt,’ she murmured.

‘But then every one doesn’t get hurt,’ argued Langford; ‘and what will those who are well do, if you go away from them all, to be a hospital nurse?’

She raised her eyes to his face, as she said simply—

‘I have only Uncle Roger, and Mrs. Raisins, and Mr. Vyvyan—the rest are animals. And now I think I will read to Mr. Vyvyan, and so you mustn’t talk any more, please.’

Langford still sat there, fascinated by the ‘funniest little kid’ he had ever met, as she read the old nursery stories that he had heard once upon a time before; and he found it difficult to keep grave when the little voice stopped, and the small hand closed the book suddenly with these words—

‘The next chapter is too exciting, ’cos you *think* Pharaoh is just going to let them go, and he *doesn’t*. Mrs. Raisins never reads me exciting things when I’m ill. And I’m tired, too,’ she added, yawning.

‘Are you tired, little one?’ said the younger man, bending over her, and taking her gently in his arms, he sat down in a big armchair with her on his knee, removed her hat, and drew the drowsy head down on his shoulder, where she fell asleep in a few moments.

There Mrs. Raisins found her when she called for her, and Langford would not have her disturbed, but carried her in his arms to the cousin’s lodgings, which were comfortable and cosy, if gloomy and smoky.

‘Bring her over to see Mr. Vyvyan again to-morrow,’ said Langford, with an air of authority, to Mrs. Raisins before leaving the room.

‘I must go back to Uncle Roger to-morrow,’ said Angela, rubbing her sleepy eyes as she sat down to tea, ‘’cos he’s all alone, and Mr. Vyvyan says he is better. I like Mr. Langford. I s’pose other little girls have other little girls for friends; but most little girls are not so kind as Mr. Langford, and not so good as Mr. Vyvyan—are they Mrs. Raisins? Do you think so, Mrs. Purser?’

Mrs. Purser, plump and practical, replied—

‘Well! you see there’s little girls and little girls, Miss Mohun, my dear—and there’s men and there’s men; and we must take the world as we find it.’

‘I find it very happy if Mr. Vyvyan gets well, and my sick things don’t kill one another. And I like your hot buttered toast so much, Mrs. Purser.’

Mrs. Raisins and Mrs. Purser exchanged a significant glance, implying what a strangely old-fashioned little mortal they had to deal with.

(To be continued.)

THE ASCENSION AND PENTECOST.

‘Jesu, our Prince and Saviour,
 Thy Feet alone have trod
 Through suffering, death, and glory,
 The path from dust to God!
 And we, in mortal weakness,
 Before Thy Presence bend,
 Thy steps of light beholding,
 And longing to ascend.’

‘AND He led them out as far as to* Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them . . . While they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight’; and He was ‘carried up into heaven. And they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.’†

But, using reverently the hints which are given us in Holy Scripture, we may venture to follow Him in imagination beyond the cloud, and picture to ourselves, in our poor, feeble way, that triumphal progress through the heavens of the ‘Mighty Victor,’ as He returned to His Father’s home, leading captivity captive, and receiving the adoring homage of the heavenly host.

‘God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet,’—a shout of exultation, a song of victory, unheard, indeed, by the dull ears of earth, but caught up and echoed by angels and archangels and all the host of heaven. ‘The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them as in Sinai, in the holy place.’ Surely the whole way from earth to heaven was lined by an adoring throng, through whose midst He passed, surrounded by His angelic guards. Upward the procession soared, beyond the sun, beyond the stars; and now as it nears the gates of Heaven, we seem to hear the very words of the herald-angels who announce His coming, crying with glad voices, ‘Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.’

‘Who is this King of glory?’

‘The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.’

‘Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.’

‘Who is this King of glory?’

* ‘Over against’ (*New Version*).

† Luke xxiv. 50–52; Acts i. 9.

‘The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.’

‘Mighty in battle’ is He indeed, for He has conquered Death, the hitherto invincible and inexorable, before whom earth’s mightiest and wisest have been as powerless as babes.

‘When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive,’ and answered once for all the question, ‘Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?’* ‘The prey of the terrible’ had been delivered, He had returned victorious ‘from the land of the enemy’;† He had vanquished in mortal combat him that hitherto had ‘had the power of death’;‡ and ‘having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in Himself.’§

In this last passage, evident reference is made to ‘the ancient practice of stripping the conquered enemy of his armour or other spoils, and of *exhibiting* them in triumph.’ ‘When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.’ ‘I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.’

It has been held by many that the Lord, when He returned from Hades, took with Him the souls of His saints, and that the leading captivity captive, refers to *them*—that *they* were the spoils which He exhibited. Into this question we do not enter; but if ‘their captivity cannot be said to be accomplished until *they* ascend to heaven as He ascended, that is, in *the body*, then the “leading captivity captive” at His ascension can scarcely find an application to any but Himself, in whose person Satan was seen to be vanquished, and He that was dead to be alive for evermore.’

He, the God-man, was the first of the human race to pass within the ‘everlasting doors in a raised, glorified, immortal body.’ But we may venture to follow Him a little further, as He passes through the heavens to the Presence Chamber. It is forty days since He rose, the First-begotten from the dead; and as, forty days after His birth into the world, Mary and Joseph presented Him, the Firstborn, to the Lord, so now, as the Firstborn of all creation, He draws near to that place in the heavens where is the throne of God, where He is *especially* present Who filleth all things.

‘And they brought Him near before Him. And there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.’||

Daniel’s vision is of the time when ‘the judgment was set and the

* Isa. xlix. 24, 25.

† Jer. xxxi. 16.

‡ Heb. ii. 14.

§ Col. ii. 15; marginal version, sanctioned by the Vulgate and most of the Latin Fathers.

|| Dan. vii. 13, 14.

books were opened'; but there are hints in Scripture of some similar scene at the time of which David spoke in the spirit, when he said, 'The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at My right Hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool.'

'He humbled Himself . . . wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name: that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things (or *those*) in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'* 'He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under His feet';† 'angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him,' ‡ 'as He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent Name than they. For unto which of the angels said He at any time, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee? . . . And when He bringeth again the firstborn into the world, He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him . . . And again, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.'§

He is the 'Heir of all things,' Who is to have 'the heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession'; for He hath put 'all things in subjection under His feet.'

True, indeed, 'we see not yet all things put under Him,' for there are still those who do not acknowledge Him; but He is gone into a 'far country to receive for Himself a kingdom and to return.' Already He is proclaimed King; 'we see Him crowned with glory and honour'; and the angels have done homage to the God-man, by Whom and for Whom 'were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers.' ||

Now, also, as Man, He is glorified with that glory which, as God, He had with the Father before the world was. At His transfiguration, when the three Apostles were eye-witnesses of His majesty, and He 'received from God the Father, honour and glory,' 'His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light'; and this transitory glory was a pledge and earnest of the abiding glory to follow. Henceforth doubtless His countenance would be like lightning, 'and from His presence would shine forth a flood of light, not now assumed by transfiguration, but, as we may conclude, the natural property of His revived body.'

Some glimpse of this glory we are permitted to see in the visions vouchsafed to Saul and to the beloved disciple, who says, 'His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.' But this would be but the 'outward index of that eternal weight of glory

* Phil. ii. 8-11.
§ Heb. i.

† Eph. i. 20-22.

‡ 1 Peter iii. 22.

|| Col. i. 16; see also Psalm xxi.

which is now to rest upon Him, and which consists in the presence of the Holy Ghost, the eternal promise of the Father which is now bestowed upon and is for ever to abide in the Risen Man' (Acts ii. 33).

But the anointing which He now received, which was to flow down 'to the skirts of His garments,' consecrated Him not only King but High Priest, after the order of Melchisedek the priest-king. He is the 'Priest upon His throne' of whom Zechariah prophesied, not in virtue of descent, natural or spiritual, but 'called of God an high priest' '*for ever.*' For 'He glorified not Himself to be made an high priest; but He that said unto Him. . . . Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedek.'

This brings us back to the Day of Atonement. On Thursday in Holy Week, we saw Him as High Priest offering Himself; on Good Friday, we saw the sacrifice consummated without the gate by the hands of others. But the Day of Atonement, begun then, extends over the whole of the Christian dispensation. This is the 'day of grace,' the 'accepted time,' 'the day of salvation.' Our High Priest has entered within the veil, into the 'holiest of all,' not 'by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own Blood,' 'to appear in the presence of God for us'; where 'He ever liveth to make intercession' for us.*

'Lord Jesu Christ, Thou standest
A Priest in robes of white,
With Urim and with Thummim
Before the throne of light.

'O only Intercessor!
Before the mercy-seat,
Above the hosts of angels
Who worship at Thy Feet:

'Eastward the blood thou sprinklest,
And, watching unto prayer,
Till eventide Thou burnest
Thy wondrous incense there.'

Ascension Day is indeed not the proper occasion for considering how we are interested in the exaltation of our Lord and Saviour. On this one day in the year we are to put away our selfishness, and think of Himself alone, and to celebrate that 'glory and triumph, with which the Lord God in our nature was received at His exaltation into heaven.'

The two following versicles are used in the Greek service of the day, and the third is the antiphon sung in the Roman office for vespers—

'When Thou hadst made glad the hearts of Thy disciples with the promise of the Holy Ghost, when Thou hadst confirmed their souls with Thy blessing of peace, Thou wast received up into glory, O

* Heb. ix. 3, 12, 24; vii. 25.

Christ our Saviour, for Thou art the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.'

'When thou hadst fulfilled the economy of our redemption, when Thou hadst made one the things in heaven and the things in earth, Thou wast received up into glory, O Christ our God. In that glory Thou abidest unchangeably, and proclaimest to all who love Thee, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."'

'O King of Glory, Lord of Hosts, Who hast ascended up in triumph above the heavens, we beseech Thee, leave us not comfortless; but send upon us the promise of the Father, even the Spirit of Truth.

R. Hallelujah! Glory be to Thee, O Lord Christ!'

The incense taken into the Holy of Holies on the Day of Atonement was allowed to burn there until nearly the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, when it was brought forth by the High Priest, who put off the plain linen garments, and appeared in his golden vestments to bless the people and offer the evening sacrifice. 'So Christ also, having been once offered to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for Him, unto salvation.'* 'This same Jesus . . . shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven'—*in like manner*—'while He blessed them He was parted from them'; 'a cloud received Him'; 'Behold, He cometh with clouds'; 'The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God'; 'God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet'; 'And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives'; 'Then returned they . . . from the mount called Olivet,' 'over against Bethany.'†

But though still and for ever Man, He will come 'apart from sin,' not to offer sacrifice for sin, for this He did once for all; but He will appear in glory and beauty, even the glory of the Father, and to Him He will present the evening sacrifice, His Church, without spot, faultless, made like unto Himself, because one with Him.

'Thou tarriest for our sins; yet, cleansed by Thee,
Let us at length Thy "living offering" be:
Present the "Evening Lamb"; in Thee alone
Let us be offered at Thy Father's throne.

'Form Thyself in us, Jesu! Life Divine!
In Thee alone accepted, wholly Thine:
Then rend the veil, and in the holiest place,
Our God, our all, speak with us face to face.'

'Form Thyself in us,'—to this end it was that, 'when He ascended up on high,' 'He received gifts for men,' even the great Gift, which includes all other gifts, the Holy Spirit, promised by the Father, 'yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them;'[‡] that, coming to Him 'as unto a living stone' we 'also, as

* Heb. ix. 28 (*New Version*).

† Acts i. 12; Luke xxiv. 50 (*New Version*); Rev. xiv. 14. ‡ Ps. lxxviii. 18.

lively stones,' may be 'built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ,' * that we may be 'builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.' †

In this paper we have dwelt upon thoughts suggested by the Ascension; but the triumph of the Ascension was hardly complete until the Day of Pentecost, at least so far as earth was concerned.

Angels indeed adored and received the Conqueror with songs, and the disciples worshipped their ascending Lord, and returned to Jerusalem with joy, to wait in faith for the 'promise'; but the cloud hid Him from their sight; and though they looked steadfastly toward heaven, they could not watch His triumphal progress, they could not catch one glimpse of the glory. True, all their doubts were for ever set at rest, but still they must wait in faith through those ten days, without any token from their Lord. The incredulous would scoff at Resurrection and Ascension alike as idle tales, and there was nothing to which the faithful few could point as evidence. To the outside world all their expectations must seem to have ended in utter, irretrievable failure.

But 'when the day of Pentecost was fully come,' when a rushing, mighty wind had filled all the house, when 'there appeared cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost,' then faith was rewarded, they had full assurance of their Lord's exaltation, and S. Peter could say to the wondering multitude, 'This Jesus hath God raised up'; and He, 'being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.' 'Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye crucified, both Lord and Christ'; and again, when they marvelled at the healing of the lame man, 'Why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power and holiness we had made this man to walk? . . . His Name, through faith in His Name, hath made this man strong . . . even by Him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved.' 'The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, Whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with His right Hand to be a prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.' †

Joseph, rejected, sold by his brethren, was yet to be the means of preserving their lives, for 'God was with him'; and 'this Moses' whom the Israelites refused, saying, 'Who made thee a ruler and a judge? the same did God send to be a ruler and a deliverer.'

S. G.

* 1 Peter ii. 4, 5.

† Eph. ii. 22.

‡ Acts ii. 33, 36; iii. 12, 16; iv. 10-12; vii. 35.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XLVII.

THE DIACONATE.

Susan. This really is the Ordinal.

Aunt Anne. Yes. The old book the Ordinal, or Pontifical, was entirely separate from those for the people.

S. The Primer, Breviary, and Missal.

A. Yes, as being only required by Bishops; and it contained, besides the Ordination Services, those for Consecration of Churches and Coronation of sovereigns.

S. This old Prayer-book, with King George's name in it, has no Ordination forms in it.

A. No; it was not usual to print them in ordinary Prayer-books, till about thirty or forty years ago, when it was felt that they are a powerful witness against Dissent, and likewise when Bishops began to endeavour to give the people the opportunity of witnessing and participating in Ordinations.

S. Are our services very ancient?

A. A good deal of them is modern. They were first published in 1550. I do not think we shall get beyond the first sentence of the preface to-day.

S. 'It is evident unto all men diligently reading the holy Scripture and ancient Authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church; Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.' Bishops, the Apostles, of course; Priests, the elders they ordained; Deacons, beginning from the seven, of whom St. Stephen and St. Philip were the foremost (Acts vi.).

A. You know the meaning of Deacon.

S. Server; because these seven were first appointed to attend to the wants of the stranger Grecian Jews with whom the Apostles were naturally less well acquainted.

A. And you know it has been observed that all the names are Greek, so that they probably themselves belonged to the Jews of the Dispersion, who spoke Greek instead of Aramaic, read the Septuagint, and had a synagogue of their own.

S. What are the Deacons one hears of in Scotland who seem more like churchwardens?

A. Rejecting traditional explanation of the mind of Scripture. Calvinism made its Deacons simply men charged with the distribution of the alms, mere laymen in authority.

S. Is it altogether by tradition that we know that their office is higher?

A. We gather it from the recorded work of SS. Stephen and Philip, and from St. Paul's directions to SS. Timothy and Titus respecting their Deacons, and we have clear subsequent evidence from St. Ignatius that their position was that of an order of clergy, set apart.

S. St. Lawrence was a Deacon.

A. Yes. From the first each Bishop always had a staff of seven Deacons, whose charge was of the poor, in memory of the first seven. There are still seven Roman Deacons, all I believe Cardinals.

S. Surely there used to be more Orders?

A. Minor orders, but not indelible, like the three great Orders. They were Chanters, Readers, Exorcists, sub-Deacons, besides the numerous officers about the Church, acolytes, sacristans, and so forth; who all received a sort a consecration, and were regarded as clerks, able to plead benefit of clergy, namely immunity from the civil law.

S. I think the cleric progressed upwards through the first form. I know in the history of Queen Mary's persecution there was a degrading from each one by one, and that Bishop Ridley smiled when they came to the Chanter, because he never had been able to sing.

A. The Greek Church retains the Order of Readers, and to a certain extent it may be said to be revived here when the Bishop authorises, with special prayer and blessing, a layman to hold services in Mission-rooms.

S. Exorcists? Surely they cast out evil spirits.

A. The title was a remnant of the old days when possession was more believed in than it is now; and at Baptisms the part of the service expelling the devil was read by them.

S. Sub-Deacons?

A. The theory was that they stood at the doors to regulate entrances, assisted in collecting oblations, and took charge of the sacred vessels. Latterly, I think the Order only came to be a means of longer probation, and in the corrupt days, I am afraid, of permitting actual laymen to hold benefices.

S. I remember Dean Hook says that a lawyer's fee seemed often to be a piece of church preferment. The Diaconate was always, as it is now, the first actual ministerial office.

A. Yes; and therefore preparation is required, and full testimony to blamelessness of life. Three beneficed clergy in the diocese must testify to the fitness of a candidate, and in his own parish church, a paper called a *Si Quis* is read, calling on any person to mention any cause that might disqualify him for the ministry.

S. And the Bishop asks the Archdeacon if he has fully inquired into the fitness of those whom he presents.

A. Originally the Archdeacon was by no means what he is at.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLII.

1678-1680.

THE POPISH PLOT.

DURING the 16th and 17th centuries, there had been numerous plots and conspiracies, and even more imaginary ones, and no doubt this was the cause of the strange deception and the still stranger hallucination now to be recounted.

There was a certain Dr. Tonge, Rector of St. Michael's, Wood Street, who was haunted, like many men before and since, with imaginations of Jesuits in disguise carrying on nefarious schemes, and who saw with despair the heir of the Crown a professed Romanist. To him repaired one Titus Oates, son to an Anabaptist ribbon weaver, who had held a cure during the Commonwealth, but had conformed, and had been ordained after the Restoration. His son had been educated at Cambridge, was in Holy Orders, and had been a curate in several parishes, and afterwards chaplain on board of a man-of-war, but had lost each situation through misconduct, and had further been shown to be guilty of perjury. In distress, he applied to Dr. Tonge, and agreed with him to lend himself to the detection of the Jesuitical designs in which the Rector believed. For this purpose he feigned conversion to Romanism, and, in 1677, was reconciled by a priest named Berry, and obtained admission to an English theological seminary at Valladolid; but he was a vulgar, licentious man, and in five months was ignominiously expelled. He feigned repentance, was forgiven, and received at St. Omer, where again he offended, and came home in disgrace, but without any intelligence except that he had picked up a report of a meeting of Jesuits in London. It was in fact their ordinary triennial congregation, numbering the thirty-nine eldest members, with their provincial, and had been held with much secrecy in the Duke of York's house, simply for the regular business concerns of the Order. That Jesuits could meet without meaning mischief to the State no doubt appeared impossible to the Rector, and between the two a statement was worked up of a meeting in an inn in the Strand of all the Jesuits whose names Oates could think of, and for the purpose of murdering the King and overthrowing the English Church. Titus Oates wrote the narrative in Greek letters, Tonge copied it in English, and they then called in one Kirkby, who had assisted the King in chemical experiments.

Charles was just setting forth for his usual walk in St. James's Park when Kirkby came forward and entreated him to abstain, as his life would be in danger. Charles, however, had plenty of nonchalant courage, and proceeded on his way as if nothing had happened; but in the evening he sent for the man to the house of one of his boon companions, named Chiffinch, who brought Tonge with his narrative in a huge roll of paper, divided into forty-three articles. The King referred him to the Lord Treasurer, Danby, to whose interrogations Tonge replied that the paper had been thrust under his chamber door! Nevertheless Tonge appeared again after a day or two, and said he had ascertained who were the intending assassins, and could point them out in the street or the park.

Danby wanted to have them arrested; but Charles, who did not believe a word of the story, said that they should be let alone, since a stir was useless, and might only put the notion of murdering him into some foolish fellow's brain.

This coolness and incredulity only stimulated the accusers, and Tonge called upon the Lord Treasurer with the news that some terrible letters to Bedingfield, the Duke of York's confessor, were in the post-office. Danby made haste to intercept them; but the post had been too quick for him, Bedingfield had received the letters, and perceiving them to be forgeries, had shown them to the Duke, who brought them to the King. On comparison with the 'narrative,' they were proved to have been written by the same hand, words were misspelt in the same manner in each, and that they were a malicious forgery was doubted by none of the Council. Still the Duke wished to have the authors of the plot detected; and, on their side, Tonge and his abettors declared to their dupes that the Jesuits had been so sharp as to withdraw the dangerous letters, and give the Duke these poor forgeries.

Kirkby haunted the Court, but no attention was paid to him, so the next step was to obtain publicity; and with this purpose, Titus Oates himself appeared before a Justice of the Peace—Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey—and made his affidavit of the truth of his articles, now swelled to eighty-one. Godfrey probably was as incredulous as every other man of sense, and on examining the list of the accused, he found on it that of Coleman, an agent of the Duke and a friend of his own, and accordingly gave the man warning.

On the story coming up again in another quarter, James was convinced that it had been hatched with a view to his exclusion from the throne, and insisted on its being sifted to the bottom. So Titus Oates was summoned before the Council, and was fitted out with a gown and cassock by Tonge for the occasion. He had a peculiar provincial drawl, making all vowels sound like 'a—a'; but he appeared perfectly self-possessed as he proceeded to detail his story. He said—

1st. The Jesuits had undertaken to restore Romanism by rebellion and bloodshed.

2nd. They were raising the Irish to rebellion. Disguised as Presbyterian ministers, they were inciting the Scotch Covenanters. As French partisans, they were stirring the Dutch against the Prince of Orange; and in England they were plotting the murder not only of the King, but of the Duke of York if he would not join them.

3rd. That they had large sums of money paid them by Père la Chaise, the King of France's confessor, and promised by Spain.

4th. That a man called Honest William, together with Pickering, a lay brother, had been commissioned to shoot the King on the 4th of March, and for failing had been well flogged.

5th. That a grand meeting of Jesuits had been held at the White Horse Tavern in the Strand, when various assassins had been selected, and a bribe offered to Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, to bring about the matter quietly.

6th. That he himself had been the bearer of letters containing all these plots between the Jesuits of St. Omer and Valladolid, and had actually met Don John of Austria at Madrid.

7th. That the Jesuits had caused the Fire of London, and were about to burn Wapping and Westminster.

8th. That the Pope had nominated a whole hierarchy of Archbishops and Bishops to take possession of the Church as soon as the King was dead.

The Council listened to this monstrous tissue in utter amazement, and the Duke of York at once called it an utter falsehood and slander; but Danby and Shaftesbury, though they could not possibly have believed in it, saw in it a means of annoying their enemies. Oates was asked for proofs, but he had not a single paper to produce. However, he promised plenty of evidence if he might have warrants to seize the persons and papers of those whom he accused.

The next day he was again examined, and in presence of the King, who desired him to describe Don John of Austria.

Oates made a typical Spaniard of him, saying he was tall, lean, and swarthy; at which the royal brothers laughed, for the Duke had been under his command in Flanders, and well knew him to be short, fat, and of light complexion.

'Pray, sir,' asked the King, 'where did you see La Chaise pay the £10,000?'

'At the house of the Jesuits, close to the Louvre, please your Majesty.'

'Man!' exclaimed Charles, 'the Jesuits have no house within a mile of the Louvre.'

These blunders might, it would seem, have utterly discredited Oates; but some of the Council thought fit to lodge him at Whitehall, as he pretended to be in fear of his life; and moreover Coleman, who had fled on Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's warning, had actually left behind him letters from Père la Chaise on the restoration of Romanism, though not by such truculent measures.

The King went off to Newmarket Races, and all would probably have died away save for a strange and inexplicable event. Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the Westminster magistrate who had taken Oates's depositions and disbelieved them, was a prosperous merchant, but he was of a melancholy disposition, and had been alarmed and depressed by the stories he had listened to. On the 12th of October, he set off from his own house on foot for the City, and never returned, though several persons met him walking about in the streets apparently noticing no one. Reports went about on the one hand that he had run away from creditors; on the other, that he had been murdered by the Papists. Search was made by his brothers in vain, till the sixth day, when, on Primrose Hill, not far from old St. Pancras church, his body was found among some stunted bushes in a dry ditch. It was lying on the left side, his own sword had been thrust through his heart so violently that the point protruded at the back, his gloves lay on the bank, his rings and his money were untouched, and his cane was stuck into the ground upright. This looked like suicide; but, on the other hand, there was no blood on the clothes, the shoes did not look as if he had taken an October walk to that distance, and there were spots of white wax such as he did not use himself upon his breeches. On undressing him, a purple crease, as though he had been strangled, was found round his neck, which was broken, and there were bruises on his breast. Blood followed when the sword was drawn out; and the two surgeons who examined the corpse, gave evidence that they believed him to have been first strangled, then carried to this spot, and stabbed with his own weapon. Some persons wished for further medical evidence, thinking that the mark on the neck might have been caused by his collar after he had thrown himself upon his sword; but there was nothing so much dreaded by families as a verdict of *felo de se*, as besides the shameful burial, it involved forfeiture of property to the Crown; and the Godfreys would not consent to further examination, nor does it appear how long since the death was thought to have taken place. After two days, during which hundreds of persons had gazed on the body as that of a martyr to Protestantism, a verdict of wilful murder against person or persons unknown was returned, and thereupon a fit of frenzy set in on the nation. The white wax, which, as Bishop Burnet remarks, was only used by priests and persons of quality, was held as a conclusive sign that he had been a prisoner to some such persons; and when he was buried, there was a huge procession, headed by seventy-two clergymen in full canonicals; and a funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Lloyd, with another divine, or a man dressed like one, on either side of him to prevent his being murdered in the pulpit by any remarkably adventurous Papist! His text was, 'As a man fell before the wicked, so fellest thou!'

Guards were set on all the public places, lest they should be blown up, and medals were struck commemorating the poor gentleman in a

very original manner, walking with his head in his hand, like St. Clement, or tied behind a murderer on horseback. Nothing has ever cleared up the mystery. The Roman Catholics assuredly did not murder him; and as every one of their accusers, except Titus Oates, was more or less deceived, it is not likely that they could have been guilty of such an atrocity for the sake of giving colour to the supposed plot. Nor could Oates well have accomplished the deed. Though he was ready to swear away hosts of innocent lives, the actual murder of a man with his own sword, is most improbable. Suicide is far more likely, and as the medical authority was—even for the time—ignorant and insufficient, and there was a taint of insanity in the family, this is really the most reasonable idea. Indeed, if Oates or any of his closer associates were the first to discover the fact, they were quite capable of producing the appearances on the body for the sake of confirming their allegations.

The effect was decidedly all that they could desire. The Ministers, Danby and Shaftesbury, saw their advantage in promoting the panic, and vied with one another in suggesting defences for the City. Indeed, after a conversation with Shaftesbury, Sir Thomas Player, the Chamberlain, is reported to have said, that but for their guards, the Protestant citizens of London might all rise some morning with their throats cut!

Parliament was meeting, as it usually did, for an autumn session, and the King, in his opening speech, only slightly alluded to the Popish plot, saying that any offenders should be dealt with in course of law. He much advised his Ministers to abstain from bringing the matter forward in Parliament, telling them, ‘You will find you have given the Parliament a handle to ruin yourself as well as to disturb all my affairs, and you will surely live to repent it.’ Indeed, Shaftesbury said, ‘Let the Lord Treasurer cry as loud as he pleases, and put himself at the head of the plot, I will cry a note louder and soon take his place.’

Danby brought on the matter in the House of Lords, so as to be beforehand with Shaftesbury; but that abler person at once took it out of his hands, and induced the House to appoint a Committee of Enquiry, before whom Oates and Tonge appeared, telling the former story, with the notable additions, for it grew every time, that Oliver, the General of the Jesuits, had, with the Pope’s authority, appointed the Roman Catholic gentlemen, Lords Arundel, Powys, and Belasys, Sir William Godolphin, Coleman, and Sir Francis Radcliffe, to the great offices of State; and General Lambert to the command of the army.

Several of these persons were of such an age, and others so unqualified, that no one would have dreamt of selecting them for these offices; but in the state of the public mind this made no difference, and Arundel, Powys, Belasys, together with Lords Stafford and Castlemaine, were all committed to the Tower, even the peers being either too much infected by the panic or too much intimidated to insist on their privilege.

At the same time, Shaftesbury brought in a Bill for extending to the Lords the Test Act, which forbade the sitting in Parliament of any one who would not take the Oath of Supremacy, abjuring the Pope, and receive the Holy Communion after the English ritual. As the Roman Catholic Lords were highly respected gentlemen, who had shown themselves loyal cavaliers, there was some demur; but Titus Oates was produced again, and his startling depositions bore down all opposition. Charles gave way to the popular movement, removed his brother from the Council, and undertook to do anything needful to prevent Popery, except to interfere with the course of the succession to the Crown. Titus Oates was called the saviour of the nation, and voted a pension of £1200 a year; and the London prisons were filled with Romanists, while those who were so fortunate as not to be arrested were banished from the City. All over the country they were summoned before the magistrates and disarmed, and in London chains were prepared to fling across the streets, and all the trained bands called out.

Then the trials began, the most disgraceful that ever took place in English Courts of Law. An advertisement promising pardon and £500 to any one who should reveal the murderer of Godfrey had been issued, and on the 1st of November a letter was received from Newbury, requesting that the writer, William Bedloe, might be taken into custody in the city of Bristol, and be brought to London.

This was done on the understanding that he had important disclosures to make quite independent of those of Oates. He had been a servant of Lord Bellasys, and afterwards of various other gentlemen, with whom he had travelled on the Continent; but he had been dismissed from one service after another for dishonesty, and had just come out of Newgate when the proclamation and reward stimulated his invention.

He was examined before the King in Council, and there had the effrontery to declare that though he knew nothing of the plot, yet in Somerset House, where Queen Catharine resided, he had seen the dead body of poor Sir Edmondbury. The English public credited the astute Jesuits with a singular choice of confidants, for Bedloe was believed when he declared that Father Le Fevre had confessed that he and another Father, named Walsh, with the assistance of Lord Belasys' gentleman, and an attendant in the Queen's chapel, had smothered the victim between two pillows, and that it had lain on Her Majesty's back-stairs for two whole days, that two thousand guineas had been offered him to remove it, but that it was finally taken away by some of the Queen's people.

The next day, before the House of Lords, he repeated much of this, but contrary to what he had said previously, he declared that Le Fevre had told him of the offices to which the Popish Lords had been appointed.

‘The man has had a fresh lesson within the last twenty-four hours,’ observed the King.

Another lesson must have been suggested that the inquest had decided that Godfrey had not been smothered but strangled; for four days later, Bedloe proceeded to depose that the unfortunate man had been decoyed into the Court at Somerset House at five o’clock in the afternoon, and that the murder was committed soon after by strangling with a linen cravat, and that the body was removed at eleven o’clock on the Monday night. Four thousand pounds had, he said, been offered to him early in October to commit a murder! He added that he could show the very room in Somerset House where he had seen the four murderers standing round the corpse, together with Atkins, clerk to Mr. Pepys at the Admiralty.

The Duke of Monmouth, as the Protestant favourite, went with him to see the room; when the one he pitched upon was the waiting-room of the Queen’s footmen, a thoroughfare frequented by every one, never empty throughout the day; and the hour he selected, 5 P.M. on the 12th, happened to be the very time when the King was making a visit to the Queen, with a company of foot-guards in attendance and a sentry at every door.

This might have been enough to discredit the whole ridiculous story, and Charles plainly pronounced Bedloe to be a mere rogue; but the nation was frantic. Shaftesbury encouraged the panic for his own purposes, and the King chose to be passive, and let the madness have its course, rather than excite suspicion of his own Romish inclinations.

So, on the 12th of November, Bedloe, who had begun by never having heard of the plot, came forward with disclosures of having met on his travels all manner of English ecclesiastics, who, as usual, had confided their schemes to him. The King was to be shut up in a monastery and then killed. ‘Another person’ to be disposed of in like manner, unless he would hold the Crown from the Pope, after the example of King John; 10,000 men were to land at Bridlington, to be commanded by Lord Bellasys; 20,000 or 30,000 friars and pilgrims from Coruña were to arrive at Milford Haven, to be under the command of Lords Pepys and Petre. Moreover, the Dukes of Monmouth, Ormond, and Buckingham, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Ossory (Ormond’s son) were to be assassinated, and 40,000 men were ready to fall on the citizens of London!

All this was swallowed by the terrified Londoners; and the wretched conclave of slanderers took a further step, in which a woman was put forward. Mrs. Elliot, wife to a gentleman of the bedchamber, requested the King to have a private interview with Dr. Oates, who had something important to communicate. Seeing that the King had no mind for such a *tête-à-tête*, she proceeded to tell him that the doctor would bring the Queen into the plot. The King showing himself much displeased, the impudent woman said she

thought His Majesty would be glad to be rid of the Queen on any terms. To which Charles answered, 'I never will suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed.'

On the first token of the spite of the informers turning against his neglected wife, he had brought her back from Somerset House to his own residence at Whitehall.

However, the crew who met at the King's Head in Fleet Street did not believe him; for his previous neglect of his wife spoke more plainly than words; and while the world was ignorant of the King's Romish proclivities, Catharine's devotion was manifest in her two chapels. She was supposed to have converted the Duke of York, and in Portuguese chronicles she is praised for this, though she really had nothing to do with it. So Oates proceeded to depose before the King and Council that he had seen a letter from her physician saying that she had consented to her husband's death; and that in August he had been taken to Somerset House, and waited in an ante-chamber with the door ajar, and had heard a conference between the Queen, Lord Bellasys, Coleman, and two French priests. He heard a female voice exclaim: 'I will no longer suffer such indignities, I am content to join in procuring his death and the propagation of the Catholic faith,' and then followed a promise to assist in poisoning the King. He added as corroboration that he had begged to see the Queen, and had not only received a gracious smile, but had heard her ask Father Harcourt if he had received the last ten thousand pounds, and it was the same voice he had heard in the ante-room!

Charles insisted on a close description of the place; and again this proved a confutation, as Oates only described one of the public rooms, in which he could hardly have heard the Queen in her closet, even if she had screamed in a manner only consistent with a stage aside. However, Bedloe came with a similar story, of standing below the gallery of the chapel at Somerset House, and hearing the plan concerted by the same company above, and adding that Coleman told him that the Queen had at first wept on hearing of the intended murder of her husband, but had yielded to the arguments of the French priests. He went on to name the bribes offered to Sir George Wakeman, the physician who was to prepare the potion for the Queen to administer.

He was asked why he had not mentioned all this before. He said he had forgotten; but in spite of his evident incredulity and indignation, on the very next day, the 20th of November, this recreant clergyman advanced to the bar of the House of Commons, and in his strange pronunciation declared—'I, Titus Oates, a-acuse Caatharine, Queen of England, of haigh traisun.'

There was a thrill either at his effrontery or at the magnitude of the crime, and actually, in the Commons, a request was voted that the poor lady should be removed from Whitehall, and some added that

she should be sent to the Tower. The Lords, however, had more chivalry and common sense than to concur in such a vote, and only appointed a committee to examine into the very shaky evidence; while the King, most justly offended, ordered that Oates's papers should be seized, and he himself kept in such custody as might prevent his communicating with his associates. This, however, raised a murmur that the King knew more of the Popish Plot than any one, and though he might laugh at the notion of his sharing in a plot against his own life, there must have been a consciousness that his own opinions would not bear sifting before the Protestant public, and that disclosures of his negotiations at Dover with Louis XIV. might possibly turn the general indignation against himself. It was probably this that made him content himself with shielding the Queen and quashing all proceedings against her, while he permitted frightful injustice to be done to men whom he perfectly well knew to be innocent. He let the tempest spend itself without interfering to save any one except his wife from its fury. So the five peers were impeached for high treason, and an address sent up requesting him to banish *all* Roman Catholics from the realm.

The first trial was unconnected with Oates and Bedloe; but a banker named Staley, a Roman Catholic, on November 14th, had the misfortune to be talking French in a tavern to a foreign gentleman, and the next day, Carstairs, a Scotchman, called upon him, saying he could be accused of high treason, but offering to abstain for a bribe of £200. Staley laughed at this impudence; but in five days was standing at the bar, while Carstairs related the conversation he said he had overheard on the plot, in which Staley was supposed to have said the King was a villain and should be killed. Bishop Burnet was present, and stood up to say that he knew Carstairs in his own country to be of infamous character, unworthy of credit. The Attorney-General, Jones, started up, crying, 'Do you defame the King's witness?' and Burnet was silenced. Poor Staley protested that he had said the plotters, not the King, ought to be killed, and it all turned on whether he had used the pronoun *le* or *les*. Of course the Frenchman could have told, but he was kept in custody, and not brought in as a witness. The jury, 'all Middlesex gentlemen,' did not trouble themselves with the little letter 's,' and Mr. Staley was convicted, and suffered death at Tyburn.

Mr. Justice Scroggs was the judge who tried the victims. The next to be brought forward was Coleman, who had undoubtedly meddled in dangerous matters, received money from France, and corresponded in cypher. He was promised pardon if he would make full confession, on which he gave the key to his cypher, and explained how he had received money from France, as many people had in those days; but as to murderous designs, he neither did nor could confess them, having never known of any. His letters were almost all respecting the Duke of York's succession, and, as a

Romanist, it was highly natural for him to rejoice 'that the Protestant religion had never been in so much danger,' and 'that the Catholic religion had never had such hopes since the death of Queen Mary.'

This, of course, was shocking enough to the jury; but Coleman, when confronted with Oates and Bedloe, was able to prove that they had never seen him before in their lives; on which Oates declared that his eyes had been dazzled by the lights on the table, and his memory confused by fatigue.

Nevertheless, Coleman was found guilty, and hanged on the 3rd of December. Next, the five peers were impeached; but their trial was put off, and then five Jesuit priests and one lay brother were brought before Scroggs. Oates deposed that two of these had 'gone about with 'long skrewd pistols and silver bullets, champt to render the wound incurable,' for the King's benefit. Even the historian, Rapin Thoyras (a Huguenot), thinks their conviction was justified because Oates's evidence was positive and their denial negative.

Absolutely innocent as these victims were, their execution and the cruel injustice done them was the retribution for the crimes of the 16th century. The death of William the Silent, Henri III., and Henri IV., and the Gunpowder Plot, had made the popular mind believe the Romanists capable of any amount of treachery and murder.

'Gentlemen,' said Scroggs to the jury, 'you have done your duty like very good subjects and good Christians—that is to say, like good Protestants. And now much good may their thirty thousand masses do them!'

Still the actual murder of Godfrey had been saddled upon no one, and Bedloe looked about for two months before he could find a victim. At last, one Wren, who lodged in the house of Miles Prance, a Roman Catholic silversmith, sometimes employed on the ornaments of the Queen's chapel, deposed that his landlord had been absent from home on the supposed day of the murder, on which ground the unfortunate man was apprehended, and Bedloe instantly exclaimed on seeing him, 'That is one of the rogues I saw about the body with a dark lantern; but he was then in a periwig!'

Prance was taken to Newgate, though he denied all knowledge of the murder, and proved that he had been absent a whole week before the death of Godfrey. He was, however, loaded with irons, and so dealt with that he was induced to confess having assisted in the murder, and moreover accused three of the Queen's servants, Green, Berry, and Hill, and two Irish priests, who he said met in a public-house, and agreed to take off Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. It was confirmed that they did meet at the alehouse, but no more. Prance also said that on the morning of the murder, Hill had gone to Sir Edmondbury's house, and made an inquiry there, and this was confirmed by the maid who had answered him. Prance, however, gave a totally different account of the murder from Bedloe's. He said Girard, one of the priests,

had decoyed the magistrate to the railings of Somerset House to stop a fray between two men, and there Green first strangled him, and then wrung his neck and punched his breast. Then he was dragged into Dr. Godwin's lodgings, and on the Wednesday carried by Girard and Prance himself in a sedan chair as far as Long Acre, whence Green and Kelly took up the chair, and at Soho the body was placed behind Hill on horseback, and thus carried to Primrose Hill, where the piercing with the sword took place.

He was sent to Somerset House to identify the spots he had mentioned, and, like his predecessors, he failed; but he had more conscience than they, and, after a few days, he entreated to be taken before the King ere seeing him in council. Charles caused him to be brought to Chiffinch's house, and shut himself into a private room with him, then opened the door, and called on Chiffinch and Richardson to hear what he said. This was, 'That all the men he had sworn against were innocent, and all that he had sworn against them false.'

'Upon your salvation is it so?' said the King.

'Upon my salvation it is false.'

He added that Wren owed him money, and threatened him when he applied for it. As to the confession, as he lay chained in his dungeon, a man had come in and left a candle and a paper with him, with the outline of what he should say, and assurance of being hanged if he did not.

Yet no sooner had he returned to Newgate than the keeper came to tell the King that the miserable creature had retracted, and returned to these accusations.

On this, Dr. Lloyd, who had preached the funeral sermon, and had just been made Dean of Bangor, was sent to examine him. He was half dead with cold and fright and the weight of his irons, crying out, 'Not guilty, not guilty'; but when a fire had been lit, and he was placed in a warm bed, he began to make such statements as startled the Dean, who would do no more, though he told Burnet he thought the man sincere. Under the management of the Newgate jailers, he completed his accusation, and appeared against Green, Hill, and Berry at their trial.

Mrs. Hill was present, and acted like an able and spirited counsel for her husband; but Scroggs overruled and browbeat her witnesses, and the unhappy men were doomed from the first. Hill and Green were executed first, but Berry, being a Protestant, was respited for a week in hopes of making him confess and accuse others. As before, Charles was absolutely afraid to pardon these men whom he knew to be innocent.

Of course Ireland was to play a part in the affair, and the Duke of Ormond, who, after various changes, was Lord-Lieutenant again, was ordered to put down the plot, and arrest the Romanist Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Mountgarret, and a certain Colonel Peppard. The first two proved to be dying men, one from disease and the other from old

age, and Colonel Peppard did not exist at all. Then the informers caused the Duke to seize a vessel which they said was loaded with arms, but which turned out to be full of salt; and then as Ormond failed to discover any treason or confiscate any estates, he was accused of 'stifling the plot'; but he was bravely defended in Parliament by his son, Lord Ossory; and the Earl of Essex was sent to replace him. Essex was son to the cavalier Lord Capel. On very poor evidence, he arrested Oliver Plunket, titular Archbishop of Armagh, and sent him for trial to England. The grand jury threw out the bill against him the first time, but fresh false witnesses were suborned, and he was found guilty and executed, declaring his innocence. Essex had besought the King in his behalf. 'Then, my Lord, you should not have sent him over,' said the King; 'his blood is on your conscience. I dare not pardon him.'

One person escaped, Atkins, Mr. Pepys's clerk, who was proved to have been supping on board a ship in the river instead of standing round Godfrey's body.

After this there was a lull. In April, 1679, the articles of impeachment were ready against the five lords, but the case dragged on. In June, however, a fresh informer was found, Dugdale, once steward to Lord Aston, and the two Jesuits, Whitbread and Fenwick, with three more, Harcourt, Gavan, and Turner, were put on their trial.

Prance, too, had forgotten his fit of remorse, so that there were now four false witnesses; and Oates improved his evidence by ascribing to Whitbread the observation that he hoped to see the black fool's head laid fast at Whitehall, and if his brother seemed inclined to follow in his steps, he should have his passport too.

The Jesuits showed contradictions in the testimony, made it evident that Oates was totally unworthy of credit, and produced sixteen young men to prove that they had dined with the fellow in the seminary at St. Omer, on the very day when he pretended to have been listening to the treasonable council in London! And two of the others showed by the evidence of the servants that they had not been in England at the time; but all this was over-ruled. A fire in a house in London had been supposed to be a fresh attempt to burn down the city, and the public mind was in such a state that it was said that if an Apostle had spoken in favour of the prisoners, he would not have been attended to. Gavan demanded the ordeal of walking over red-hot plough-shares; but this was said to have been abolished for six hundred years—no doubt, reckoning from Queen Emma's supposed ordeal in Winchester Cathedral—and was not permitted. They were all sentenced; and the next day a lawyer was tried, Mr. Langhorne, who had come under suspicion because he was a Romanist, and was naturally legal adviser to others. Oates and Bedloe came forward with the usual stories of expressions of approval of the plot, and the witnesses called in his favour were so maltreated

by the mob outside that Lord Castlemaine came in to appeal for their protection. Sentence was passed on him by Sir George Jeffreys, Recorder of London, who was thus beginning his career of infamy. The five Jesuits were all executed in a few days. When the ropes were round their necks, there was a cry of 'A pardon! a pardon!' but it proved to be only on condition of full confession and denouncing their associates; and as they were not going to act the part of Prance, they all suffered in patience and constancy.

Langhorne was reprieved for a month, while offers of pardon were made to him if he would confess and reveal the amount of property of the Jesuits in England. To this last he consented; but their means only amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, and Shaftesbury told him that he must make further disclosures to save his life. Accordingly he too suffered.

But the tide was beginning to turn. Chief Justice Scroggs confessed afterwards to have had his doubts as to Mr. Langhorne, and to have perceived that all Bedloe's evidence against him could not be true.

Sir George Wakeman and three monks next were tried; and on this occasion the clerk of the council spoke up unexpectedly when Oates was describing acts of treason committed in his presence. He declared that before the Council, Oates had raised his hands to Heaven and denied any personal knowledge of the physician. This actually led to an acquittal; and Oates and Bedloe were so angry that they declared that they would never again give evidence in a court where Scroggs presided. However, the monks were arrested again on the charge of having been ordained in the Church of Rome. Eight clergy of that Church who were accused of being concerned in the plot were executed in provincial towns, two of them over eighty years old.

The Queen must have gone through much grief, sorrow, and alarm during this time; but she had the one great consolation that her husband was kinder and tenderer to her than he had ever been before, and kept her constantly with him. Bedloe absolutely exonerated her when, in 1680, he died, and sent for Chief Justice North to hear his death-bed deposition; but he retracted nothing else, and said the Duke of York was a party to the plot, except as to murdering the King.

Indeed, the whole would have fallen to the ground but for those who wished to drive the King into divorcing the Queen and excluding his brother from the succession.

To keep up the excitement, the first of the five peers, the Earl of Stafford, was tried before the Lords, on his 69th birthday. monstrous charges were made of his having shared in conversations abroad on murdering the King and invading the country, and a new witness, named Turberville, pretended to have been offered £500 to murder Charles!

The trial lasted seven days. Eighty-six peers were present, fifty-five voted him guilty, thirty-one innocent.

‘God’s Holy Name be praised,’ he said. ‘God’s will be done. I will not murmur. God forgive those who have sworn falsely against me!’

Again Charles durst not use his prerogative to save the life of an innocent man, though he interposed to make the manner of death beheading, instead of the ordinary horrible form, and it is hardly credible that the sheriffs of London questioned his right to do this. But the temper of the people had changed. They uncovered their heads as the old man passed to Tower Hill, and when he declared his innocence they cried, ‘We believe you, my Lord! God bless you, my Lord!’

The frenzy was over. The other nobles were released in process of time, and thus ended one of the saddest and most disgraceful passages in our history.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Arachne. I made a great mistake in our last talk when I told you that *Miss Margery's Ways* was a posthumous work of Miss Fanny Lefroy. It really is by a living author, Miss J. A. Lefroy, who I hope will give us plenty more of the same kind of clever writing.

Spider. I came upon a mention of the heroine of Miss Fanny Lefroy's last story in the 'Packet,' Marie Pole, or Cufaude, in that curious book, *The Vyne*, the history of the old house in Hampshire near Basingstoke, which now belongs to the Chute family, but where then Lord Sandys lived, and Mr. Chute thinks, protected her. The portrait of her granddaughter, Winifred, who was a nun, is there still.

A. If every one who has an old house or an old family would write its history carefully, or even that of one village or town, it would be a very good thing—Mrs. Lawson's *The Nation in the Parish*, telling of Upton-on-Severn, is a very good instance.

S. I suppose something does happen everywhere—but some places seem very eventless.

A. There are always the registers to show changes.

S. However, *The Vyne* is really a very curious old house, and a good deal happened there. One of the Chutes was a friend of Horace Walpole and the poet Gray, and there are various letters to him, very amusing. When he came into the property, Horace Walpole writes him a letter full of delight and congratulation; but why does he say that now he shall not dare to send a frank?

A. That is a curious bit of manness; but you are too young to remember the franking system. Members of Parliament were supposed to write on the affairs of the country, so their correspondence went free if they wrote their name and the date outside; and in those days the receiver, not the sender, of a letter paid the postage. Mr. Walpole evidently means that it would insult his friend to act as if saving the postage of a letter were an object to him.

S. There is a fine old chapel not much damaged by the Reformation, and Horace's views about fitting it up are very amusing—not apparently for service, but in a dilettante sort of way.

A. To turn to other books. For those who like little books of texts for every day, here is *Daily Truth*, with a preface by the Bishop of Exeter (Suttaby); but it is one of those that are regardless of the Church's days. Here is a really great and noble book, *Thoughts on Life and Revelation* (Rivington), selected from Dr. Westcott's works and unpublished writings by the Rev. Stephen Phillipps (Macmillan).

It is a book to read a little of at a time, and then to think over the ideas it infuses on the Church, on life, on character, on the mission of our Church and nation, and of art and literature.

S. I must make a note of it. I think my father would like it.

A. I am sure he would. And I have received an American book which I think would interest him, *Memorials of a Southern Planter*. He was a Colonel Dabney, descended from one of the Huguenot D'Aubigné family, who had taken refuge in America, and let their name be cruelly cut down. There is a great deal that is interesting about the family during the War of Independance, but the thorough interest begins when Colonel Dabney, having a large and increasing young family, and a considerable number of slaves inherited from his ancestors, decided on leaving Virginia to enter on a more extensive field for labour in the State of Mississippi. It is quite a patriarchal scene, for several relations of his own removed with him—besides the troop of slaves. He had, wherever it was possible, bought the husbands or wives of his own negroes, married on other estates, or sold to owners who would not part with the spouse, so that families were kept together. He was more than merely a kind master, he had a strong sense of duty towards them as their protector. On the journey, he provided tents, and while the rest of the white party lodged in houses, he always slept among his negroes for the two months of their progress. They loved him heartily, and were for the most part faithful and trustworthy. There is something delightful in the picture of plenty and ease and industry in the first half of the book, which is written by one of the daughters, Mrs. Smedes, and helped out by recollections of Mammy Harriet's, the faithful nurse of the swarm of little girls, who grew up, as it were, in a kind of Paradise; and there are beautiful stories of the master's generosity and liberality.

S. Did he live till the storm came?

A. Yes; but his wife was spared it, dying just as the War of Secession was really beginning. Her health had been broken ever since she had lost the eldest son, who grew up to manhood, in yellow fever. Mr. Dabney was too old to take an active part in the war, but his son did so, and the greater part of his slaves remained faithful and affectionate to the last, though there was a terrible raid of some of the Northerners, who, by Mrs. Smedes' account, could have been little better than ruffianly camp followers, though they did no personal harm, but carried off all they could find in the way of valuables, even the savings of the household slaves, who gave up what was their own, while keeping the secret of the places where their master's plate and horses were hidden. Even when freedom had been proclaimed, they clung to the family, and there follows a very interesting account of the manner in which the daughters devoted themselves to the care of the sick in a visitation of yellow fever. Ruin came at last, but not so much through the emancipation, as through an unfortunate

suretiship, and then even the blacks, who had become friends and necessary comforts, had to be dismissed; though several continued to send frequent gifts of poultry, fruit, and vegetables, and to show their warm affection. One trait of the old Colonel I must mention. He had been galled by a vulgar newspaper triumphing in Southern ladies being brought down to do menial work, even at the wash-tub. Mr. Dabney declared that he would never suffer this to be said of his daughters, and though past seventy, no persuasions would prevent him from performing the family washing till somewhat better times came.

S. Dear old man! Was he a Churchman?

A. Apparently he was in Virginia, but when first he settled in Mississippi, the place was so remote that there was little possibility of any form of public worship, and even when some clergy came in his way, some scruples about personal devotion in the minister stood in his way, till one seemed to him so perfectly satisfactory, that he had eight children, all born since his move to Burleigh, baptised at once. With more instruction, he became deeply religious, he was confirmed when quite an old man, and was a regular communicant, and he consented to one of his daughters going out as a governess in order to build a Church near Burleigh. Joyous and bright he was to extreme old age; when he passed away in sleep, apparently from a chill caught a few hours before when going out to post a letter to one of his daughters-in-law.

S. How can the book be got?

A. It is published by Cushings and Bailey at Baltimore; but American books can always be got through Sampson Low.

S. Is there anything else to tell me of?

A. You will be glad to hear that Miss Catherine Phillimore has translated *Selections from the Sermons of Padre Agostino de Montefeltro* (Church Printing Office), specially with a view to the Church Working Men's Society. They are much directed against Materialism, powerful, and full of anecdotes and illustration.

S. And are there any story books?

A. *For the Right*, with a preface by George Macdonald, is a translation of a remarkable book, written, I believe, in German. It is about an outlaw in the Carpathian Mountains, who is so made by indignation at the impossibility of obtaining redress for his village, from the Emperor Francis II., the same, you know, who so severely repressed the Italian Carbonari, and looked so closely into all the regulations for the prisoners of Spielberg. Failing to be understood by him, this peasant, ignorant, I should say, and not able to read, retires into the mountains, and there carries on a warfare with all that is cruel and unjust, carefully, however, distinguishing his deeds from robbery. He goes on till his head is so far turned, that he seems to imagine himself an infallible judge of what is punishable oppression, and thus he is deceived, and made the instrument of a wicked

act of private revenge upon a really good and beneficent nobleman. When he knows what he has done, his heart is broken, and he voluntarily gives himself up to justice.

S. It must be very sad.

A. Well, here is a livelier book for you, Miss Peard's *His Cousin Betty* (Bentley). It is a thoroughly good and pleasant three-volume novel. Betty is a bright, strong, high-spirited girl, rejoicing in Dartmoor, in dogs and in brothers, and it is quite a sacrifice when a selfish cousin manoeuvres her brother into marrying her, without love, only such liking as he fancies will be enough to make the young thing happy. It is all brought about on an expedition to the Wagner festival at Baireuth. On the bridge of Prague comes the discovery that the love is not equal, and then we have poor Betty in her London life, trying to efface her old self, with the old angles that she fancied her husband disapproved, and only making herself dull. It all comes right at last, and the entire truthfulness and absence of jealousy in both the pair are such as are not common in novels. I wish we could have seen a little of them after they are reconciled and happy together. Miss Glaister's *Bernard and Marcia* (Hurst and Blackett) is full of interest and thought. The people are so real, that one likes and dislikes them just as one would in life. Only I cannot understand the love that so ill-tempered a man as Mr. Vallance inspired, thorough gentleman as he was; and I certainly should not have liked to marry Dr. Bernard. But Marcia and the Adair family are delightful, especially Harriet, as all are like live acquaintances.

S. Shall I read *Whitepatch*, by Mrs. Lynn Linton?

A. It is overwhelmed with family ghosts. I can call it nothing but literally pass—time. But there is no harm in it, except that I should not like my servants to throw away the doctor's medicine, and secretly treat me homœopathically!

S. That is worse than the ghosts!

A. One of Hatchard's excellent series of tales is *The Fiddler of Lugau*, by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*. It is a somewhat melancholy story of an inarticulate genius, whose works only find expression after his death; but it is full of interesting well-studied details of life in a little town in Saxony in 1809.

S. That capital story of Miss Coleridge's, *A Plunge in Troubled Waters* (Smith and Innes), is republished.

A. I should like to make all Sunday-school teachers, especially in towns, read it, that they may see the other side of the question. *Daisy's King* and the *Belfry of Bruges* make pretty little books.

S. My father is delighted with the way in which *William the Conqueror* is shown as a statesman by Mr. E. A. Freeman, as the first of Macmillan's series of English Statesmen.

A. Tell him also of T. G. Johnson's *Clergy Directory and Parish Guide*, all in one, useful, 4s. 6d. volume.

A GEORGIAN PRINCESS.

FACT—NOT FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VÈRA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' 'THE MARITIME ALPS,' ETC., ETC.

PART V.

THE drama of the sack of Tzonindali is ended; but life has many dramas, and other actors come to jostle off the stage even those players who held the greatest parts. Yet such actors ought not to be forgotten. It is true that neither sunshine nor suncloud lasts for ever, but it is equally true that the circles caused by the fall of a stone into a deep pool go widening on for ever. So before closing this record of a romantic episode in the life of one of the noblest of women, I will tell how, after 1855, it fared with the captors and the captives of Tzonindali, with Schamyl-Imaum, and with the Georgians, both gentle and simple, whom he kept imprisoned for nine months among the mountains of Daghestan.

'*À tout Seigneur tout honneur,*' so we will take first the Imaum, or rather that which was dearer to him than himself, the young Djammal-Ed-din.

I have said that it originally cost the young officer of a Polish regiment a hard struggle even to turn his steps towards those snowy fastnesses where an unknown father's heart yearned for him, and towards which he was really driven by consideration for the sufferings of a score of Christian women and children. Having himself learnt to live the life of Western civilisation, he could realise what a purgatory to the Georgian Princesses of the blood must be the court of the seraglio of Wedène. Having learnt to know both Princess Annette's husband and her sister, Countess Pissarèf, he could better appreciate their longing for reunion with all whom they cherished. What he did not realise was the effect which Wedène, with its savage warriors, its mollahs, its harem, its dirt, its atmosphere of pillage and bigotry and strife, would take upon himself. It cost him a pang to take off his Lancer uniform, but far worse pangs were in store for him. He soon perceived that he was a stranger at his father's hearth, that the narrow bigotry and the fierce fanaticism of muridism (the search after perfection) were to him as an alien tongue. His father's affection was soothing, but the prodigious sacerdotal pretensions of the Imaum appeared to him untenable, while the sport and the earnest of his brothers were alike brutal. As he had known and loved a Christian girl in all the freedom, gaiety, culture, and refinement of a Western home, polygamy was repulsive to him. There

remained, it is true, the pleasures of the chase in a region where the flora and fauna are alike varied. There were the wrestling matches, and the powder factories, the beautiful horses, and the still more beautiful arms, but before many months even these palled on an invalid's nerves. Djammal-Ed-din, sickening at first only from a vague disease, from a nostalgia for the books, pictures, women, and intercourse with other minds to which he had grown accustomed, became at last so seriously suffering, that in the third year after his return to Daghestan the Imaum was alarmed.

He had for long refused to believe that what was so delightful to him was deadly to Djammal-Ed-din, but at last, when he saw that life was in danger, he sent a messenger to the fort of Kurpinsky, to beg Dr. P. Mirsky to come and see his son. Fifteen naibs were to be left with the commandant as hostages for the doctor's safe-conduct to and from the *Aoul* where his patient lay; and to the physician himself a considerable sum was promised, if, trusting himself among the mountains and the mountaineers, he would prescribe for this beloved son. Dr. Mirsky, even more tempted by curiosity than by the bribe, started; but he could only tell the Imaum that he had been summoned all too late. Djammal-Ed-din, attenuated to a shadow, lay in the last stages of a decline, barely able with a sad smile to exchange a few sentences in Russian with the Russian doctor, who had really nothing to offer to him but his pity. The young man died a few weeks after Dr. Mirsky's visit, and after that blow Schamyl-Imaum won no more victories.

He may have begun to doubt his own pretensions, and to despair of his own success, only his campaigns could know no respite. Year after year the regiments of the Tzar beat like tides against the mountain sides; year by year the territory of the tribes grew narrower, and the force accumulated against them greater, and Schamyl, though the spring of his life was broken, made wars because Prince Alexander Bariatinsky, the new Governor-General of the Caucasus, made wars on him. But the Imaum had neither the same daring, nor at Gounib the same luck. On that plateau he did, in the spring of 1859, collect his most faithful troops. There were hardly more than 400 men with him, but Gounib is 4000 feet above the sea, and the spot occupied by his *aoul* is a huge table-land of rock, backed by another rocky range, which attains an altitude of 7712 feet. There the Imaum fancied himself unassailable. The place could not be reduced by famine, and water was abundant, it remained therefore for the Russians to take it, if so be they could force it, 'by assault.' It was on the night of the 6th September (25th August) that a Russian regiment (Apscheron), divided into two battalions, scaled the mountain by the escarpments of its western and south-western faces. The main army attacked the Imaum at the same time in front, so that taken between three fires Schamyl could only surrender. He gave up his sword to General Nicolai, and was conducted to Kharkoff, There

where, on September 15th, he appeared before Emperor Alexander. Interned at Kalonga, he went also to St. Petersburg, where His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales told me that he had seen both the Imaum and his son Hasi-Mahommed. Everything in the Russian cities and capital surprised this old guerilla captain, who said, with great simplicity, that had he known what the Muscovites were like at home, and what resources they possessed, he would never have tried to resist them. To those who met Schamyl there was a thing far more wonderful still, namely, that this ignorant, half-tamed fanatic should have been able for thirty years to keep the Russians at bay.

If Djammal-Ed-din, when transplanted to the hill-tops had sickened and died, to the aged veteran the air of those hill-tops was just as essential. Without it Schamyl grew feeble and blind, and he asked leave before his death to go to Mecca. He died soon after accomplishing his pilgrimage.

The crests of Gounib are now bristling with Russian guns, for from the moment of his capture the subjugation of the Caucasus and its pacification offered no more difficulties. A *razzia* of the tribes did from time to time occur, but it was quickly avenged, and in Daghestan barbarism has fallen, as it always must fall, before the insensible but invincible forces of civilisation.

Let us now return to the Georgian women and children. Princess Annette Tschavtschavadzé survived her captivity many years, was the ornament of society in Tiflis, and was still living there when Alexander Dumas, during his travels, wrote an account of the Lesghian raid on Tzonindali. It may be found in his work, 'Le Caucase,' of which Princess Varvara Orbeliani, who re-read the book only a few months before her death, said to me of it that 'it was almost correct.'

Madame Drancey returned to Paris, where she found that her mother had died during her absence, ignorant, poor old lady, of her daughter's safety under the wing of the Princesses. The French-woman wrote a narrative of her adventures, which, like Dumas's pages, is 'almost correct,' and then died in Paris. The cause of her death was a painful complaint in the stomach, brought on by privations and bad food, one which proved fatal not only to her, but also finally to Princess Orbeliani, as to two more of the women who had spent nine months in the seraglio of Wedène. Catherine the maid lived to a good old age, tyrannising a little, as treasured servants are apt to do, over her mistress and over Prince George Orbeliani; because whenever she was crossed in any way she could always refer pathetically to her trials in the *acouls* of Schamyl.

Prince George, brought up with extreme care and tenderness, went into the *corps des pages*, entered at eighteen on the enjoyment of the pension which had been accumulating for him since his father's death, and then got a commission in one of the light cavalry regiments of

the Imperial Guard. His mother, when not beside him, lived with her own mother, the aged Tzarèvna Anastasia, or assisted her sister Princess Catherine in relieving the poor of Moscow.

In the autumn of 1883, the health of Princess Orbeliani, always delicate, became so impaired that she was ordered from that cold climate to Cannes. She reached it early in January, and seemed to rally. Seated on the terrace of the Hôtel Continental, she would give me details of her life with Schamyl, or peruse eagerly the accounts from the seat of the war then waging in the Soudan. The destruction of the Mahometan power in the East was her preoccupation. I reminded her that England possessed many millions of Mahometan subjects, and that we must deal with them so as not to alienate them. The Princess shook her head, and replied, 'Believe me, it is the great enemy.' I conceded that for centuries Persians and Turks had ravaged Georgia, and that her own life and that of her sister and her child had once been at the mercy of a fanatical Mussulman. I bade her remark also that the great square *vigié* of Cannes before our eyes at the moment had been built by Abbot Adelbert to defend the coast from the Barbary pirates; while on the Lérins island, in the bay of Cannes, St. Porcaire and all his monks had been massacred one Whitsunday morning by the Corsairs; but here at least it is the Christians who now have the best of it, since in the fortress of St. Marguérite the French keep a number of Khrôumir prisoners. She smiled, but she repeated, 'It is the great enemy,' and she said that she wished all success to General Gordon. She hoped the English Government would support him, and that an expedition so fatal to the power of the False Prophet, and so certain to raise the condition of women in Egypt, might succeed. The intelligence of the battle of El-Teb was the last piece of news she ever heard, and her eyes glistened as she listened to the account of the feats of the 10th Lancers. Even in her sufferings she rejoiced in one more victory gained over the Crescent.

Prince George was not with her at that time. She had on first coming to Cannes appeared to regain so much strength, that her son, newly appointed to the command of a regiment of Kossacks beyond Geok-tepé, had felt himself able to leave her in our care. Not, it is true, without the most gloomy forebodings, foretastes of all that he was to feel when hastily summoned back to Cannes. He arrived along with her niece, that Princess Nina Baratoff who had shared the captivity at Wedène. Alas! they were not in time, after a journey of twenty-one days and nights, to share the nursing given to Princess Orbeliani by her only surviving brother, Prince Nicholas of Georgia, by Mademoiselle Demidoff, and by Lady H——, or even to find still alive that adored mother, whose singular devotion her son had received ever since the hour of his birth. The room which the young Colonel of Kossacks so hurriedly entered was deserted—the bed was empty; he was an orphan, and the last of his race.

We could only tell him of the heroism of Princess Varvara's last days, of her struggle to accept the Will of God in this absence of the son who was to her more than all the world; of her resignation, of her gratitude to her nurses, of her last Sacrament, and of the funeral at Nice. There, among two hundred candles, this daughter of the Georgian kings had received the 'last kiss' of her five mourners, after which the coffin had been carried by us to the vault to wait for his coming. Princess Nina Baratoff wept as she sat opposite the empty bed, and as she did not speak French or even Russian, we could only in a dumb show describe to her the death of her aunt, the service of the *lit de parade*, and the hallelujahs of the office over the dead; the narrative interspersed with the '*Gospodi pomiloui!*' ('Lord, have mercy upon us!') of the liturgy, as the only words which she and we knew in common. We kissed her. Prince George kissed our hands. I signed his forehead with the Cross, as his mother had been wont to do, and I bade him hasten to Nice to claim all that was mortal of the beloved Georgian Princess. Ten days later, under the charge of Princess Nina, the remains were taken away, and they now rest in Varvara's native country, at Mtzkhétha, beside the tombs of the kings who were her ancestors.

Georgia is now a mere province, one where Schamyl's name is but a legend, and if any troubles arise in the country they come from the tyranny of the Orthodox over the Christians of the Gregorian rite. Since the defeat of the great Imaum the paths from the Neva to the Euphrates and to the Oxus are all open. Of old, the migration of the barbarians was through the 'gates of the Caucasus' upon the west, but now, at the close of the nineteenth century, and through those portals and defiles which Schamyl held and which Bariatinsky won, Russia is passing to the accomplishment of that mission in Central and Eastern Asia, which her soldiers are wont to term '*divine.*'

From the Caucasus they have marched to Khiva, to Geok-tepé, and to Pendjeh. The lands which they have conquered are in themselves neither worth taking nor worth keeping, countries containing but few oases of either peace or plenty; but they offer an outlet for Russian trade, and they open the way to British India.

Homiakoff has put into verse a sentiment towards our Indian supremacy, which I discussed one day with Prince George Orbeliani. He frankly admitted that it was a popular one, and that it sketched a future for the Russian empire which could not begin to be realised so long as Schamyl held out in the Caucasus, but which was now within the limits of practical politics. Here are the lines, as translated by Princess Léonide P——. They are addressed to England, and to the Anglican Church—

‘Freeborn daughter of the ocean,
Mother of a sturdy race,
Full of bloom and life and motion,
Verdant fields and fragrant grace.

Who can match the sword thou drewest?
Who thy haughty flag withstand?
Who repel the bolts thou throwest
Over seas and over land?

Far and wide thy might extending
Used to strike without delay;
Thou see'st nations meekly bending
Under thy victorious sway.

But as thou art so ambitious,
And so eager of applause,
Self-elated and malicious,
To outwit both friends and foes,

*As thy Church thou foully keepest,
Doomed to serve thy worldly skill,
Soon may all the good thou reapest,
Melt before a higher will.*

Vain may prove thy warlike thunder,
And thy word of no avail—
Thy wide flag be torn asunder,
And the ocean mock thy sail.

*And some faithful Christian power
May succeed by God's command,
O'er His blessed world to lower
And to rule o'er seas and land.'*

Russians believe in their mission, and this belief served to console, as we have seen, the children of Queen Tamara, the descendants of ninety kings, both for their own abasement and for the subjection of Georgia to the Muscovite rule. How hard is that rule is proved by the fact that no private family can at this moment, without an official permission, hold a friendly gathering of more than ten persons. The national schools of Georgia are closed, and the magistrates are Russian. If this be the Russian idea of the 'deliverance' of a people, it is not wonderful that Bulgaria struggles long before succumbing to such a 'deliverance' and to such a paternal government. All things are by comparison, so it is possible that it might not even be considered to be a pleasant one in Afghanistan.

‘MOTHER HARRIET.’**A MEMORIAL.**

DOUBTLESS many of your readers may be interested in hearing that it is proposed by the Rev. A. G. Day, who succeeded the Rev. Claude Hankey last year in the charge of the Mission of the Holy Saviour at Folkestone, to erect a permanent Church for that district as a memorial of the life and work of Mother Harriet (Hon. Mrs. Monsell), the first Superior of the Community of St. John the Baptist, Clewer, who spent the last years of her devoted life at Folkestone. The starting of the Mission about eight years ago, in one of the poorest parts of Folkestone, and in the midst of a population of over 3000 working people, owes much to the intense zeal and interest which Mother Harriet threw into the scheme (as those who know the Memoir of her life by Canon Carter will remember, see page 207); and it is felt that there could not be a more suitable memorial to one, whose life was devoted to the service of God, than a Church built to His glory, and for the benefit of His poor. It is impossible for the parishioners themselves to raise a sufficient sum to defray the cost of a permanent Church, as there is not one rich resident in the district, the streets of which consist entirely of small cheap dwellings for the working-classes. The Clewer Sisters have a Mission Cottage in the district, and are doing a good work among the people, hundreds of whom are of the very poorest. Besides the temporary iron Church (where there are frequent and hearty services, and a daily Celebration), there is a Mission School and a Working Men's Institute, and branches of the Church of England Temperance and Working Men's Societies. Only those who have watched the work from the beginning can know under what difficulties these things have been carried on, and what earnest, self-denying lives have been devoted to it by past and present labourers. Will not every one who has read Mother Harriet's life, and been helped, as many must have been by the record of that bright and beautiful example, give some small offering to help erect a church to her memory, in the midst, and for the use of some of our poorer brothers and sisters, and for the glory of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me?'

The smallest contributions towards the above object will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the undersigned, or donations

may be paid to the credit of the St. Saviour's Church Fund, National and Provincial Bank (Folkestone Branch).

(Miss) A. M. HEWETT,
Colebrooke House,
Folkestone.

The Rev. A. G. Day has received the following letter from the Rev. T. T. Carter, Warden of the House of Mercy, Clewer—

‘St. John's Lodge, Clewer,
‘January 9th, 1888.

‘MY DEAR MR. DAY,

‘I shall be most thankful if you are able to carry out your design for a permanent Church at St. Saviour's Mission. It was a work very near Mother Harriet's heart, and she had very much to do with its commencement. I remember well the collecting card for it, which was always near at hand in her room, and she did not fail to use any opportunity in her power to circulate it, asking her many friends to help. It was constantly on her mind to think what she could do to forward the work. That it should have grown to its present stature, and that it might be crowned by the Church which you have planned, would have been to her a most delightful prospect. Beside the brass in the House of Mercy Chapel, there is really no memorial of Mother Harriet, and for one whose life was given for far more than her own community, a public memorial would seem most fitting, and would be welcomed by very many. I do not know where it would be better than in the place where the last days of her devoted life was passed, and where, in such suffering and oppressive weakness, she so long continued to throw her remarkable energies into every good work that came before her.

‘Believe me,

‘Very sincerely yours,

‘T. T. CARTER.’

ZOLTÁN BÁCSI.*

BY TRÉFAY.

VI.

LATICS ÁRPÁD had left the mountain village and Mariska went about the house singing, for the first time after her father's death—singing that charming little farewell song of Petöfy's, with the refrain—

‘Isten hozzád, édes,
Isten hozzád, kedves,
Galambooskám!’ †

She did not give a sad thought to the prospect of having to leave her mountain home. Life would be sweet everywhere by his side, and if it were to be on the wide, dreary plain of the Alföld, which she often declared in former times would make her eyes ache by its very monotony. But they would not have to live in such dreary places. He was to be quartered at Graz, and he was thought a very able officer with a promising career opening before him. They would live in that lovely town on the banks of the Mur, and he hoped to persuade her mother to live with them; the change might do her good, and there were celebrated physicians living there, and she might get well and happy again.

‘Sárgul a hold az ég alján;
Mind a kettünk oly halovány!’ ‡

Why did those sad, melancholy lines haunt her memory? She was not pale. The old-fashioned mirror with the frame of cut glass gave back a bright face glowing with health and happiness, and a smile that seemed to defy misfortune.

Who was that talking in her mother's room?

Oh, it was only Juli Néni's doleful voice. But what name did she say just now? Was it not Latics Árpád's?

The girl stood motionless, listening attentively; and as she listened her colour was coming and going, and she made a step towards the door, then stopped again and listened on, with her teeth set firmly and her eyes flashing.

* The right of translation is reserved.

† ‘God be with thee, my sweet one,
God be with thee, my dear one,
Own dovie mine!’

‡ ‘The moon is rising pale in the sky
We are both as pale, you and I!’

The doleful voice was heard saying—

‘*Hát édes, Etelkám!* (well, my sweet Etel), I was of opinion you knew it all along. Of course, he was staying at Zoltán Bácsi’s, and it seems he admires your Mariska. No wonder, she is so pretty and lovable. It is certainly a great pity he should come from such an upstart family, for his father is said to have been a *Bach-Huszár* of the worst kind, somewhere in the Alföld, you know, and to have been oppressing the Hungarian patriots. *Jaj*, it seems quite dreadful there should be such bad men!’

‘And the young man?’ Etel was heard to ask with difficulty.

‘*Hát, édesem*, I don’t know. I don’t believe what people are saying, but they do say he is something like his father; and who can tell whether he has not been sent from Vienna as a kind of spy?’

‘This is a lie!’ burst in an indignant voice, and Mariska stood before the gossiping woman, her lips trembling and her hands clenched. ‘Shame on you, Juli Néni, to tell such abominable stories! Whatever his father has been, *he* is good and brave and true and generous—he is the best and the dearest, and I love him! Do you hear? I love him, and I shall stand by him against you all!’

Juli Néni was frightened out of her wits on seeing the flashing eyes of the young girl, who seemed to have become a woman suddenly. She began to stammer excuses, and retreated towards the door, when she stumbled against Gizela Néni, who had just entered and overheard Mariska’s fiery speech. Softly putting her hand on the girl’s shoulder, Gizela Néni tried to soothe her, when Etel, whose face had assumed again that dreaded look of insanity, half rose from her sofa, stamped her foot and cried—

‘Mariska, you will not marry that low-born fellow! I forbid you! If you do, you will kill me!’

Then she staggered and fell to the ground.

Mariska threw herself with a wild cry over her mother; the two elder ladies tried to raise the invalid; but she was senseless.

Porubska ran to fetch the doctor, who had been seen at the village by Gizela. He came directly, and by-and-by succeeded to call Etel to life again. She was put to bed, and the doctor remained with her, sending away the two ladies who offered their services.

When Gizela parted from Juli Néni, she said, with a passion almost foreign to her mild and even temper—

‘Well, I heard it all! You *are* a bad woman, Juli! and all I hope is that your daughters may be old maids, all three of them!’

VII.

THE Tátrafalusys were holding a family council in the ‘*Torony*.’ That dilapidated old building had probably formed, centuries ago, the watch-gate of some lordly mansion that had passed away like the

glory of the old family. A high and narrow building with an enormous gateway was all that was left of the ancestral stronghold, which, being built just on the bank of a rather wide mountain stream and leaning against a steep rocky hill, might in the olden times have held out a good long while when properly defended.

The *Torony* had no particular owner, but was the common property of the family. It only contained one room that might be called habitable, but whose bare walls and trellised windows gave it a prison-like appearance.

Zoltán Bácsi, the head of the family, presided. All the Nénis, whose presence at the family meeting was an exception to the general rule, but who had been asked by special wish of his, were seated on both sides, while the Bácsis occupied the lower end of the long deal table.

When it was stated that all the members of the assembly were present, Zoltán Bácsi cleared his throat and began with a good deal of solemnity—

‘*Kedves* (dear) *Máli néni, kedves hugaim** and *öcseim*,† I am glad you have all done me the honour of following my invitation, as I have a matter of some importance to lay before you. I am but a poor speaker, and even when I was a Member of the Debreczen Parliament in the glorious time of our War of Independence——’

‘*Éljen, Zoltán Bácsi!*’ put in the Ablegate, who felt the necessity of stating his patriotism.

‘*Éljen, Éljen!*’ cried the other Bácsis, joined by Irma Néni, the Ablegate’s wife, while Juli Néni, who felt a misgiving as to what was to come, took out her pocket-handkerchief and began to wipe her eyes.

‘*Köszönöm szépen!* (thank you kindly). Well, as I was going to say, even in those glorious days I never felt inclined to making a speech, but restrained myself to voting. To-day, however, I wish the gift of eloquence were granted to me, so that I might make you feel as I do, and induce you to join me in protecting and standing up for my dearly-beloved cousin, Mariska, that poor dear orphan who lost her father by an early death, and may be said to have almost lost her mother by worse than death.’

‘*Bizony!*’ (indeed) nodded Máli Néni, and ‘*Bizony szegény!*’ (indeed, the poor one) chimed in all the other Nénis, Juli Néni keeping on wiping her eyes, and actually producing a small flood of tears.

... ‘The fact which I have to make known to you is this. A clever and honest young man of estimable family, Latics Árpád, who is well known to you all as a friend of mine, wrote to me asking for Mariska’s hand. He says he loved her long and won her affection, for, being a sensible fellow, he applied to the girl first, and, having made sure of her inclination, he addressed himself to me, and asked my consent and that of the girl’s guardians. He will make his way in his

* My nieces or my younger relations.

† My nephews or my younger relations.

profession, I think, for he has been called to the Staff lately and been made a captain. There is nothing to be said against him, for all I know.'

'Nothing in the world,' remarked Irma Néni. 'He is quite a *parti*! I should be most happy to have him for a son-in-law.'

'He is wonderfully handsome!' cried a dark-eyed Néni, who was considered a sad flirt.

'And he is so fond of her!' sighed Gizela Néni.

'*Jaj*, Gizela! you are so——'

But Máli Néni was silenced by the president, who, bowing to the ladies, continued—

'I am very glad my *protégé* found grace before all the fair eyes of our family, for, say what we may, the ladies are carrying the point, always carrying the point. Now, *öcsém*'—turning towards the Bácsis—'I hope you too approve of the match.'

Then Lehel Bácsi, in top-boots, with the grease shining on them, rose, blinked a little with his left eye, which was rather weak, whirled his moustaches, and said, with a great amount of lungs—

'I am sorry to say, *bátyám* (my elder brother), I cannot share your approval of the match. I am a patriot, as you all know. I shall never bow to the Double Eagle, and I could never welcome as a relation the son of one of the oppressors of Hungary. The father was a *Bach-Huszar*—the son cannot marry into our family!'

'*Teremtette!*' cried Zoltán Bácsi. 'I should have expected anything sooner than your making that young man answerable for what his father has been—you, *öcsém*, the champion of liberty and impartiality—you, who are as fierce an enemy of the existing Hungarian Government as you were of Bach's—you, who, want to kill any monarch and to upset any kind of monarchy, although, excuse me for saying it, you would never so much as harm a fly, and only assert your political fanaticism by wearing top-boots and a laced coat and a *kalpag*! * You ought to try getting the young fellow over to your party! I don't know about your being successful,' he added, with a rather malicious smile, 'I really don't know; but at any rate you ought not to care whether his father was a tailor or a *Bach-Huszar*!'

'I only meant to say,' stammered Lehel Bácsi, looking ruefully at his top-boots, 'that he persecuted the patriots, and therefore——'

'Did he though? Now listen to me, *öcsém*. I know you love our dear country, and would do anything for those who fought for her in '48. We all opposed the Bach Government, and were right in doing so; for it was forced upon us in direct opposition to our ancient Constitution, for whose defence we were all ready to die.'

'*Éljen!*' cried the Ablegate; and '*Éljen, éljen az alkotmány!*' (the Constitution) thundered the chorus.

'*Jó van* (it is well). But we all must confess that the Bach Government, in spite of its being unlawful in itself, was a reign of

* Hungarian hat.

order and regularity—good things indeed for hot-blooded enthusiasts as we Hungarians are—and we must further own that a small minority of the Bach officials were honest, tolerant men, who did their best in making things endurable for us, and would occasionally wink an official eye or both. Foremost among that minority was Latics, my young friend's father. He was belonging to a Moravian family; his wife was German; therefore he had no possible reason for refusing an appointment under Bach, and he was sent to the south-east of Hungary. He ruled as leniently as he possibly could, and without his discretion, and even active help which might have cost him his office, our late dear brother, who after the surrender of Világos was hiding for about a year at different places in the south-eastern Comitates, would probably have shared a dungeon at the Spielberg or Kufstein, instead of being able to make his escape to Turkey. You, *öcsém*, know all this as well as I do, only you were unacquainted with the fact of Árpád's being the son of him who saved our late brother from prison, perhaps from death, else you would never have spoken against him, for we were always loving brothers, *ugy-e?* (were we not).

'So we were, and always will be!' said Lehel Bácsi, with a shaking voice. 'I did not know of this, or I should never have said a word against the young man. He shall be welcome to me as a relation.'

'*Éljen* Lehel Bácsi!' cried the chorus.

Old Máli Néni had been listening attentively, with her hand at her ear, all the time. On believing the debate to be closed, she thought it right to remark a point that nobody seemed to have thought of.

'This is all very well,' she said, 'and your speech, Zoltán, was a fine one, although speeches were grander to listen to in old times, when they were made in Latin. We did not understand much of them, to be sure, but it sounded solemn, almost like High Mass.'

'But, mamma, what is the good of listening to what one does not understand?'

'*Jaj*, Gizela, you make me so impatient——'

'Never mind Gizela, dear Máli Néni,' said Zoltán Bácsi, with his amused smile. 'Please tell us your opinion on the subject. It will be of great importance to know what such a well-experienced old lady has to say to it.'

'*Hát!* I have had some experience, and therefore I do disapprove of love-matches in general. *Jaj*, Gizela, you need not wink at me! Don't be afraid I shall tell them all the foolish things you will talk and do! But love-matches never did any good in our family, and I was going to say, we should think of what we are due to our family. The young people hardly know what the Tátrafalusys really are. There is a saying that we may claim our descent from Aba Samu, brother-in-law of King Stephen the Saint, and himself third king of Hungary.'

'I don't care for descent from royalty!' murmured Lehel Bácsi.

‘And I don’t care for what Republicans say, who abolished *Robot* (Socage-Service) and all other privileges enjoyed by the nobility.’

‘Lehel, *silentium!*’ said Zoltán Bácsi. ‘Please to go on, Máli Néni; he will not interrupt you again. We were just arrived at Aba Samu, although our descent from him is rather dubious, you know.’

‘*Jaj*, don’t talk, Zoltán! It is as clear as light. Well, centuries later, about the time when people went to fight in the Holy Land, our great ancestor, Count Elemér, was among them, and he returned, and was appointed Comes of our Comitatus, and owned all the land in this part of the Karpathian Mountains, and from him we can trace our pedigree down to this day, pure and unmixed. Now, you know, Zoltán, it would never do for the daughter of such a noble race to marry a nobody!’

‘Excuse me, *édes Máli Néni!*’ said the Ablegate’s wife, lifting up her pretty little nose, ‘times are altered now, and people of education do not care much about privileges and descent. Latics Árpád is an excellent *parti*; and I should be most happy to give him any of my daughters, if they were grown up. Now for a girl who has not a kreuzer in the world, like Mariska——’

‘I beg your pardon, *kedves hugom*, for interrupting you,’ said Zoltán Bácsi, ‘Mariska is not quite so poor as you think. You know I bought up at the public sale all those fields and alps and forests of poor János’s, that had been his wife’s property, and had formerly belonged to my own dear parents. All that, including the house and its appendages, will be made over to Mariska on the day of her marriage, as her own and undisputable property. I never mentioned this plan to anybody, as I wished to know whether Árpád’s love for the girl was strong enough to make him abstain from all worldly advantages. It has proved so; and that is saying something in our days.’

‘How sly of you!’ cried Náci Bácsi, with a forced laugh. He was the father of yawning Cousin Károly, and would not have been unwilling to patch up his son’s shattered fortune, and his own, with Zoltán Bácsi’s money. ‘Still, I cannot help thinking,’ he added, ‘that Mariska would be happier with an independent gentleman of her own family than with an officer and a stranger. The army was never popular in Hungary.’

‘It was disliked while it was sent to keep down our legitimate aspirations; but since the Sovereign and the Nation have made their peace, and our army has become a national one, and every one has to serve, be he a peasant or from the gentlest blood, since that time it has been getting more and more popular, and the prejudice against the military profession is gradually disappearing.’

‘Maybe; but an independent gentleman of good family——’

‘What do you call an independent gentleman of good family, *öesém?* Young men, magnates or belonging to the gentry, that unite

a long pedigree to large property or fortune, are scarce; young men, however, of noble blood, but leading a useless life because they think a useful one beneath their dignity, are numerous in Hungary, and, I am sorry to say, only too numerous among our own family, and I freely declare, that being an old bachelor without any male heir of my own, I should be sorry to leave the estate of my ancestors or give the hand of my ward to any of those fashionable idlers!’

There was a dead silence, and Zoltán Bácsi went on—

‘Now let us come to the point. We are all of opinion that the young man is worthy of Mariska’s hand. But her mother, poor soul! opposes the match in quite an unaccountable manner. I am afraid mischief has been done by some gossip or other—harmlessly meant, perhaps——’

‘Perfectly harmless, I assure you, *Kedves Zoltán Bácsi!*’ whimpered Juli Néni, her eyes streaming with tears. Her sallow face had been growing more and more livid in the course of the debate, and her pocket-handkerchief as wet as if she had by accident dropped it into the mountain stream and cleverly fished it out again. When Zoltán Bácsi’s speech, however, turned upon the mother’s obstinate opposition, she began to fidget, and as the words ‘mischief’ and ‘gossip’ came forth, she pitifully turned her eyes from Zoltán Bácsi towards Gizela, who looked as like daggers at her as her mild blue eyes would allow.

Zoltán Bácsi did not seem to notice the interruption, but placidly went on—

‘Harmlessly meant, but awkwardly done. In fact, poor Etel, who always was a stubborn person——’

‘An iron-headed Calvinist!’ put in Máli Néni, nodding her head violently.

‘A stubborn person, and never would listen to reason, has grown worse by her illness, and now has taken it into her poor bewildered head that her daughter is, on no account whatever, to be the wife of Latics Árpád. Mischief cannot be undone, but it may be mended. Therefore, I propose that we all here assembled sign a written declaration saying that we feel honoured by the proposal of marriage for our dear cousin, and most ready to welcome Latics Árpád as a member of our family, and that István is intrusted to convey that declaration to Mariska’s mother.’

‘*Éljen Zoltán Bacsí, Éljen!*’ shouted the chorus, all the ladies joining in it and waving their handkerchiefs, Juli Néni shouting the loudest and waving her tear-wet pocket-handkerchief like a flag grown damp and flabby by a thick fog.

The Ablegate quickly drew up a writing to the purpose, which was read out loud with much solemnity and was highly praised, and signed by the assembly. After which there was much kissing and hand-shaking, and a little crying with emotion on the part of the ladies, and *Éljen* shouting on that of the gentlemen; and then they

separated, contented with having done a good deed, Juli Néni the most contented of all, for she had been quite desperate at having incurred Zoltán Bácsi's displeasure—Zoltán Bácsi, who had given a handsome *trousseau* to her eldest daughter at her marriage, and would, no doubt, do the same for the three younger ones when their turn would come.

VIII.

THE solemn declaration given by the Tátrafalusy family did not impress the invalid lady's mind so much as Mariska had hoped that it would. A gleam of joy rose in the girl's sad eyes, and a hopeful smile lingered on her pale face, when she thought of the plan; but the smile and the radiant look died both away on observing her mother's slow and apparently indifferent perusal of the declaration.

The Ablegate, who, with all his oratory fuss, and a certain pomposity of manner, possessed much sound sense and practical knowledge of the world and people, thought it better not to take the paper himself to the invalid woman, but simply to send it to her, adding a few words to the purpose: that the young man having asked his, the guardian's, consent, he had thought it proper to consult the family, and they unanimously having declared the offer acceptable and even flattering, he left the ultimate decision entirely to the wisdom of the mother.

Etel looked at the writing again and again, read it aloud as if she wished to impress the words on her mind by means of the sound, then suddenly started up and exclaimed—

‘Mariska, this is the *Bach-Huszár*!’

‘No, *édes* mamma,’ said the girl sadly, ‘you are mistaken; he is far too young for having ever been one.’

‘Silly child! What do you know? It is he! I well recollect Juli telling me something bad of him—what was it? My head is so odd now sometimes, ever since I fainted the other day. That's it! I know—she told me he is a spy, and I forbade you to marry him; and so I do now!’

‘*Édes* mamma, Juli Néni must have been mistaken. She signed the writing herself; don't you see her name among the others? Here it is—*Tátrafalusy Ignacné, született Tátrafalusy Juli*.’*

‘Oh yes, and here is Zoltán's too! It is he that made them do it! He is at the bottom of the intrigue. I understand it all! He wants to revenge himself. My daughter's hand and fortune are to go to a spy, to an adventurer, to a criminal. It would be indeed a fine revenge!’

‘How can you think of such a thing! He means so kindly.’

‘Hush, child!’ Etel whispered. ‘That is impossible! How could he mean kindly, after all I did to him. I deceived him, because I wanted to marry your poor father, who was an elegant cavalier and

* Ignac Tátrafalusy's wife, born Juli Tátrafalusy.

in love with Gizela, and I was haughty and vain of my beauty, and could not bear another woman to be admired. It was bad—it was all wrong from 'the beginning; but, don't you see, doing wrong and making people wretched does one good sometimes.'

And she uttered a short laugh—she who had never smiled for years. It was a fearful laugh, and made Mariska shudder.

'Don't think of old wrong-doings, *édes mamma*,' she said; 'we are neither of us without sin. Let us rather think of the future. It might be a bright one for us all—we might be happy, you and I and Árpád; and all my life would be a blighted one, if I could not be my dear one's own.'

'Of course you will be wretched,' said Etel, 'you must be! It is our fate. I never knew happiness; you will never know it. It cannot be helped.'

'But it might be, mamma. You seemed to like Árpád, and papa liked him—he wrote to me about him; and you——'

'Did I like him? I never saw him, nor did your father. They made you believe it only. It is all an intrigue. It must be one. And you shall not marry that man. I will not have it! It would be the death of me!'

Mariska did not say another word. Her poor mother seemed to be right so far: happiness was not to be in store for either of them.

On being questioned by Gizela Néni, she quietly told her that she meant to give up all thoughts of love and marriage—that she would do nothing against her mother's wishes.

'Did you write to tell Árpád so?' asked soft-hearted Gizela Néni.

'I have not done so yet, but I shall do it. I want to feel calmer before I can think of telling him—it seems like strangling oneself.'

'And I am sure you are very wrong in sacrificing your life's happiness to the whim of a mad woman.'

The word was spoken, and Gizela Néni felt very much ashamed at having said it. Mariska grew a shade paler.

'Do you think poor mamma is mad?' she said. 'I, too, have thought so sometimes. But then she is the more to be pitied, and I do so wish to make her feel a little more contented and quiet. Whatever may be my fate in life, at least I shall try to do my duty.'

'Your fate? Your mother will die, and then they will make you marry some man you dislike.'

'That shall never be!' cried Mariska passionately. 'Nobody will *make* me do things—such things that would lower me in my own eyes.'

And so she went on doing her daily work. Her colour was fading, her eyes were getting more and more deep; but she never complained.

'We must do something to cheer up that poor girl!' said Zoltán Bácsi one day, when he met Gizela Néni, who lazily walked up the village. 'How do matters stand between her and Árpád? I have not heard from him for a long time.'

'It is all up between them. She wrote to him about a week ago to tell him so. But you ought to talk to her, Zoltán Bácsi.'

'Talk to a woman, *kedvesem*? Quite in vain—perfectly in vain. I have come to know the girl lately. She is as iron-headed as her poor mother—only she is good and true and devoted with it. But she does look ill, poor thing! Don't you think a drive up to Javorovica would do her good? Perhaps you will do me the honour of accompanying her? Let us fix on the day after to-morrow.'

'I shall be delighted, Zoltán Bácsi, if there is not any exertion required, for you know I am a poor walker.'

'Better say a lazy one, *kedves hugom*.'

(To be continued.)

PUNCTUATION.

It has lately fallen to my lot to read many MSS.; some from known writers, others from writers who most probably never will be known; and so in doing I could not but marvel repeatedly at the erratic punctuation common to most of these. Amateurs often have an idea that 'the printers punctuate'; so they may do; but, with all due deference to a sorely-tried body of men, no man worth his ink would allow any one but himself (except suggestively) to mark a point of his proof. All good modern writers pay great attention to their stops, and, when *reading* professionally, I confess to being biased in favour of a MS. which tells at the first glance that its writer is sufficiently cultivated to know how valuable an addition this point of style makes to his expression of sense. Punctuation is an artificial device for producing the most (*ideal*) natural effect. Stops are not decorative objects but symbols of short mental pauses,—to produce in reading aloud an accent and a rhythm which give the desired connection and emphasis to ideas on the same subject; or that separate one from another announcements relevant to each subject in turn.

There are higher rules in punctuation, effects of style to be produced by a master-hand's use of technicalities,* but the first principles of punctuation are so easily learnt that only experience in MSS. could make one believe how few know them, even among those ambitious of authorship. I begin with the simpler points, and speak of mistakes which I have seen made in MSS. sent to my publisher.

(1) Most of us know what is a full-stop. In MSS. the usual mistakes are in carelessly forgetting it, in writing it as a dash, in not using ! or ? where required, and in not forming ideas into sentences which oftener require it. Some sentences,—with one tail inside the other like the stalks of a daisy-chain,—would be much clearer and better for being written anew,—the ideas in each section requiring a separate statement with perhaps a full-stop at the end of each. Short of *jerkiness*, the frequent employment of the full-stop is good. Present one idea at a time, and then, when you have done with it, put a full-stop. If needful, to mark a yet greater distinction between what you have said and what you are going to say, begin on the next line, which device means:—Here is another *thought*! This is a paragraph.†

* Tennyson's punctuation is perfect, and greatly enhances the beauty of style for which he is so peculiarly remarkable.

† The new line is used to mark a new speaker in many dialogues, without full-stops in the preceding line, to represent interrupted sentences, etc.

(2) The next simplest stop to use is a ?. No one who has any idea of what he is saying, save from carelessness, can possibly make a mistake in this. Wherever there is a question there is a query. How many times do amateurs forget it? *

(3) Very simple is the rule for !. Any exclamation, or any use of a direct address, (the Latin vocative case,) requires this mark either after the interjection or at the end of the sentence. Also, many authoritative commands, in the imperative mood, will necessitate this note, which tells the reader to use a sharper staccato. It is also a sign of an amused tone of voice.†

(4) Sentences should contain but one idea, but before concluding with a full-stop the writer may desire to present immediately various links which render the idea more complete. The colon is a stop which no printer seems to like and which authors scarcely know how to use. I remember in a passage in MS. since published seeing that an author had put a long closely-connected argument in the form of colon-clauses, with a few semi-colons in each. It was specially suited to this treatment. In *proof* however the printers put no colons, except one or two accidentally where semi-colons are employed! It is a clear rule that *colons are only interchangeable with full-stops*: in this sentence a semi-colon would be incorrect; but above where there is the colon I might, (and save for the sake of illustration should,) have put a full-stop. In poetry, in dignified narration, in logical argument, where there are two sentences which *might* otherwise be divided by a full-stop, the correct use of the colon adds literary beauty. No colon is rightly employed instead of a semi-colon, and on the other hand as used to precede a direct quotation with a dash (:—) the semi-colon must not be written, as it often is.

(5) The semi-colon is used, especially by more careful writers, very often whenever a sentence is complete in words *within* the whole sentence; at the end of each piece of description which makes up the narrative in a longer sentence; at the outset of a new clause, which is in *antithesis* to the last, beginning with such a word as 'but' or 'except,' etc. A comma may often serve in its place for practical purposes where the separate clauses do not require much emphasis. The sentence will be paused upon by a good reader where the clauses are semi-coloned; but it is for the good writer to mark the *weight* of his words, in treating his subject where needful by 'heavy stopping.' Semi-colons should be employed even in light narration if there are already ordinary commas with which these substitute-commas might be confounded.

(6) The comma is used to mark the slight natural pauses in parts

* Such mistakes, partly the fault of the printer, are found in published works not from a first-class publisher.

† In this connection may be mentioned the fact that, save in poetry, 'Oh!' is an exclamation; 'O!' must be followed by some name:—'Oh! how dreadful!' 'O passer-by, beware!'

of phrases; also between words where the conjunctions 'and,' 'or,' etc., are omitted.*

The comma is used for slight parentheses, for short clauses, and in case of ellipses. A comma should be employed in poetry, usually, and, very often, in prose where a word might be and is not repeated. Too many commas are signs of stiffness, but it is better to use them freely at first; that is, to put them in wherever they are *correct* till the learner knows where with effect they may be left out. Here again comes in the question of thinking how you want your words to be read.†

(7) In lighter writing a dash may occasionally be used to prolong a pause after comma or semi-colon: this does not change the character of the pointing, but often clears the sense. Words between two dashes are parenthetical, and must form a clause of themselves, tested by our being able to read the sentence as perfect without them.

(8) The parenthesis proper follows the same rule, whatever it contains it must exclude nothing essential (at least in grammar) to the complete sentence. The sentence should be perfectly complete without the parenthetical link, but a good parenthesis represents an important element in thought, and where it is useful it is often beautiful. Awkward parentheses are a beginner's favourite mistakes.

(9) No other supplementary aids to a reader have been left unnoticed, except quotation-marks: the use of double or single quotation marks is a matter of the publisher's or editor's taste; but every writer should represent what is professedly or actually borrowed from another's speech or writing by these enclosing marks.

Probably these explanations will seem platitudes to some, and unnecessary, if true, to others; but indeed a great many people do not give this smallest proof of saying what they mean and meaning what they say to a

PUBLISHER'S READER.

* It is an affectation of certain young men now to omit these commas:—'Law Logic and Literature: Army Navy and other National Defences'; but to my mind it is ambiguous, and, were it not that all affectations demand care at first, appears only idle.

† Look how differently the meaning reads, the emphasis falls, on the preceding sentence, if the commas are omitted on either side of 'very often.' By *forcing* the reader to pause on the 'usually' and on the 'very often' I imply that there are marked exceptions to these occasions; otherwise, possibly, the exceptions would be unimportant.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

BY MRS. KÉIE MOILLIET.

THERE is a wonderful fascination about the story of Babel. Many of us will recall the familiar engraving in the Sunday picture-books of our childhood—a circular tower with a spiral staircase winding up to the top. Later on, we watch the children as they build a model tower with their toy bricks. Perhaps we feel with them, in the inevitable collapse, as we think how often we, too, have planned and schemed, scarcely wiser than they, only to share the fate of the tower-builders. It may be doubted, however, whether the stereotyped round tower, dear to German engravers, ever could be made to stand. Anyhow, it cannot be traced to any recognisable authority, nor could it support a great height.

In a former paper, 'An Old-World Legend,' we alluded to the fact that the Tower of Babel was probably built in the form of a pyramid. We would here give some of the reasons for thinking so. We would not for a moment lose sight of the immense antiquity of this period, and the impossibility of forming any absolute theory as to the shape of the Tower, or the intentions of the builders. But, relatively to others, we venture to think this supposition would best meet the circumstances as far as we know them.

In the very brief account of the building of Babel given in Genesis, we find only a hint as to the intentions of the builders. They say, 'Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth.'

We may smile at their presumption in attempting what we now know to be an impossibility, but we must remember that in ancient times men were like children, and supposed things to be as they appeared. They did not imagine heaven to be an infinite space, but a firmament, or crystal vault, supporting the sun, moon, and stars on its outer surface. They may naturally have supposed the firmament to have been within attainable limits, which they hoped to reach. Their motive appears to have been a hankering after knowledge, and their error intellectual pride and a want of faith in the promise of which the rainbow is a sign. From the heights of their tower they may have hoped to gain a full knowledge of those celestial lights which must have been to them the greatest of mysteries, and, by making Babel the central empire of the world, the mother of civilisation, to win lasting fame. In the latter aim they verily succeeded; for all the arts and sciences, such as sculpture, architecture, agriculture, astronomy, navigation, and even alphabetical

writing, appear to have had their origin from the ancient city which grew up on the ruins of Babel.

The following description by Pietro delle Valle (1623) may prove interesting—

‘In the middle of a vast and level plain, about a quarter of a league from Euphrates, which in that place runs westward, appears a heap of ruined buildings, like a huge mountain, the materials of which are so confounded together, that one knows not what to make of it. Its figure is square, and rises in form of a tower or pyramid, with four fronts, which answer to the four quarters of the compass; but it seems longer from north to south than from east to west, and is, as far as I could judge by my pacing it, a large quarter of a league. Its situation and form correspond with that pyramid which Strabo calls the Tower of Belus, and is, in all likelihood, the Tower of Nimrod in Babylon, or Babel, as that place is still called. In that author’s time, it had nothing remaining of the stairs and other ornaments mentioned by Herodotus, the greater part of it having been destroyed by Xerxes; and Alexander, who designed to have restored it to its former lustre, was prevented by death. There appear no marks of ruins without the compass of that huge mass to convince one that so great a city as Babylon had ever stood there. All one discovers within fifty or sixty paces of it being only the remains, here and there, of some foundations of buildings; and the country round about is so flat and level that one can hardly believe it should be chosen for the situation of so great and noble a city as Babylon, or that there were ever any remarkable buildings on it. But, for my part, I am astonished that there remains so much as there does, considering it is at least 4000 years since that city was built; and that Diodorus Siculus tells us it was reduced almost to nothing in his time. The height of this mountain of ruins is not in every part equal, but exceeds the highest palace in Naples; it is a mis-shapen mass, wherein there is no appearance of regularity. . . . Within one finds grottoes, but so ruined that one can make nothing of them; whether they were built at the same time as that work, or made since by the peasants for shelter, which last seems to be the most likely.’

It is not known positively whether what the Arabs call ‘The Birs Nimroud’ is the remains of the Tower of Babel, or the Temple of Belus. Layard described it as a vast heap of bricks, slag, and broken pottery, rising to a considerable height. Upon closer examination, he found it ‘too solid for the walls of a building, and its shape is not that of the remains of a tower. Travellers, as far as I am aware, have hitherto failed in suggesting any satisfactory restoration of the Birs. It is generally represented, without sufficient accuracy, as a mere shapeless mass. . . . The brickwork, still visible in the lower parts of the mound, as well as in the upper, shows the sides of several distinct stages or terraces. I believe the isolated mass of masonry to

be the remains of one of the highest terraces, if not the highest, and the whole edifice to have consisted on the eastern or south-eastern side of a series of stages rising one above the other.'

Herodotus, who gives a full account of the Temple of Belus, does not mention the ruins of the Tower of Babel. There is, therefore, some reason to suppose that the Temple was built on the ruins of the old Tower. The former, moreover, is distinctly said to have been in the form of a pyramid, and some have concluded that it was, in some sort, a restoration of the Tower.

It would seem obvious that no ordinary tower, still less one shaped like a tall chimney, could be raised to an indefinite height, whereas the pyramidal shape was exactly the one which would adapt itself to the end the Tower-builders had in view. They had only to increase the base by another course all round, and build upwards on the series of platforms, by which means they might raise the apex gradually to any given height.

We may also notice the extreme simplicity of the pyramidal structure, and that all the oldest buildings in the world seem to follow that plan. The construction is exactly that which Layard describes as characteristic of the Birs Nimroud—a tower or artificial tumulus erected on a series of platforms, or steps, one above another, gradually narrowing as they rise. The base is generally square, or oblong, and there are one or two small chambers in the interior, reached by means of a narrow passage or gallery. The sides are not always flat, but sometimes slightly curved, as they gradually slope upwards to the point at the top. The reason why some of the old pyramids are oblong, instead of square at the base, is probably that they were not completed, one side only having been built up. Of course, none of the most ancient pyramids are in any way perfect, but where one is deficient, another is complete, so that by comparing two or three, we can see clearly what the original conception was.

It would appear that at the confusion of tongues, the dispersed people carried the idea of the pyramid with them to their new homes, and erected buildings on the same type wherever they settled. We find them in India, Japan, Persia, Egypt, and even in Mexico. Now it seems scarcely probable that men built pyramids as a mere matter of instinct, as birds their nests, or beavers their huts, especially as they do not appear to have been used as habitations, except for the dead. Many confine the term to Egypt, and exclude the old forms of mastabas in Babylonia, and what has been called the pagoda-shaped pyramid in India, some of which are square, and others conical. But it would seem obvious, upon reflection, that the principal of construction upon layers, or platforms, is the same.

In the upper Ganges, where old Sanscrit is spoken with the greatest purity, there are many small pyramids, with subterranean passages and cavernous chambers beneath them, like those of Egypt. In Persia, the form of the tomb of Cyrus, which Alexander the Great

visited after the battle of Persepolis, was pyramidal. Strabo describes it as exactly similar in plan to the great Pyramid of Egypt, being, for the most part, solid, yet having a chamber containing a sacred coffer, with a narrow passage leading to it.

The ancient buildings of Deogur and Tanjore are almost universally admitted to possess the chief characteristics of a pyramid. They are higher, in proportion to their base, than those of Egypt, and their sides bulge out in curves; but they are constructed in wide stages, or steps, narrowing one upon the other. The whole building terminates in a peak, or point, upon which a crescent moon once stood. This symbolised the Ark resting on the mountain after the Flood. We also find representations of the moon floating on the surface of the ocean or waters of the Deluge.

Old writers constantly refer to the pyramidal form of the great temple of Tescalipuca, in Mexico. They describe it as having a cell in the interior, entered by a low door, covered with a veil, and accessible only to the priests, who dwelt, like those of Egypt, in numerous chambers ranged round the edifice.

The temple of Buddha at Pegu, called 'The Temple of the Golden Supreme,' is said to be really a brick pyramid. It is raised on two successive terraces, the lower ten feet above the ground, the upper twenty feet higher still. The whole structure measures 361 feet from the base to the apex, and is without an opening. When the hour of prayer is come, a Lama blows a sea-conch towards each of the four cardinal points of the compass in turn.

Egypt is often called the land of the pyramid, because the most perfect examples are to be found there. We know that at first the family of Ham were the leaders among men in all arts and sciences. When they left Babel, they went in a body to Egypt, and there worked out the original conception of the pyramid in its greatest symmetry, purity, and power. A detailed account of the Great Pyramid would be unnecessary, and in the present paper we can merely touch upon a few points.

First, we would observe that it is geometrically perfect. Its vertical height is the radius of a circle whose circumference equals the sum of the lengths of the four sides of its square base, i.e. it is the square of the said circle. Its sides face north, south, east, and west. Its descending entrance passage, lined with a creamy white, is set like a telescope to catch the transit of the star *a Draconis* across the meridian. This transit occurred in the year B.C. 2160, and ushered in the Grand Cycle of the procession of the equinoxes, a period of 25,827 years, which then commenced.

Professor Smyth says: 'In order to enter the King's Chamber, one has to pass an ante-room, through a door, above which there are five spaces. The door is so low that he who would enter must bow his head under that symbol of division into five, and should remember that five is the first and most characteristic of the pyramid numbers.'

The pyramid is supposed to be a symbol of the world, which the ancients considered to be a plane circle, not a spheroid. That figure is exactly represented by a pyramid, which is, as we have seen, a plane circle squared. It has been noticed in Job xxxviii, 4, 5, 6, allusion is made to the foundations of the earth, the measures, the line, the corner-stone thereof as if it were a vast pyramid. The sunken sockets found in the levelled rock, into which the inferior corner-stones of the Great Pyramid have been carefully fitted, is thought to bear reference to the creation of the world. The words 'When the morning stars sang together,' etc., and 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades,' etc., may allude to the date when the present astronomical cycle began.

In conclusion, might not a parallel be drawn between the pyramid and the religious world? Do we not meet with people who are prone to rely upon sense, or intellect, or feeling, or logic, in dealing with what is above and beyond human reason? We may respect them for having 'the courage of their opinions' upon most important subjects. They are quick and ready, sharp and pointed, and affect logical severity, yet are they not occasionally flippant, and somewhat sceptical as to the value of authority? They are ready to give an answer, and it may be a shrewd, clever one, too, but is it with meekness and fear—that fear which springs from a reverent apprehension of the truth? We admire brilliant intellect, and envy some girls of the present day their clearness of perception, for, as we grow older, we are keenly alive to the many difficulties which beset every important question, partly owing to the personal bias of each individual. But the Tower-builders were not suffered to complete their design, and we may be sure that we, too, can never reach high Heaven unaided. We cannot demonstrate spiritual things as we do a proposition in Euclid. Sense and reason cannot rise up to faith. They can perceive what is inferior, but they cannot rise to the higher stages of spiritual life. 'The plant cannot conceive of the animal existence, nor the brute of the rational. What is above is foolishness to that which is below.'

On the other hand, do not let us fall into the opposite error of undervaluing the four inferior corner-stones upon which Christianity itself rests. The world was gradually prepared to receive the truth, and all goodness, beauty, purity, art, and learning have their place as handmaids to religion. All angles meet in the Chief Corner-Stone. Do we estimate duly the importance of intellectual effort, of mental culture in religion? The world abounds in one-sided literature written by specialists, in loose thoughts, in a growing cynicism and contempt for the supernatural. Yet in spite of all this, we have to form our own judgment, to refuse the evil and choose the good. This can only be done by an intelligent appreciation of the just proportions of the faith. We must study the great science of religion. We progress in secular knowledge, in working for examinations, to gain

some earthly distinction. We are successful, but how did we gain our honours? By weeks, or even months and years of earnest study, by discipline and method, in fact, by bringing all our powers to bear upon the subject. And in higher matters, we must prove our own work, and not be content to take our views second-hand from the *ex parte* statements of others. All of us, no doubt, make it a rule to have a book of study, more or less severe, always on hand. Could we not make a point of having a special time for religious study, Sundays, holydays, in Lent or Advent, so as to build up our pyramid of Christian faith?

We pity those, who before the dawn of Christianity wandered from one inferior corner-stone to another, until they ended in believing nothing. But can we give our sympathy to those who would now go back to the cold despair and blank horror of agnosticism? No; that phrase in man's development is happily over. Let us bury it in the dim records of bygone ages. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. The agnosticism that we see now is but a last effort of the pagan world to kick against the pricks. It has had its day. The truth is borne back to us by clear child-like voices, as the little ones repeat the old-world lesson, 'My duty to God is to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength.'

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is Gossip ever beneficial, rather than mischievous ?

Chelsea China adopts *Dragon-fly's* definition of Gossip. 'It is talking about your neighbours in an interested way.' She agrees with the rather self-deceiving young person quoted by *Blackbird* (whose very amusing paper she gives at length), that studying character is not gossip. *But*, gossip is a very favourable field for the pursuit; and *talking* about the characters studied, is a great snare to character students, even when no names are mentioned, and sometimes leads to curious betrayals of confidence, as it is impossible to say where a clue may start up.

Gossip comes from interest in *people* as distinguished from pursuits and subjects. As *Corisande* remarks, it makes all the difference *with whom* we gossip, and Chelsea China throws out the suggestion that a good deal depends on how far the interest is a rightful one and common to the speakers. Gossip with outsiders either gives the impression of 'shop,' or is apt to become tale-bearing or tittle-tattle. Large clans of cousins gossip constantly about each other to each other—that is to say, they discuss each other with intense interest—they should not do so with equal freedom to the rest of the world. It seems as if the personal interest became mischievous, where there is either any betrayal of confidence, or where the matter is distinctly *no business of ours*, otherwise it is kindly and good. Chelsea China cannot agree with *Corisande* that people do not discuss the charitable works they are engaged in; nor with *Emerald*, that gossip is exclusively a feminine weakness. Witness clubs, and city trains in the morning!

Corisande further makes out a good case for innocent gossip as making a variety in a country house, far from neighbours.

Dragon-fly, in a very good paper, defends discussion of people in the family circle, as the only way of giving exclusively brought-up girls any knowledge of the world and its difficulties.

Elcaan, and several others, are of opinion that we may gossip to amuse other people, but not to amuse ourselves.

Gummidge is very severe on gossip, and sums up its effects thus: '1. Utterly debasing to the gossipier. 2. Sometimes beneficial to the gossipped to, by wearying and disgusting them. 3. Sometimes also beneficial to the gossipped about, by teaching them caution for the future.' Good papers also received from *Enid*, *Rudge*, *Diamond*, and *Grey Squirrel*.

In one of the 'Monthly Packet' stories, there is a charming heroine who explains that she 'has always taken the greatest interest in people—so much so that people say I am a gossip. But gossip is noticing people because one wants to talk about them, not studying character, that is quite another thing.' I fully sympathise with that young lady. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' and surely, in these days of scientific advance, it is time that the study of character were raised to its rightful position as the highest branch of natural history—or perhaps as a sort of cross between that and metaphysics. Now in other branches of science, people do not confine their attention wholly to what they themselves have had the opportunity of observing. Just glance at a work of Romanes or Sir J. Lubbock, and see how frequently you find the footnote appended: 'These facts were communicated to the author by a friend, in whose intelligence and accuracy,' etc. etc. Now why should we, who are studying the most important branch of all science, be obliged to shut our ears to all 'facts communicated by friends' under pain of being called gossips! No, it is *not* love of gossip, it is simply a commendable thirst for knowledge which makes one prick up one's ears and listen when, in the midst of dreary inanities about the weather and fancy-work, some one launches out into the subject of that engagement, the breaking off of which had so much exercised all our powers of speculation, or gives the true history of that quarrel between the Vicar and the churchwarden, which throws so much light on both their characters. As to *repeating* the gossip—I mean the scientific observations—well, there I think one should exercise caution. Perhaps it is better only to retail them to friends who will receive them in the same scientific spirit as ourselves. With this safeguard I cannot see that it is ill-natured. In order to judge kindly of people, one must be in a position to judge fairly; and as one cannot help hearing something about one's neighbours (unless one lives the life of a hermit), it is much better to hear the whole of a story than only the isolated scraps, which are all that come to the ear of the virtuous persons who make it a rule never to listen to gossip.

BLACKBIRD.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

Surely gossip, in the sense of conversation about our neighbours with no other object than to gratify curiosity and kill time, can scarcely fail to lower the tone of any society. Its tendency is to injure the morals of the talkers and the reputation of the talked of—two very serious evils. It is a taste which, if indulged, increases so rapidly, a habit which, if once contracted, becomes so unconquerable, that it cannot be too early eradicated or too carefully avoided. It is the very mystery and uncertainty of its nature, and our powerlessness to foresee its results that makes gossip the curse of modern society. Those who have read the 'Autobiography of a Slander,' will have shuddered at its fatal effects as set forth in the sad story of young

Zaluski and his grievous wrongs. Of course, the case of the unfortunate young Pole may be an exceptional one, but it is, as I have already said, the very uncertainty of its results that makes gossip an edged tool not to be meddled with.

I do not wish, however, to stigmatise all gossip as slander. I am perfectly aware that kind things, generous things, *good* things are often said of neighbours in the course of what is called harmless gossip.

But the general tendency is to 'pick people to pieces,' to impute motives and criticise conduct, and surely He who said, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' condemned the whole principle, and warned us against giving it place amongst us.

That little member, the tongue, is too unruly to be trusted on such dangerous ground. It is so hard to tell where certainty ends and imagination begins, so difficult to distinguish between what we really know and what we think or merely wish, that the perilous borderland of exaggeration is reached before we know that we have quitted absolute facts. If we once trust ourselves to wield so subtle and sharp a weapon, we can never tell what use our inclinations, likes, and dislikes, may not cause us, perhaps involuntarily, to put it to. We are no more fit to be trusted with it, in my opinion, than a baby with an open knife.

Yours sincerely,

AMYAS LEIGH.

PERSONAL RELIGION.

The question of the good or evil of Religious Societies has hardly been argued with as much energy as Chelsea China expected; but the upshot of the discussion appears to be, that they are helpful when people's hearts are in them, and hindering, when people get tired of them and only follow the customs they enjoin from habit. Some writers argue, that they must be good, because they follow the lines of the Church; and others that they must be bad, because they more or less supersede it—and get to be regarded by their members as of almost equal sanctity. Now it appears to Chelsea China, that a point of great practical importance has not been brought out, and she ventures to think that the answer to the question hangs on it. Supposing you do get tired of a guild, is it sinful to give it up? Of course it *may be* a backsliding to do so; but must we take it for granted that it is, in ourselves or in others? The managers of guilds and societies do very frequently represent to their members, that dropping their membership is an actual drawing back from the service of God, a falling away in itself. Now is it right to take this view of them? These societies, from the largest to the smallest, are all human inventions, each of them is one way among others of doing or being good—but surely only one way. People are not *baptized* into guilds and societies. Is it right to speak to a girl who gives one up, however useful and good it may be, as if she had, to say the least of it, turned

Third Class.

Golden Saxifrage	}	. . . 19	Ima	} 17
Kappa			Regina		
Bracken			Glwadys		
Καθολικος	} 18	Carlotta	} 14
Quintin			Foolscap		
Holland			P. P. C.		
Dummie	} 17				1

Disqualified.—One unsigned.

REMARKS.

1. Bog-Oak does not consider the mere mention of hearers in Acts ii. ‘trustworthy evidence’ that the Gospel was immediately preached in all the countries to which the hearers belonged ; still less that we can make a list out of every place at which St. Paul’s ship touched, e.g. Lycia and Sicily. *King Cole*, *Pet Lamb*, *Kappa II.*, *Hedge Sparrow*, *Frideswide*, and *West Penwith*, must mind their spelling. *P. P. C.* is requested to write on one side only of her paper. *Καθολικος* should have answered the question, and not given a dissertation on the writer of the Acts. Her list is meagre, and more than doubtful. St. Paul had certainly neither been in Spain or Britain by the close of this Book. *Golden Saxifrage*, and others, give all churches supposed to be of Apostolic foundation, with no regard to limit of time (the ‘two whole years,’ probably ending A.D. 63), or to the needed ‘good evidence.’ *Erica* : Except St. Paul and St. Barnabas, it is very hard to assign particular countries to particular Apostles. *Buttered Toast*, *Bracken*, and others : Persia was beyond the limits of the empire. *Pet Lamb* should distinguish between Antioch in Pisidia, where St. Paul preached, and Antioch, capital of the East, where the disciples were first called Christians. *Kappa*, *Water Wagtail*, *Carlotta*, and *Frideswide*, should be less legendary. Where did *Violets* learn to include Algeria? *Marjoram* : St. Paul’s missionary journeys do *not* date from A.D. 30. *Ima* : Ephesus is not a part of Syria, nor is it in Pisidia. *Vorwärt’s* neat sketch map is much appreciated. Smyrna seems to have had no church at this time.

2. Though taught by Christ and the Prophets, the Church did not learn she was to be Catholic at first, and the distinct steps Bog-Oak wished to elicit—and in many papers has elicited—are the following (Members can compare for themselves. Omissions have lost marks ; additions have stood) : 1. The preaching of St. Stephen. 2. The Conversion of the Samaritans—keepers of the Law already. 3. The Baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, who yet was a Jewish proselyte. 4. The Vision of St. Peter and Baptism of Cornelius—not a proselyte, yet a man who already feared God and observed the Jewish Sabbath. 5. The formation of a second Church centre in Gentile Antioch, with admission of Greeks—tidings of which seem to have come to the

Church *after* the vision of St. Peter. 6. The missionary journeys of St. Paul, starting from Antioch, not Jerusalem, as a centre, thus *seeking out* Gentile hearers, not merely accepting them. 7. The Council at Jerusalem, where the Church settled for ever the equal position of Jew and Gentile converts, and dispensed the latter from keeping Circumcision and the Law. After this, though individuals might doubt, the *Church* never wavered in her Catholicity. *Katholikos* mistakes the scope of the question, and gives chiefly indirect external influences. Bog-Oak hardly thinks the universal worship of the image of the reigning Augustus was a step by which 'the *Church* learnt that she was Catholic.' The destruction of nationalities and false creeds may have been a help, but hardly a real step that way. Besides, under Roman rule, national religions were mostly retained. *Mu Sigma*: St. Philip converted more than *one* Samaritan. *Marjoram* should not call St. Peter 'the rock on which the Church was built.' The faith confessed by him was the rock; *Petros* meaning rather a stone out of the rock.

3 *Portia*: Festus is known to have been appointed Governor A.D. 60; so St. Paul's first visit to Rome must have been A.D. 61. *Mouse*: There were not seven years between St. Paul's first visit to Rome and his martyrdom. And SS. Peter and Paul suffered *in* Nero's persecution, not after it. *Katholikos*, *Pet Lamb*, and *Marjoram*: It seems almost certain, First, that St. Peter never was long enough at Rome to be its Bishop. Secondly, that he actually did suffer there. If (as *Pet Lamb* thinks) he never was at Rome, how could he also be its Bishop? Probably none of the Apostles except St. James the Less, and later on, St. John, were at all like Diocesan Bishops. Certainly *Holy Scripture* does not say St. Peter was Bishop of Rome. The best way of assuming a Petrine foundation for that Church is to reckon his sermon on the day of Pentecost to the 'strangers of Rome' as indirectly the means of its Christianity. *Carlotta*, and others, should not put in such stories as that of St. Peter and Simon Magus at Rome when asked for evidence out of Holy Scripture. She and many others have lost marks for doubling the '1' in Philip and Philippi. *West Penwith*: St. Paul met Aquila at Corinth, not Ephesus. The verses *P. P. O.* quotes as from 2 Thess. are the closing words of the Book of Acts.

4. A large number have not given St. John the Eagle, or St. Matthew his Man or Cherub, perhaps considering these not *Apostolic* symbols. But very many also omit the Builder's Rule for St. Thomas, in allusion to the lovely legend of his building a palace in Heaven for King Gondophorus, by giving to the poor the treasures of the king, and thus laying up for him treasure in Heaven. *Blue Bell* and *Carlotta* omit St. Thomas altogether. St. Bartholomew and St. Matthew are omitted by *Carlotta*; St. Matthias, by *Kappa* and *Quintin*; St. Simon, by *Kappa* and *Carlotta*; St. Jude, by *Moonraker* and *Carlotta*; St. Philip, by *Kappa* and *Carlotta*; St. James the Less, by *Etheldreda*.

By 'a tall cross' for St. Philip, *Rudge* and *Violets* probably mean a *tau* cross, shaped like a T. *Blue Bell*: Surely SS. Andrew and Thomas precede St. John 'in the Church's Calendar.' The Fathers are pretty evenly divided, some giving the 'Man' to St. Matthew, and the 'Lion' to St. Mark; the others, *vice versâ*. Isaac Williams, as a theologian, prefers the Lion for St. Matthew. But in Art, the Venetian Lion of St. Mark seems to have been too strong to be taken away on theological grounds. Bog-Oak strongly objects to reckoning SS. Mark and Luke among Apostles.

Owing to the delay in the appearance of the Class-list, all papers received up to February 9th were accepted. This will not occur again. Papers *must* come in by the 1st. *De Maura* is informed that there is no limit as to age. A *bonâ fide* dictionary may be used, and then it is hoped 'martyr' will not be spelt '*matyr*'; but concordances or Encyclopedias are not allowed.

Subscriptions have been received from *Blue Bell*, *Violets*, *Moonraker*, *Dobbin*, *Marguerite*, *Dorothy*, *Sewing Machine*, *Butterfly*, and *Verena*. Bog-Oak copied the price of the volume of Bishop Wordsworth from the syllabus put forth under the sanction of the Bishop of Winchester; she is sorry to say she finds it is incorrect.

Notices to Correspondents.

NOTICE.

On July 1st a series of Papers on English Literature will be commenced by the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen, intended to assist in preparation for that branch of the Cambridge Higher Local Examination for Women, to be held in June 1889. Questions will be set after each Paper by Miss Mackenzie, late scholar of Newnham College, Cambridge (Honours in the Classical Tripos, 1886); and in July 1889, there will be awarded two prizes of books, value £3 and £2 respectively, for the replies which gain the largest number of marks. A class list will appear in each of our numbers. Those who wish to take the course are requested to send 2s. 6d. not later than July 15th to Miss Mackenzie, 5, Bertram Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool. Those who wish their answers to be returned with corrections and criticisms, to send 5s.

To writers of the Christmas Number. Please to remember that there *are* other names in the world besides Jack and Dorothy.

LENDING LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND, 114, Belsize Road, N.W.—The following sums have been sent anonymously to the above Library, and the senders have asked to have them acknowledged in the next number of the 'Monthly Packet.' E. V. W., 2s. 6d.; C. T., 5s. Thanks also to the many ladies who have offered to learn Braille writing and copy books for the Blind Library, in response to the appeal in the March Number of the 'Monthly Packet'?

M. E. ARNOLD.

In answer to the Notice to Correspondents in which *E. L. T.* encloses the *words* of an old song, 'Sweet Home,' but does not know author and composer, I beg to say that it is 'composed and dedicated to his pupil, Miss Mary Caldecott (Woodford Hall), by W. T. Wrighton.'

C. & C. B.

Can any one recommend a book on the management of Mothers' Meetings? Whose German Grammar is the best for young beginners?

H.

Otto's German Grammar, *very good* (Pub. Nutt). Practical German Grammar, H. S. Beresford Webb (Rivingtons), *very good*. German Grammar, by Eve (Nutt). German Reading Book (Swan and Sonneschien).

EDITOR.

Please recommend a book on the History of Religion in Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Iceland.

The Monthly Packet.

JUNE, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

THE telegram came early on Monday morning. Admiral Merrifield and Harry started by the earliest train, deciding not to take the girls; whereupon their kind host, to mitigate the suspense, placed himself at the young ladies' disposal for anything in the world that they might wish to see. It was too good an opportunity of seeing the Houses of Parliament to be lost, and the spell of Westminster Abbey was upon Mysie.

Cousin Rotherwood was a perfect escort, and declared that he had not gone through such a course of English history since he had taken his cousin Lillas and his sister Florence the same round more years ago than it was civil to recollect. He gave a sigh to the great men he had then let them see and hear, and regretted the less that there was no possibility of regaling the present pair with a debate. It was all like a dream to the two girls. They saw, but suspense was throbbing in their hearts all the time, and qualms were crossing Gillian as she recollected that in some aspects her father could be rather a terrible personage when one was wilfully careless, saucy to authorities, or unable to see or confess wrong-doing; and the element of dread began to predominate in her state of expectation. The bird in the bosom fluttered very hard as the possible periods after the arrivals of trains came round; and it was not till nearly eight o'clock that the decisive halt of wheels was heard; and in a few moments, Mysie was in the dearest arms in the world, and Gillian feeling the moustached kiss she had not known for nearly four long years, and which was half-strange, half-familiar.

In drawing-room light, there was the mother looking none the

worse for her journey, her clear brown skin neither sallow nor lined, and the soft brown eyes as bright and sweet as ever; but the father must be learnt over again, and there was awe enough as well as enthusiastic love to make her quail at the thought of her record of self-will.

There was, however, no disappointment in the sight of the fine, tall soldierly figure, broad shouldered, but without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and only altered by his hair having become thinner and whiter, thus adding to the height of his forehead, and making his very dark eyebrows and eyes have a different effect, especially as he was still pallid beneath the browning of many years, though he declared himself so well as to be ashamed of being invalided.

Time was short. Harry and the Admiral, who were coming to dinner, had rushed home to dress and to fetch Susan; and Lady Merrifield was conducted in haste to her bedroom, and left to the almost too excited ministrations of her daughters.

It was well that attentive servants had unfastened the straps, for when Gillian had claimed the keys of the dear old familiar box, her hand shook so much that they jingled; the key would not go into the hole, and she had to resign them to sober Mysie, who had been untying the bonnet with a kiss, and answering for the health of Primrose, whom Uncle William was to bring to London in two days' time.

'My dear silly child,' said her mother, surprised at Gillian's emotion.

And the reply was a burst of tears. 'Oh, so silly! so wrong, I have so wanted you.'

'I know all about it. You told us all, like an honest child.'

'Oh, such dreadful things—the rock—the poor child killed—Cousin Rotherwood hurt.'

'Yes, yes, I heard! We can't have it out now. Here's papa! She is upset about these misadventures,' added Lady Merrifield, looking up to her husband, who stood amazed at the sobs that greeted him.

'You must control yourself, Gillian,' he said gravely. 'Stop that! Your mother is tired, and has to dress! Don't worry her. Go, if you cannot leave off.'

The bracing tone made Gillian swallow her tears, the more easily because of the familiarity of home atmosphere, confidence, and protection; and a mute caress from her mother was a promise of sympathy.

The sense of that presence was the chief pleasure of the short evening, for there were too many claimants for the travellers' attention to enable them to do more than feast their eyes on their son and daughters, while they had to talk of other things, the weddings, the two families, the home news, all deeply interesting in their degree, though not touching Gillian *quite* so deeply as the tangle she had left at Rockstone, and mamma's view of her behaviour; even though it was pleasant to hear of Phyllis's beautiful home in Ceylon, and Alethea's bungalow, and how poor Claude had to go off alone to

Rawul Pindoe. She felt sure that her mother was far more acceptable to her hostess than either of the aunts, and, that indeed, she might well be so!

Gillian's first feeling was like Mysie's in the morning, that nothing could go wrong with her again; but she must perforce have patience before she could be heard. Harry could not be spared for another day from his curacy, and to him was due the first *tête-à-tête* with his mother, after that most important change his life had yet known, and in which she rejoiced so deeply. 'The dream of her heart,' she said, 'had always been that one of her sons should be dedicated,' and now that the fulfilment had come in her absence, it was precious to her to hear all those feelings and hopes and trials that the young man could have uttered to no other ears.

Sir Jasper, meantime, had gone out on business, and was to meet the rest at luncheon at his mother's house, go with them to call on the Grinsteeds, and then do some further commissions, Lady Rotherwood placing the carriage at their disposal. As to 'real talk,' that seemed impossible for the girls, they could only, as Mysie expressed it, 'bask in the light of mamma's eyes,' and after Harry was gone on an errand for his Vicar, there were no private interviews for her.

Indeed, the mother did not know how much Gillian had on her mind, and thought all she wanted was discussion, and forgiveness for the follies explained in the letter, the last received. Of any connection between that folly and the accident to Lord Rotherwood, of course she was not aware, and in fact she had more on her hands than she could well do in the time allotted, and more people to see. Gillian had to find that things could not be quite the same as when she had been chief companion in the seclusion of Silverfold.

And just as she was going out, the following letter was put into her hands, come by one of the many posts from Rockstone—

'MY DEAR GILLIAN,—

'I write to you because you can explain matters, and I want your father's advice, or Cousin Rotherwood's. As I was on the way to Il Lido just now, I met Mr. Flight, looking much troubled and distressed. He caught at me, and begged me to go with him to tell poor Kalliope that her brother Alexis is in Avonchester jail. He knew it from having come down in the train with Mr. Stebbing. The charge is for having carried away with him £15 in notes, the payment for a marble cross for a grave at Barnscombe. You remember that on the day of the accident, poor Field was taking it in the waggon, when he came home to hear of his child's death.

'The receipt for the price was inquired for yesterday, and it appeared that the notes had been given to Field in an envelope. In his trouble, the poor man forgot to deliver this till the morning; when on his way to the office, he met young White and gave it to him. Finding it had not been paid in, nor entered in the books, and knowing the poor

boy to have absconded, off went Mr. Stebbing, got a summons, and demanded to have him committed for trial.

'Alexis owned to having forgotten the letter in the shock of the dismissal, and to having carried it away with him, but said that as soon as he had discovered it, he had forwarded it to his sister, and had desired her to send it to the office. He did not send it direct, because he could only, at the moment, get one postage-stamp. On this he was remanded till Saturday, when his sister's evidence can be taken at the magistrates' meeting. This was the news that Mr. Flight and I had to take to that poor girl, who could hardly be spared from her mother to speak to us, and how she is to go to Avonchester it is hard to say; but she has no fear of not being able to clear her brother, for she says she put the dirty and ragged envelope that no doubt contained the notes into another, with a brief explanation, addressed it to Mr. Stebbing, and sent it by Petros, who told her that he had delivered it.

'I thought nothing could be clearer, and so did Mr. Flight, but unluckily Kalliope had destroyed her brother's letter, and had not read me this part of it, so that she can bring no actual tangible proof; and it is a much more serious matter than it appeared when we were talking to her. Mr. White has just been here, whether to condole or to triumph, I don't exactly know. He has written to Leeds, and heard a very unsatisfactory account of that eldest brother, who certainly has deceived him shamefully, and this naturally adds to the prejudice against the rest of the family. We argued about Kalliope's high character, and he waved his hand and said, "My dear ladies, you don't understand those Southern women—the more pious, devoted doves they are, the blacker they will swear themselves to get off their scamps of men." To represent that Kalliope is only one quarter Greek was useless, especially as he has been diligently imbued by Mrs. Stebbing with all last autumn's gossip, and as he confided to Aunt Ada, thinks "that they take advantage of his kindness!"

'Of course Mr. Flight, and all who really know Alexis and Kalliope, feel the accusation absurd; but it is only too possible that the Avonchester magistrates may not see the evidence in the same light, as its weight depends upon character, and the money is really missing; so that I much fear their committing him for trial at the Quarter Sessions. It will probably be the best way to employ a solicitor to watch the case at once, and I shall speak to Mr. Norton to-morrow, unless your father can send me any better advice by post. I hope it is not wicked to believe that the very fact of Mr. Norton's being concerned might lead to the notes finding themselves.

'Meantime, I am of course doing what I can. Kally is very brave in her innocence and her brother's, but, shut up in her mother's sick room, she little guesses how bad things are made to look, or how Greek and false are treated as synonymous.

'Much love to your mother. I am afraid this is a damper on your

happiness, but I am sure that your father would wish to know. Aunt Ada tackles Mr. White better than I do, and means if possible to make him go to Avonchester himself, when the case comes on, so that he should at least see and hear for himself. ;

‘Your affectionate aunt,

‘J. M.’

What a letter for poor Gillian! She had to pocket it at first, and only opened it while taking off her hat at grandmamma's house; and there was only time for a blank feeling of uncomprehending consternation before she had to go down to luncheon, and hear her father and uncle go on with talk about India and Stokesley, to which she could not attend.

Afterwards, Lady Merrifield was taken to visit grandmamma, and Bessie gratified the girls with a sight of her special den, where she wrote her stories, showing them the queer and flattering gifts that had come to her in consequence of her authorship, which was becoming less anonymous, since her family were growing hardened to it, and grandmamma was past hearing of it or being distressed. It was in Bessie's room that Gillian gathered the meaning of her aunt's letter, and was filled with horror and dismay. She broke out with a little scream which brought both Mysie and Bessie to her side; but what could they do? Mysie was shocked and sympathising enough, and Bessie was trying to understand the complicated story, when the summons came for the sisters. There were hopes of communicating the catastrophe in the carriage; but no, the first exclamation of ‘Oh, mamma!’ was lost.

Sir Jasper had something so important to tell his wife about his interviews at the Horse Guards, that the attempt to interrupt was silenced by a look and sign. It was a happy thing to have a father at home, but it was different from being mamma's chief companion and confidante, and poor Gillian sat boiling over with something very like indignation at not being allowed even to show that she had something to tell at least as important as anything papa *could* be relating.

She hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that the Grinsteeds proved to be out of town; but at any rate she might be grateful to Lady Rotherwood for preventing a vain expedition—a call on another old friend, Mrs. Craydon, the Marianne Weston of early youth, and now a widow, as she too was out. Then followed some shopping that the parents wanted to do together, but at the door of the Stores, Lady Merrifield said—

‘I have a host of things to get here for the two brides. Suppose, papa, that you walk home with Gillian across the Park. It will suit you better than this fearful list.’

Lady Merrifield only thought of letting father and daughter renew their acquaintance, and though she saw that Gillian was in an agony to speak about something, did not guess what an ordeal the girl felt

it to have to begin with the father, unseen for four years, and whose searching eyes and grave politeness gave a sense of austerity, so that trepidation was spoiling all the elation at having a father, and such a father, to walk with.

‘Well, Gillian,’ he said; ‘we have a great deal of lee way to make up. I want to hear of poor White’s children. I am glad you have had the opportunity of showing them some kindness.’

‘Oh, papa! it is so dreadful! If you would read this letter.’

‘I cannot do so here,’ said Sir Jasper, who could not well make a trial of his new spectacles in Great George Street. ‘What is dreadful?’

‘This accusation. Poor Alexis! Oh! you don’t know. The accident and all—our fault—mine really,’ gasped Gillian.

‘I am not likely to know at this rate,’ said Sir Jasper. ‘I hope you have not caught the infection of incoherency from Lord Rotherwood. Do you mean his accident?’

‘Yes; they have turned them both off, and now they have gone and put Alexis in prison.’

‘For the accident? I thought it was a fall of rock.’

‘Oh, no—I mean yes—it wasn’t for that; but it came of that, and Fergus and I were at the bottom of it,’ said Gillian, in such confusion that her words seemed to tumble out without her own control.

‘How did you escape with your lives?’

Was he misunderstanding her on purpose, or giving a lesson on slipslop at such a provoking moment? Perhaps he was really only patient with the daughter who must have seemed to him half-foolish, but she was forced to collect her senses and say—

‘I only meant that we were the real cause. Fergus is wild about geology, and took away a stone that was put to show where the cliff was unsafe. He showed the stone to Alexis White, who did not know where it came from and let him have it, and that was the way Cousin Rotherwood came to tread on the edge of the precipice.’

‘What had you to do with it?’

‘I—oh! I had disappointed Alexis about the lessons,’ said Gillian, blushing a little; ‘and he was out of spirits, and did not mind what he was about.’

‘Hm! But you cannot mean that this youth can have been imprisoned for such a cause.’

‘No; that was about the money, but of course he sent it back. He ran away when he was dismissed, because he was quite in despair, and did not know what he was about.’

‘I think not, indeed!’

‘Papa,’ said Gillian, steadying her voice, ‘you must not, please, blame him so much, for it was really very much my fault, and that is what makes me doubly unhappy. Did you read my last letter to mamma?’

‘Yes. I understood that you thought you had not treated your

aunts rightly by not consulting them about your intercourse with the Whites, and that you had very properly resolved to tell them all. I hope you did so.'

'Indeed I did, and Aunt Jane was very kind, or else I should have had no comfort at all. Was mamma very much shocked at my teaching Alexis?'

'I do not remember. We concluded that whatever you did had your aunts' sanction.'

'Ah! that was the point.'

'Did these young people persuade you to secrecy?'

'Oh, no, no; Kalliope protested, and I overpowered her, because—because I was foolish, and I thought Aunt Jane interfering.'

'I see,' said Sir Jasper, with perhaps more comprehension of the antagonism than sisterly habit and affection would have allowed to his wife. 'I am glad you saw your error, and tried to repair it; but what could you have done to affect this boy so much. How old is he? We thought of him as twelve or fourteen, but one forgets how time goes on, and you speak of him as in a kind of superintendent's position.'

'He is nineteen.'

Sir Jasper twirled his moustache.

'I begin to perceive,' he said; 'you rushed into an undertaking that became awkward, and when you had to draw off, the young fellow was upset and did not mind his business. So far I understand, but you said something about prison.'

The worst part of the personal confession was over now, and Gillian could go on to tell the rest of the Stebbing enmity, of Mr. White's arrival, and of the desire to keep his relations aloof from him.

'This is guess work,' said Sir Jasper.

'I think Cousin Rotherwood would say the same,' rejoined Gillian, and then she explained the dismissal, the flight, and the unfortunate consequences, and that Aunt Jane hoped for advice by the morning's post.

'I am afraid it is too late for that,' said Sir Jasper, looking at his watch. 'I must read her letter and consider.'

Gillian gave a desperate sigh, and felt more desperate when at that moment the very man they had had a glimpse of on Saturday met them, exclaiming, in a highly delighted tone—

'Sir Jasper Merrifield.'

Any Royal Wardour ought to have been welcome to the Merrifields, but this individual had not been a particular favourite with the young people. They knew he was the son of a popular dentist, who had made his fortune, and had put his son into the army to make a gentleman of him, and prevent him from becoming an artist. In the first object there had been very fair success, but the taste for art was unquenchable, and it had been the fashion of the elder half of the Merrifield family to make a joke, and profess to be extremely

bored, when 'Fangs,' as they naughtily called him among themselves, used to arrive from leave, armed with catalogues, or come in with his drawings to find sympathy in his colonel's wife. Gillian had caught enough from her four elders to share in an unreasoning way their prejudice, and she felt doubly savage and contemptuous when she heard—

'Yes, I retired.'

'And what are you doing now?'

'My mother required me as long as she lived' (then Gillian noticed that he was in mourning). 'I think I shall go abroad, and take lessons at Florence or Rome, though it is too late to do anything seriously—and there are affairs to be settled first.'

Then came a whole shoal of other inquiries, and even though they actually included 'poor White' and his family, Gillian was angered and dismayed at the wretch being actually asked by her father to come in with them, and see Lady Merrifield, who would be delighted to see him.

'What would Lady Rotherwood think of the liberty'—the displeased mood whispered to Gillian.

But Lady Rotherwood, presiding over her pretty Worcester tea-set, was quite ready to welcome any of the Merrifield friends. There were various people in the room besides Lady Merrifield and Mysie, who had just come in. There was the Admiral talking politics with Lord Rotherwood, and there was Clement Underwood, who had come with Harry from the city, and Bessie discussing boys' guilds and their amusements with them.

Gillian felt frantic. Would no one cast a thought on Alexis in prison. If he had been to be hanged the next day, her secret annoyance at their indifference to his fate could not have been worse.

And yet at the first opportunity, Harry brought Mr. Underwood to talk to her about his choir boys, and to listen to her account of the 7th Standard boy, a member of the most musical choir in Rockquay, and the highest of the high.

'I hope not cockiest of the cocky,' said Mr. Underwood, smiling. 'Our experience is that superlatives may often be so translated.'

'I don't think poor Theodore is cocky,' said Gillian; 'the Whites have always been so bullied and sat upon.'

'Is his name Theodore?' asked Mr. Underwood, as if he liked the name which Gillian remembered to have seen on a cross at Vale Leston.

'Being sat upon is hardly the best lesson in humility,' said Harry.

'There's apt to be a reaction,' said Mr. Underwood; 'but the crack voice of a country choir is not often in that condition, as I know too well. I was the veriest young prig myself under those circumstances!'

'Don't be too hard on cockiness,' said Lord Rotherwood, who had

come up to them, 'there must be consciousness of powers. How are you to fly, if you mustn't flap your wings and crow a little.'

'*On a les défauts de ses qualités,*' put in Lady Merrifield.

'Yes,' added Mr. Underwood. 'It is quite true that needful self-assertion, and originality, and sense of the evils around——'

—'Which the old folk have outgrown and got used to,'—said Lord Rotherwood.

—'May be condemned as conceit,' concluded Mr. Underwood.

'Aye, exactly as Eliab knew David's pride and the naughtiness of his heart,' said Lord Rotherwood. 'If you won't fight your giant yourself, you've no business to condemn those who feel it in them to go at him.'

'Ah! we have got to the condemnation of others, instead of the exaltation of self,' said Lady Merrifield.

'It is better to cultivate humility in oneself than other people, eh?' said the Marquis, and his cousin thought, though she did not say, that he was really the most humble and unself-conscious man she had ever known. What she did say was, 'It is a plant that grows best uncultivated.'

'And if you have it not by happy nature, what then?' said Clement Underwood.

'Then I suppose you must plant it, and there will be plenty of tears of repentance to water it,' returned she.

'Thank you,' said Clement. 'That is an idea to work upon.'

'All very fine!' sighed Gillian to Mysie, 'but oh, how about Alexis in prison! There's papa, now he has got rid of Fangs, actually going to walk off with Uncle Sam, and mamma has let Lady Rotherwood get hold of her. Will nobody care for anybody?'

'I think I would trust papa,' said Mysie.

He was not long gone, and when he came back, he said, 'You may give me that letter, Gillian. I posted a card to tell your aunt she should know to-morrow.'

All that Gillian could say to her mother in private that evening consisted of, 'Oh, mamma, mamma,' but the answer was, 'I have heard about it from papa, my dear; I am glad you told him. He is thinking what to do. Be patient.'

Externally, awe and good manners forced Gillian to behave herself; but internally she was so far from patient, and had so many bitter feelings of indignation, that she felt deeply rebuked when she came down next morning to find her father hurrying through his breakfast, with a cab ordered to convey him to the station, on his way to see what could be done for Alexis White.

That day Gillian had her confidential talk with her mother, a talk that she never forgot, trying to dig to the roots of her failures in a manner that only the true mother-confessor of her own child can perhaps have patience and skill for, and that only when she has studied the creature from babyhood. The concatenation, ending (if

it was so to end) in the committal to Avonchester jail, and beginning with the interview over the rails, had to be traced link by link, and was almost as long as 'the house that Jack built.'

'And now I see,' said Gillian, 'that it all came of a nasty sort of antagonism to Aunt Jane. I never guessed how like I was to Dolores, and I thought her so bad. But if I had only trusted Aunt Jane, and had no secrets, she would have helped me in it all, I know now, and never have brought the Whites into trouble.'

'Yes,' said Lady Merrifield; 'perhaps I should have warned you a little more, but I went off in such a hurry that I had no time to think. You children are all very loyal to us ourselves; but I suppose you are all rather infected by the modern spirit, that criticises when it ought to submit to authorities.'

'But how can one help seeing what is amiss? As some review says, how respect what does not make itself respectable? You know I don't mean that for my aunts. I have learnt now what Aunt Jane really is—how very kind and wise and clever and forgiving—but what I was naughty enough to think her at first.'

'Well, what? Don't be afraid.'

'Then I did think she was fidgety and worrying—always at one, and wanting to poke her nose into everything.'

'Poor Aunt Jane! Those are the faults of her girlhood, which she has been struggling against all her life!'

'But in your time, mamma, would such difficulties really not have been seen—I mean, if she had been actually what I thought her?'

'I think the difference was that no faults of the elders were dwelt upon by a loyal temper. To find fault was thought so wrong, that the defects were scarcely seen, concealed from ourselves as well as others. It would scarcely, I suppose, be possible to go back to that unquestioning state, now the temper of the times is changed; but I belong enough to the older days to believe that the true safety is in submission in the spirit as well as the letter.'

'I am sure I should have found it so,' said Gillian. 'And, oh! I hope now that papa is come, those others may be spared any more of the troubles I have brought on them.'

'We will pray that it may be so,' said her mother.

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII. :

'I have no name!'

'—To which he sighed, and answered, "Truth is best!
Falsehood and honour, Ay! or Truth and shame,
How long we weigh them, one in either hand!
—But we will have the Truth, although we die."'

MR. WALLINGFORD was a thin upright man, of middle height, with a high narrow head, short iron-grey whiskers, and no moustache or beard. He gave you the idea of a man who would rather have been silent than not, and yet in company he talked almost incessantly, apparently from a sense of duty.

One might fancy him in the privacy of his dressing-room laying out the plan of the evening's conversation as he put on his dress-clothes, resolving to avoid certain subjects and to discourse upon others, overhauling his stock of general information—even deciding upon the most appropriate shade of manner, frigid, polite, or genial.

He had meant to be genial to-night, at Winstead; but perhaps his geniality was always a little forced, though he had by no means a bad heart to back it.

And he was somehow surprised—and surprise was an emotion that he particularly disliked, since it deranged his careful plans of thought and action.

As it happened, Mr. Wallingford had never seen Maurice before. Maurice had been asked to his kinsman's place, 'The Cedars,' in the next county, more than once since his return to England; but something had always prevented his accepting the invitation. And Mr. Wallingford had been asked to stay at the Court for the house-warming, but had been too much engaged to come.

Whatever he had expected Maurice to be like he had certainly not expected anything like the reality; this hollow-eyed taciturn young man, who looked handsome and tragic enough for any hero of romance, and who seemed to have hardly a word to spare for any one.

Mr. Wallingford, for some inscrutable reason, expected to meet with a good deal of deference, and generally did meet with it; but Maurice had returned to-night to his first manner, and treated every one with a kind of stateliness and gloom that puzzled the elder man very much.

Indeed, it was a strange dinner-party altogether, and more silent

and embarrassed than had perhaps ever met before round that hospitable table.

Dagmar was paler than usual and perfectly silent, and Mrs. Tyndal was watching her anxiously. Day had had too long and tiring a day, she thought, and was overdone; for she had found her sobbing in her room before dinner—a most unheard-of thing, for her. But she *would* dress and come down to dinner; and yet as it appeared had not quite recovered herself, for she looked unwontedly grave and still.

As for Maurice, his face was absolutely colourless, and he hardly pretended to take any dinner. Somehow it seemed as much a mockery to address any of the ordinary common-places to him as if he had been fresh from the funeral of his nearest and dearest, and instinctively even the Squire let him alone.

But poor Mr. Tyndal's spirits went down to zero, and not even the duties of hospitality could inspire him with topics for conversation. Even Dick was subdued by the general gloom, and ate his dinner in silence, looking so brushed-up and meek and proper that his best friends would hardly have known him.

Only Mr. Wallingford—knowing that light and cheerful conversation is the proper thing at a dinner-table—prosed on and on, like a clock that must run for its appointed time, though death has been in the house, and no one cares how the hours go.

At last the servants left off handing round courses for which no one cared, dessert was put on the table, and Mrs. Tyndal, in mercy to her daughter, rose almost immediately to leave the room. Dick went at the same time, but Maurice started up to open the door. He only looked at Day, as she went out; but as Mrs. Tyndal passed he held out his hand. 'Good-bye,' he said, in the lowest possible tone.

'Will you not come into the drawing-room presently?' she answered, looking up surprised.

'No!' he said, in the same tone, then murmured something which was quite inaudible, and stooping, lifted her hand to his lips. 'Good-bye,' he said again, and if he had added '*for ever and ever*,' it would have conveyed no more than did his look and manner.

Mrs. Tyndal wondered, but passed on, even while wondering. It was no time to ask for an explanation then.

Maurice closed the door behind her, and came back to his place, and the Squire pushed over the decanter of port towards him with almost an imploring glance. He refused by a gesture, at first; and then bethinking himself, poured out a glass and drank it slowly. Mr. Wallingford finished his sentence, a long and tedious one, and then the atmosphere of the party affected even him, and he sat silent.

The silence lasted so long that the other two started when Maurice broke it at last.

'Mr. Wallingford,' he said, 'I believe Mr. Tyndal kindly gave you to understand that there were—reasons—why your presence here was desired just now.'

‘Certainly!’ said Mr. Wallingford, bowing his head. He had some vague idea that he should be requested to go over the estate, and that his opinion, as heir-at-law, was to be asked on some matter of buying or selling. ‘I appreciate your courtesy in referring to me,’ he went on graciously. ‘But the difference in our ages—a difference so entirely on the right side, for you—makes it a mere matter of form, even were the estate entailed, which I am glad to say it is not.’

Maurice waited till he had done, with a kind of unheeding patience; and then turned towards Mr. Tyndal.

‘May we go into the library?’ he said; ‘we might be interrupted here.’

‘Certainly,’ said the Squire gloomily. ‘If no one will take any more wine?’

Mr. Wallingford slowly finished the glass of claret he had just poured out; and then they rose.

‘Do you want me too?’ said their host, pausing, with rather a wistful look, and Maurice answered eagerly ‘Of course!’

The reading-lamp was burning on the library table, under a large green shade, and a little fire tempered the chill of the April evening. But the shutters had not been closed, and outside against a pale twilight sky the leafless boughs were gently swaying, and an early bat was hawking to and fro. The moon was high behind the house, and beyond the dark shadows on the lawn and in the park they could see the white mist lying like a lake along the valley.

Maurice stopped at the door, and turned the key. Then he lifted the shade from the lamp, and laid it on one side.

‘I beg your pardon,’ he said quietly, meeting the Squire’s anxious and rather astonished eyes. ‘I want to see your faces, and to be sure that you see mine.’

The two elder men had seated themselves by one side of the great square table. Maurice drew a chair to the opposite side of it, and sat down, as if he deliberately interposed its breadth between them and himself. He was facing them, and beyond them the misty moonlight landscape and the dim outline of the hanging woods above the Court.

‘I must make this as brief as I can,’ he said, after a moment, with the same absolute quietness that might have meant either exhaustion or despair. ‘I have something to tell which will greatly surprise you both; but I must ask you to try and believe me at once, as you *must* believe me in the end.’

He paused, drawing a long breath. Mr. Tyndal looked at him in blank surprise; but Mr. Wallingford said graciously: ‘We are quite prepared to lend a favourable ear to anything you may have to tell us.’

Maurice brought his eyes, as if with an effort, from the misty moonlight sky, and looked at them both.

‘I have to tell my own shame,’ he said slowly. ‘You will see that

soon enough. But I have thought of it day and night, night and day, for so long that I cannot even seem now to care. Only let me get my story told, and then say to me what you will. I will try not to excuse myself; but this much I will say before I begin. I tell it of my own free will, because I will not live any longer in a lie. I might have gone down to my grave with it undiscovered—as would God I had!—or I might live for fifty years, as I believe, and die with it undiscovered still. But I will tell——’

He paused again. He was waiting for strength to go on, and not for an answer; but both were far too much astonished and bewildered to have given him one.

‘I am not——’ he began, in the same weary, indifferent tone, then checked himself, glancing at the Squire. ‘Mr. Wallingford,’ he began again, ‘do you remember the—the late owner of the Court, Geoffrey Claughton?’

‘Certainly!’ said the other, still surprised.

‘And you, Mr. Tyndal, you remember him very well, I believe? Tell me, both of you, am I in the least like him, or like any of the Claughtons?’

Mr. Wallingford was silent, absolutely staring, while Mr. Tyndal answered, in a voice tremulous with surprise—

‘I have always thought you like my dear old friend, your father.’

‘Yes?’ said Maurice, with a strange half-smile. He put his hand to his throat, unfastened a clasp, and drew out a large gold locket and heavy chain. The locket fell open in his hand, showing the lovely female face; but he touched another spring and it opened again, showing another head, back to back with the first.

‘Look there,’ he said, ‘is not that my true likeness?’

It was a strange sight to see Mr. Wallingford methodically adjusting his double eye-glasses, holding the locket in the full light of the lamp, and glancing from the pictured face to the colourless living one before him. The Squire crowded to his elbow, and looked also, with bewilderment as great and with interest far more intense. The dress of the portrait was old-fashioned, with the collar and tie of thirty years ago, and the hair and whiskers were long. But the face might have been Maurice’s own, except that the chin was less pronounced and the yellow-brown eyes were less hawk-like and less deeply set under the dark arched brows.

‘What does this mean?’ asked Mr. Wallingford at last. ‘Who is this?’

‘That is the portrait of *my father*, Wilmot Mervyn Caryl,’ answered Maurice, very quietly.

Mr. Wallingford dropped the locket on the table and looked at his host. Mr. Tyndal answered the look with one of grief and dismay, and then rose and came round the table, laying his hand on the young man’s shoulder with extreme gentleness and what he meant for firmness.

‘It’s all right, I dare say,’ he replied soothingly; ‘but there’s no need to think about it just now. You’re not fit to trouble yourself about matters of importance; you look as bad as you did six months ago. We’ll say no more on this subject just now.’

‘Don’t!’ cried Maurice sharply, shrinking from the tender touch and look. ‘I know what you think—and no wonder; for, indeed, I cannot make this thing seem credible, even to myself. But I am sane enough—at present; and what I tell you is but too true. Only for pity’s sake don’t say a kind word to me, but let me get this told.’

The Squire went slowly back to his seat, unconvinced but utterly bewildered; and Maurice leaned a little forward, steadying himself with his clasped hands resting on the table before him.

‘My name is Maurice Mervyn Caryl,’ he said slowly and deliberately. ‘Maurice Claughton was my friend and companion, and it was he who died in Egypt four years ago.’

He was watching the faces of his two hearers as he spoke, and they were watching his. In their faces he read unwilling conviction slowly triumphing over doubt and amazement. In his there was nothing to be read but quiet despair—not even shame.

‘It is impossible!’ broke out Mr. Tyndal. ‘I had his letters up to the time when he—you—came home.’

‘Those letters were of my writing.’

‘I cannot believe it! Not only the handwriting, but the turns of expression—the mode of thought—everything was the same from the very first. Those letters *must* all have been written by the same man.’

‘They were. You never had a letter from Maurice Claughton in your life. We were educated together, and our style of writing was much the same. He disliked writing intensely, as some men do, and I, who would have done more for him than that, used to write everything for him, even to his mother when he was away from her. He used to say that we had but one soul between us, and that what I thought he thought. And I believe it was true.’

His eyes had gone back again to the misty landscape outside, and for a moment he half smiled, as if the thought of that true friendship was sweet, even then. Then, with a long sigh, he brought himself back to the present.

‘Have patience with me, impostor though I am,’ he said quietly. ‘Let me tell you how it all came about.’

The Squire was silent, wounded love and pride alike combining to keep him so. Mr. Wallingford said stiffly—

‘We are naturally anxious to hear all that you may have to say by way of explanation.’

Maurice glanced at the Squire, pushed his hair back from his forehead, and began, with a calmness that was unnatural perhaps, but by no means forced.

‘My father’s story has nothing to do with this. It might be some

excuse for me, but I am not here to excuse myself. I was born in Germany, though my father and mother were both English. The first time that I ever saw Maurice Claughton was when the other boys pushed us together—two little fellows—and told us that we were both English and both had the same name. From that day we were never willingly apart for one hour. My mother was dead before that time, and my father died very soon after her. My guardian was an honest, indolent old German tradesman, who let me please myself in everything, and my pleasure was to be with my friend. He was rich, and I had but just enough to live on; but we were perfectly equal, and if any one took the lead it was I. Many of our friends did not know which of us was rich and which was poor. He was almost as free and as lonely as I, and we were sufficient for each other.'

He stopped for a moment, looking again beyond them and out of the window, with wide visionary eyes.

'I gave up my profession to please him,' he went on, 'and we travelled together, here, there, and everywhere, in the Old World and the New. We had wandering blood in our veins, both of us; and we were perfectly happy. At last we came back from the Southern States, and went to "do" Egypt, as he said. And there, in a miserable, God-forgotten village by the Nile, we both had fever. I had had it before, in California, and hardly expected this time to get over it. We had to take care of each other, and he did not seem so very ill; but perhaps I was too ill myself to be a fair judge. One afternoon when we were both a little better than usual, we made our wills. He had always said that if anything happened to him he should like me to be his heir, and now he insisted on writing it down. Half to make a joke of it, I said I would make mine too, in his favour; and we wrote them out, as clearly and formally as circumstances would permit, and made our dragoman and the old Sheikh of the village sign them as witnesses.'

He came to a stop again, as if he could hardly force himself to speak further. His two auditors were looking at him with attentive eyes, and Mr. Wallingford said, 'Indeed?'

'I had over-done the thing, I suppose,' he went on slowly. 'I was delirious again that night, and for two days afterwards. And when I came to myself again, he was dead. Dead—and we had never so much as said good-bye!'

Again his strength and courage seemed to fail him. Momentous as this confession was for him, it was plain that the pang of that recollection had for the time outweighed every other feeling.

'They had fetched a doctor from the town, fifty miles down the river. They assured me that everything had been done that could be done for him. But I might have saved him!'

There was no apathy in his voice now, though it was low and almost faint. And his two listeners, to do them justice, had almost

forgotten in their sympathy the primary interest of this strange story.

He made a longer pause than usual, then pulled himself together with a great effort.

'Let me get this over!' he said. 'It was many days before I was able to write a letter, and then I sat down to write to you, as I had done so many times before. The temptation came as soon as I had put the pen to the paper, and it grew with every moment. It was so much easier to tell you of my own death than of his; and I wished so heartily that it had in truth been so. I had his will, ensuring my possession of his property, and I knew that it carried out his wish; but I shrank from using it. I had a horror of any difficulty that might arise in proving it, of being looked upon as an impostor, of having to argue about, and bring proof of, what had nearly broken my heart. And I wanted more than his will could give me. I was so unutterably lonely that I wanted friends and ties—I wanted his name, and his place in the world. I longed, too, for England, from which I had been taught to believe I must ever be an exile, under my own name. It seemed to me that I was wronging no one; that Maurice Caryl could easily slip unnoticed out of the world, while Maurice Claughton's death would grieve and distress many who had never seen him.'

He was looking at the Squire, studying with hungry earnestness that honest face, which now was too utterly 'dumbfounded' to look as kindly as usual.

'I do not mention these things by way of excuse,' he said, after a moment, 'I only give them as reasons. I know that I practised an imposture, for which I suppose I am liable to be punished by law—though if that will can be proved I have not taken anything that is not legally mine—except the kindness and friendship which I am now giving up for ever. It was very easy for me to carry on my fraud—if it had not been so, I could not have carried it on, just then, for one day. There was no European within many miles but the doctor, and he did not know us. *He*—Maurice—had been buried for more than a fortnight, before I was fit to move; and then I did not even take the trouble to dismiss the dragoman, or to come back by a different route. There was no place in the world that I had any reason to avoid, except Heidelberg, where we were both well known. But I could not make up my mind to come to England. I had written that letter to you, because it cost me less than to write the truth; but I could not bring myself to carry the thing any further. I went back to America; and gradually as time went on I grew cool enough to think seriously of taking my lost friend's place. But it was not until your last letter seemed to give me no choice, but to come back at once or to confess all, that I made up my mind, and came.'

Hitherto he had spoken almost indifferently, but for those long

enforced pauses. But now a hint of passion broke through those quiet tones.

‘Why were you so good to me?’ he cried. ‘If I had not learned to love you I might have braved it out to the last—or have vanished into the unknown again, content to be forgotten.’

‘We thought you worthy, and more than worthy, of all that we could do for you,’ said the Squire sadly, answering this passionate appeal with a troubled look.

‘Ay! but unworthy as I am, I had still a heart. I had never had any one to care for, but one—and he was dead, and I had wronged him in his grave. And now, because I have presumed to care for you all—and must care, for ever, even when we never meet again—I will say what there is to be said for myself. You feel that I have sinned against all the traditions of right and of honour; but what had I ever been taught of such things before I came to England? What did I know of religion but as a superstition, or of truth but as a fashion among gentlemen? I saw a way of escape from the prison of my loneliness, and I took it. And I said to myself, that if I betrayed myself, or if the lie became unendurable, I could always die. But I found out that *that way* was not permitted, and that though I could lie to strangers, I could not to those I loved. And so I had to tell——’

His voice failed suddenly, and he leaned forward, resting against the table, and hiding his face in his hands.

Perhaps it was hardly to be wondered at that there was silence—a tense and troubled pause. It was not likely that Mr. Wallingford—the man of proprieties and precedents and formulas—should find anything to say under such circumstances. And the Squire had just discovered that he had given his trust and confidence and fatherly affection to a man who had deceived him from the first; and he too was dumb—sorrowful, angry, and perplexed.

After all, it was Mr. Wallingford who spoke first; as having the least at stake.

‘This is a most unfortunate affair. I hardly know what should be said. After all, the legal delinquency depends entirely upon the proof that can be brought of the circumstances of—of—Maurice Claughton’s death—and of the legality of his will. I cannot pretend to be indifferent upon these points; but if they should be settled in what should appear to be my own favour, I should still sincerely regret——’

‘No doubt, no doubt!’ interrupted Mr. Tyndal, breaking the thread of a speech that was even slower and more formal than usual. ‘But—I hardly know what to call you, since it seems I never knew you really. Oh! Maurice, why couldn’t you have trusted us to judge you fairly, and have come to us without a lie in your hand?’

Maurice lifted his head. Paler than he was before he could not grow; but his face showed that this appeal shook him to his very

soul. 'Have a little mercy!' he said. 'You can say nothing by way of reproach that I have not said to myself a thousand times during these last six months. I can bear no more, now. Will you be merciful, and let me go? I know there must be more to be said—more explanations that you may justly require. And I, too, had something more to say, but it is all gone now. I will be found,—somewhere—to-morrow, and answer all that I can. But now, I must go.'

He had risen while he spoke, and stood looking at them both with wide-open, despairing eyes, like some wild creature hunted to the limit of its endurance, and standing at bay.

The Squire regarded him wistfully and doubtfully. It seemed a folly to speak of forgiveness so soon after hearing of such a wrong; and yet he did not know how to harden his kindly old heart against this young man whom he had loved as his own son. After all, if the tale was true, the estate was his own, and what was in a name? And the lad looked heart-broken. And yet—to have conceived a fraud, and forged letters, and have carried it on so long!—how could a man be a gentleman and do such a thing?

It was again Mr. Wallingford who found himself most free to speak.

'You must have found this a very painful interview—that we can understand,' he said, with a curious mingling in his voice of pity and cold disapproval. 'And certainly, as far as can be seen at present, we have no wish to interfere with your personal liberty. But you hardly appear fit to go out alone.'

'I want nothing but air,' interrupted Maurice.

He had been looking hungrily and impatiently at the soft gathering darkness outside while the other was speaking; and now he crossed the room, and opened the French window. Having done so, he paused, looking again at the Squire.

'If all unnecessary words from me were not an insult and an impertinence, I would thank you for the gentleness and courtesy that you have shown me to-night, as always since I have known you. But I have no right now to say even that, and it makes no difference——'

He let the sentence drop unfinished, and passed out at the open window and down the garden without looking back.

They watched him cross the strip of moonlight that lay between the house and the angle of the dark plantations, and heard the click of the gate as he opened it, and passed under the heavy overhanging branches of the great oak that shaded it. And then the two elder men looked at each other with eyes that seemed to say, 'What is to be done now?'

'If I might suggest,' said Mr. Wallingford at last, 'it should be that nothing should be said at present about this—this unfortunate affair. Its bearing on the future depends entirely upon what may transpire later—upon the authenticity of that will, for example. If it should prove to be a forgery, as might seem most probable——'

‘It won’t!’ said the Squire indignantly. ‘I believe every word of the poor lad’s tale. If only he had spoken out from the first!’

‘I must confess that I too feel inclined to believe it,’ answered the other; ‘but I fear we are being influenced only by our feelings, and judging the matter upon sentimental grounds; and therefore, for the present, I propose that we should keep it altogether secret.’

‘I must tell my wife,’ answered Mr. Tyndal gloomily. ‘It will be a dreadful blow to her. We took to him, both of us, from the first, as if he had been a son of our own. And I should have said, till to-night, that a better lad—more honest and honourable and pure-minded—never lived. I could almost find it in my heart to believe that he had got the fever on him again, and had fancied it all.’

Mr. Wallingford might have reminded him that he had just said that he believed every word of it. But he did not; he only sighed and looked puzzled.

‘Well,’ said his host at last, with a long sigh, ‘we’d better stay here till the ladies are gone to bed, so as not to be asked any questions, at least to-night. And we must see what to-morrow brings forth. But I wish we hadn’t let the poor lad go out by himself in that wild way.’

It was late that evening when Mr. Layton went up through the park to his little church on the brow of the hill. He sat some time in the chancel, where the moonlight lay in dim lines on the floor, thinking of many things. When at last he went out, and had locked the door, he did not at once turn his face homewards. The lovely spring night had made him restless, and the dim moonlit glades of the park looked mysterious and inviting. He turned down the side of the hill away from the village, and strolled in and out amongst the fine old oaks and beeches, his feet just rustling in the dry brown relics of last year’s bracken.

Mr. Layton was a lover, though not a young one, and thus had a traditional right to enjoy meditation in the moonlight; besides, he had always been rather fond of solitary, aimless wanderings under the clear night-sky. So he did not greatly trouble himself concerning the lapse of time, but wandered on till he was out of the park, and in the wide wooded meadows beyond it, nearly a mile from the church, and a mile and a half at least from his own home.

The sound of the church-clock striking swung down the valley on the wind, and startled him at last from his reverie. He counted the strokes, eleven in number, and turned his face homewards with a little smile. He had not meant to stay out so late, and he smiled to think that before very long home would be too dear a place to be so easily forgotten.

A long open stretch of grassland lay before him, silvered by the moonlight, and beyond, the shadows of a group of beeches lay black and motionless on the grass. And as he looked, a tall dark figure

came out of the shadows and advanced towards him, moving quickly at first, but then slower and more slow.

In spite of all that Mr. Layton knew, or thought, or guessed, it was not the less a surprise to him to recognise Maurice Claughton in that lonely place, and at that lonely hour. The moon shone full in his face, and he fronted it bareheaded, his dark curls tossed about his forehead, and damp as it seemed with dew. At first he came on in the unswerving, unseeing fashion of one who walks in his sleep; but, by the time he had almost reached the Vicar, his steps wavered and faltered, as if he had just noticed that there was some one there, and had no mind either to meet him or to draw back. So for a moment they stood close together, neither speaking a word.

And then it became evident to Mr. Layton that he was seeing a ghost. Not in the vulgar sense, since ordinary ghost-seers would not credit a spectre with six-foot-one of flesh and blood, attired in irreproachable evening costume. But if ever the eyes of a homeless ghost looked out of a living face, they were those that now looked blankly into Mr. Layton's, and did not change in the least before his expression of compassionate surprise.

'Mr. Claughton!' exclaimed the Vicar, when at last he had found his voice.

'That is not my name,' answered Maurice. He spoke very quietly, but in German, and his eyes had the same curious blank look, as if he were looking through and beyond, rather than at, his listener. Mr. Layton did not like it.

'What do you mean?' he asked, this time carefully keeping all expression of surprise out of his voice, and speaking in the same language.

'I have no name,' answered Maurice, in the same tone. 'My father's name I have forsworn, and I am not worthy even of that now; and the other name was never mine, except by a lie.'

'Where are you going?' asked the other, very gently.

'Who knows! But I shall come back again, never fear. There is more to be said about this, and I am shamed enough already without turning coward, and taking to flight before all has been said that can be said.'

'Of course,' said Mr. Layton, in the same gentle matter-of-course manner. 'But it would be better, would it not, for us both to be going home now? You would not care to be so far from home in case you should be wanted.'

Maurice looked at him for a moment in the moonlight with a smile that did not touch that look of utter despair which had startled Mr. Layton at first sight.

'I understand you!' he said. 'There was just a suggestion of priestcraft about that answer of yours—the first I have seen in you. But where is it that you would have me go?'

'Home to your bed,' said the Vicar lightly. 'Or at any rate, out

of the chill of this cold spring night—home to four walls and a fire, and a roof over your head.'

'I will never come under the roof of Winstead Court again. Would to Heaven it had fallen in and crushed me, when— I ought to curse the day when first I saw you, for but for you I could have carried my secret to the end. But I will not, for you were quite right. I will only heap all my curses on the day when first I heard of that place.'

He half turned his head, and glanced for an instant to where the great square outline of the Court glimmered white against its dark over-hanging woods; then moved as if to pass on his way. Mr. Layton followed. It seemed to him that neither in mind nor body was the other fit just then to be left to his own devices.

For a moment Maurice took no notice; but when they had reached the end of the meadow he paused, leaning on the gate, and confronted his companion.

'What is it? What do you want with me?' he asked, more wearily than angrily.

'I am anxious about you, Mr. Claughton. You must feel that it is trifling with your health to stay out here. I want you to come home with me.'

The name slipped out of the Vicar's lips unintentionally, and the moment he had uttered it he wished that he had not.

'I have told you that I have no name, and no place on earth; and I am not fit to come under any honest man's roof. Go home, and never trouble yourself about me. A life so worthless as mine is in no danger.'

'You have at least a Christian name, *Maurice*,' answered Mr. Layton, after a moment. 'It is not possible to forfeit that.'

'Yes!' he answered languidly, still leaning on the gate. 'I preferred to be called by that name always, because that at least was my own. But there, too, I found my punishment, for it was *his* name too, and I had made it profanation for myself to name it.'

He seemed too weary to walk on, almost too weary to stand, as if the strong excitement that had held him up were dying out, and letting bodily fatigue make itself felt again.

Mr. Layton stood for a few moments still, watching him intently, but not too openly; and then sat down upon a felled tree that lay close beside the gate.

'What are you waiting for?' asked the young man at last, without turning his head.

'For you! I think you are not quite master of yourself, and that I ought not to leave you out here alone. Will you not come home?'

'To the Court? Never again! I have sworn it.'

'To my house I meant. Will you not come home to the Vicarage with me?'

'No!'

He did not speak angrily, hardly even ungraciously, only with the quiet obstinacy of despair.

Mr. Layton waited for a few moments more, while the other folded his arms upon the top of the gate, and bent his head down upon them, forgetting perhaps that any one was there.

'I reminded you just now that you had still a *Christian* name,' said the Vicar, at last. 'May I remind you, too, that you have still a home? that close beside those doors which you are so loth to enter there are doors which must always stand open to you. Shall we go *there*?'

'It was you then, that night in the church?' said Maurice, after a pause. 'That was the beginning of the end! The only just and proper and right end that *could* come, you will say, and perhaps you are right. But death would have been so much easier!—Well, we will go there—to the church, if you choose. I ought not to keep you out here in the cold.'

'That is well! But can you walk so far?' said Mr. Layton, inwardly rejoicing at the slight return to everyday feeling marked by those last words, yet noticing with anxiety his companion's exhausted look.

'Yes, if it were a hundred miles! I should like to walk on and on for ever, like the Wandering Jew; every place in the world being much the same to me, except this, which I must never see again.'

Mr. Layton came quietly to his side, slipping a hand through his arm, and leading him along the meadow on towards one of the side gates of the Park. With instinctive judgment he avoided the nearest way, one of the wide carriage-drives, which kept the great house full in view from the lodge-gates to the terrace before the door. He chose a narrow winding path which led upward under the trees and through the shrubberies, chiefly used by country people from that side on their way to church.

It was a strange walk. Maurice was absolutely silent, but his companion could hardly tell whether he was really growing calmer, or only so weary that the physical exertion was in itself enough. And Mr. Layton, in spite of his very real and tender sympathy, could not help being devoured by a natural curiosity, which he dared not attempt to satisfy by a single question. He had had his suspicions as to 'something wrong' with the young owner of the Court, but the many detached circumstances which had strengthened those suspicions had not given him one definite clue by means of which he might have discovered what that 'something' was. And of late he had tried not even to think about the matter, lest he should somehow interfere with that Power greater and more tender than his, which was dealing with the young man's soul.

And he was silent even now, not only because he was afraid of pressing one who was for the time half mad with despair, but because he was a firm believer in the golden worth of silence and the danger of saying the wrong thing.

After all he was more anxious just now to get Maurice under cover and to calm him, than to find out exactly what was the matter. Indeed, though the young man would hardly confess his exhaustion by so much as a laboured breath, he was fain to lean more and more upon his companion's arm, and Mr. Layton was heartily glad for his sake when they had at last completed the long, slow ascent, and stood in the little churchyard, where every tombstone in the moonlight showed as in a parable the black shadow of Death and the silver-reflected glory of a Light that has set to rise again.

Mr. Layton unlocked the door, and together they passed into the church. Priest though he was, and full of the deepest and tenderest religious feeling, his first thought just then was less of the House of prayer than of a place of rest and shelter for his companion, who was shivering slightly in the fresh, chill night-air.

He would have led him up the aisle to the cushioned Court pew, but Maurice shrank back.

'Not there!' he said, in a husky half-whisper, and the Vicar yielded, and let him sink into the corner of one of the free seats. He leaned forward in the narrow high-backed seat, resting his arms on the book-board and his head upon them; every line of his figure showing utter weariness and the quiet of despair.

Mr. Layton sat down beside him, waiting patiently, though half-doubtful of whether his companion so much as remembered his presence. It was so still that every tick of the old clock in the tower could be heard distinctly, with something awe-inspiring in its measured sound. The moonlight was pouring in at all the south windows now, and every now and then a shadow flitted across them. A bat had found his way down from the tower, or had missed it rather, and was speeding his noiseless flight hither and thither inside, instead of outside, where he would fain have been. One might have fancied him some little imprisoned ghost, risen from one of the countless graves beneath the floor of the grey old church, and not able to find its way out to the blue starry vault and the company of freer spirits.

Maurice shivered again, and Mr. Layton, who had only been watching the bat with half his consciousness, began to think what he ought to do. He rose softly, and, to his surprise, the young man put out a hand to detain him.

'Must you go?' he said faintly.

'I will be back in a moment,' answered he gently; and went away to the little vestry where Dagmar had arranged her flowers and Maurice had watched her on that autumn afternoon a year and a half ago. Mr. Layton unlocked the vestry cupboard, and reached out a bottle of wine that was kept there, from one weekly Celebration to another. There was a tumbler too, for water, and he half-filled it, and brought it down the church again.

'I shall be better satisfied if you will drink this,' he said, in a gentle but very authoritative tone.

Maurice raised his head. Despite the moonlight, it was too dark to distinguish the expression of his face; but Mr. Layton could see that he hesitated, and glanced up towards the altar.

‘It is not—is it?’ he asked, drawing a little away.

‘No, no!’ answered the Vicar, understanding him, and half-shocked and half-touched. ‘*This is no more holy than are all good gifts of God.*’

‘He held out a not very steady hand for the glass, and drank the wine obediently; then went back to his old position, while Mr. Layton put down the glass, sat down again, and waited.

He was very patient, but there was something so painful in the sight of that dumb self-concentrated anguish that it seemed to force him at last to speak.

‘Is it a secret still, this trouble of yours?’ he asked.

‘Not now.’

‘Would it help you, to speak out, to try and tell me all about it?’

‘No!’

The Vicar was silent again, and after another moment or two his silence and patience seemed to touch the other like a reproach. ‘I beg your pardon!’ he said, in a tone more like his own than any he had used yet, and in English. ‘You are very good. But there is nothing to be done. And I cannot talk about it any more.’

‘Is there nothing then that I can do, to help you?’

‘You *are* helping me, a little. And you might say *those words* again, if you will, for I am beginning to wish that the truth had never been told—or that it was possible to knit up the ravelled ends of the old lie again, and be as we were yesterday.’

‘What words do you mean?’

‘I don’t know which of your Offices they come from,’ answered Maurice dreamily.

And Mr. Layton, bethinking himself, knelt down and repeated the prayer for those ‘tied and bound,’ and that other for those in trouble of mind, and several more. His companion did not kneel, nor respond in any way, and the Vicar was by no means sure that he listened to any of the prayers except the first. But there was something tranquillising in those solemn accents as they fell through the dimly-lighted church; and the very atmosphere of the place seemed to breathe of ‘pardon and peace,’ and ‘a quiet mind.’

(To be continued.)

ANGELA: A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART I.

CHAPTER VI.

‘Stars are of mighty use: the night
 Is dark and long;
 The road foul, and where one goes right
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray
 Shot o’er some cloud
 May clear much way
 And guide a crowd.’—*H. Vaughan.*

THE next day was one to be remembered in Angela’s child-life. Mr. Vyvyan told her she was to go sight-seeing with Maurice Langford, and therefore could not go home until to-morrow.

‘But Uncle Roger!’

‘Uncle Roger must accept the inevitable,’ was the reply; ‘and Mr. Langford has written to tell him so.’

‘What is that?’ asked Angela.

‘A large and bitter pill which won’t always go down at one gulp,’ explained the young army-medical.

Angela looked at him gravely, as if she were not quite sure that he was not laughing at her, and then asked for a pen and paper.

‘A nice quill pen, please—for I must send Uncle Roger a letter too.’

No quill pen was forthcoming, but Angela thought Mr. Langford’s gold pen might do better.

It was as good as a tonic for the invalid to watch the epistolary performance through the door that stood open between the two rooms. He could see Langford standing up against the mantelpiece, smoking a cigarette, with a smile of half-amusement, half-interest, as he watched the expressive little face, changing with the changing thoughts that ran from pen to paper.

‘May I read it?’ asked Langford gently, whilst she pressed the blotting-paper long and carefully on the last page, with both hands.

‘Yes! *do* read it!’ she replied earnestly, ‘and read it as if it was a book, so that Mr. Vyvyan can hear.’

Thus challenged, Langford read in sonorous tones—

‘DARLING UNCLE ROGER,—

‘I will come home to you to-morrow. Mr. Vyvyan wants me

to see London to-day with Mr. Langford, who is not a boy and not a man.' . . .

'Can you hear, Vyvyan?' broke in the reader.

'Yes'—came from the next room.

'Sounds like something of the ape-species—the missing link.'

. . . 'And he has a hospital, and he is going to tell me all about it. There are no sick worms there, and no broken butterflies, but *shouldiers*. I like Mrs. Raisins' cousin *very* much—she has three curls on each cheek.' . . .

Explosion from Langford.

'She has, *really*,' protested Angela, reddening, unaccustomed to be laughed at, 'and I can't think how she keeps them up, 'cos I can't see any comb.'

'Gums them,' suggested Langford.

'Go on, Langford!' from the next room.

He returned to the letter.

. . . 'She wears a large brooch with a gentleman's face in it, and she says it is her diseased husband.' . . .

Here Langford stopped, and with admirable composure and gravity said—

'A "c" instead of an "s" there—soon altered.' He read on—

. . . 'And I am going to the Logical Gardens, and to Madame Tooso—and Mrs. Raisins says it is a very nice change for me. Why *don't* you like change, Uncle Roger? I like it so much.

'From your loving

' LITTLE ANGELA.'

Some of the busy passengers in London streets that day turned to look at a certain young man who held by the hand 'such an uncommon-looking child,' as made it worth their while to turn and look again. As for Langford himself, he forgot to smoke, in his care for her as they crossed the crowded thoroughfares, in his eager desire not to lose a word, as he bent down to catch each question and remark made by the little companion at his side. Nothing was lost upon her, but it was human beings who attracted her most.

'I don't care for these,' she said, at Madame Tussaud's; 'please don't stay here, unless you like them? They don't move or speak, you see. I like real people best.'

Animals too, in spite of her love for them, were as nothing compared with the varied life of the crowded streets, from a Commissionaire to a shoeblack. It spoke volumes for Langford's good heart, or for the fascination of the moment, that he gave up a projected Hansom from the Zoological Gardens, and victimised himself in an omnibus, for Angela's sake, 'because,' she said, 'there are so many

more people.' But he was a little scandalised by her reproof to an elderly woman of gigantic proportions, who, pushing her way ruthlessly into the omnibus after her husband, so monopolised his share of space that he presented a crushed appearance to Angela's steady gaze.

'That is *not* fair!' she cried out indignantly, the sense of justice exceeding all sense of propriety; 'it is *not* fair to squeeze, Mrs. Raisins always says so! And he was there first!'

Luckily for Langford's feelings, the omnibus stopped at that supreme moment, and they disembarked; but as she put her hand into his, and trotted along the pavement once more at his side, he said—

'You must not always say what you think, little one.'

'But Mrs. Raisins says I must!' said Angela, with wide-open eyes.

'Not in an omnibus.'

'Then I *don't* want to ride in one again, please, *ever*'—which was a great relief to the feelings of her guide.

When the faithful Mrs. Raisins, who had floated in and out of those Chambers once or twice that day at Vyvyan's request, came in the evening to fetch her young charge, it was a strange picture that met her eyes.

Vyvyan sat in an armchair by the open window, where the summer evening dusk peeped in now. On the arm of his chair sat Angela, stroking his hair gently back from his forehead, as if she were mesmerising him. Standing in the window, whittling something with his knife out of a piece of wood, was Langford. Down below in the court all was grey shadow and stillness. Outside in the City thoroughfare went the rattle and roar and tramp of a ceaseless traffic—the rush of countless interests and hopes, ambitions, loves, hates, despairs.

Angela turned her head when Mrs. Raisins tapped at the door and greeted her with, 'You must please wait till Mr. Langford has finished my ambulance waggon.'

'My dear, it is getting late, and we start early to-morrow, and Mr. Vyvyan has been very kind to you to-day, but he must be tired now.'

Upon this reminder, Angela slipped down at once, and going up to Langford, said—

'And you have been very kind too! Please may I have that now?'

'Don't be in such a hurry,' he replied; 'the wheels are not on yet.'

'Then I must have it without the wheels,' she said; 'cos my friend is tired.'

Langford yielded with a comic despair.

'Thank you, *very* much,' she said graciously, like some stately little Court dame.

'Don't go and put the bilious worm into it,' he said; 'it might get too much shaken without wheels.'

'I don't care quite so much about my hospital now,' she said; 'but some day——' There she stopped.

‘Well?’ he said, smiling down into the soft deep eyes—‘some day?’

‘Some day will you show me Netley?’

‘Some day I will,’ he made answer, whereupon she stood on tiptoe, and he stooped, and they kissed one another. Then she went back to Vyvyan, who had been dreamily watching her, and throwing her arms round his neck, said—

‘I don’t like going away! I do love Uncle Roger and my animals; but I wish you and Mr. Langford were coming too!’

‘Miss Angela, dear! it’s time to be going,’ said Mrs. Raisins respectfully, from a shadowy corner where she sat secluded.

‘Whenever the time comes, it hurts, doesn’t it?’ murmured Vyvyan to his little friend.

Angela’s eyes looked wistful, and she was silent for a minute. Mrs. Raisins had been seized with a spasmodic sneezing-fit, and was now standing outside the door, for it seemed to her indecorous to continue to sneeze in Mr. Vyvyan’s Chambers.

‘Do you know what Mrs. Raisins says?’ spoke Angela at length. ‘She says, that everything that comes is God’s will.’

‘“In la sua Volontade e nostra Pace,”’ muttered Vyvyan. ‘Does Mrs. Raisins read her Dante?’

‘No; she never calls it that,’ said Angela solemnly, shaking her head.—‘She says it is in the Bible; and *everywhere*’—she added with emphasis.

‘Come, Miss Angela, my dearie!’ once more called Mrs. Raisins, venturing her head inside the door, as the sneezing had abated. Then the two men were left alone.

‘I don’t profess to be fond of children,’ observed Langford, after a silence, which had lasted unbroken for many moments after Angela had gone, ‘but *this* one is—well! She is not like most nursery children.’

‘She has no nursery, there’s the pity of it,’ returned Vyvyan; ‘but if she had, she might not be so like her name.’

CHAPTER VII.

‘Ah! Voilà les âmes qu’il fallait à la mienne!’—*Rousseau*.

DAYS of high wind and scudding cloud were hastening the swallows in their final preparations for departure to the sunny south. The summer had gone. Angela, like all the rest of us, was looking about her for compensation. She had lost her saunters on the terrace with her uncle—shady shrubberies and alleys were now too damp for sunset *rendez-vous* with goodly bands of knights and ladies; but she had instead, the twilight hour in the library which she loved, when firelight deepened the shadows on the dark oak wainscot, and heightened the red of the curtains, and played on Mr. Merton’s delicate features as he told her story upon story, or put questions to

her that would have made Mrs. Peveril's hair stand on end, and would have stirred Vyvyan to interpose with a suggestion of hide-and-seek in the passages.

Angela's hospital had been removed at the change of season to a large tool-house, where her rabbits and other live things were also stowed away; but they were not what they had once been to her.

'Hospitals of people must be such nice places,' she said to her uncle one evening.

'Very sad places, dear; full of suffering,' he answered.

'Yes; but full of people who want taking care of, and bandaging. Mr. Langford showed me how to bandage a broken leg—and an arm—and oh! so many things he told me!'

And Mrs. Raisins, when she came with her bed-time tap at the library door, would often find the old man's books laid aside whilst he patiently submitted to varied forms of bandaging from Angela's deft little fingers, as she bound his silk handkerchief round imaginary sprains and broken bones.

'My rabbits are no good, they might as well have no limbs—they are all so fluffy!' she would say to Mrs. Raisins, as they climbed the staircase together,—'and Lance never will keep a bandage on—and Uncle Roger doesn't really like it, 'cos he has to put his books away, and sometimes he sighs all the while;'—little Angela sighed too, there. 'It seems to me that I shall never be able to help anybody, Mrs. Raisins, but you and Uncle Roger and the servants and my animals, and *that's* a very small world, isn't it?'

Mrs. Raisins hugged her and said—

'Bless your dear heart!'—which was meant to be consolatory, but was scarcely satisfying.

It came to pass one afternoon that Angela went with Mrs. Raisins to call at the mill, and her friend the miller was not so entertaining as usual, for he and Mrs. Raisins fell to discussing parish events in a low and confidential tone. So Angela wandered off a little way along the lane, until she reached the gate of the Vicarage, and from the Vicarage garden proceeded screams—not of wrath, but of pain. Without a moment's hesitation, Angela ran through the gate straight in the direction whence the cries came. On the garden path stood two of those fat jolly boys in sailor suits; on the gravel between them rolled the third fat jolly boy in a sailor suit.

'What is the matter?' asked the little angel of mercy, bending over him.

'A bee has just stung him,' began the two others vociferously. 'It was in his hat half-asleep—and it crawled out and stung his forehead. Pa and Ma and nurse are all out, and cook is busy, and the other servants are at tea—and we can't make him move—and we don't know what to do.'

Angela stood erect, and spoke like an oracle.

'When I was stung once, Mrs. Raisins put some wet soda on it—

can't you get some? I can do him good with that, and I can bandage it, if he will come indoors.'

Self-confidence of the simplest kind was stirring that little woman's heart; she saw only two things before her: a creature in pain, and her own power to cure; her great heart of pity was the motive-power. Those two stolid, fair-haired boys stared; then the stare melted into a smile; finally, the faces beamed like two round moons, as they said—

'Then you will come into our nursery, and play with us at last?'

'No, I can't play this afternoon, 'cos I am a hospital nurse, and Mr. Vyvyan says——'

The roaring boy, who had been silent since Angela appeared, now sat up, and he also stared hard, as he exclaimed—

'Ma knows Mr. Vyvyan!'—then a fresh throb of pain made his hand go up to his forehead once more, and brought down Angela's little ministering hand to his other one, as she said soothingly—

'Boy! I wish you would come with me! Show me your nursery, and I will do you good.'

The two boys went off for the soda, and these other two trotted along over the daisies, through the late roses, among the dead leaves, in at the garden door, and up the staircase where the carpet was worn white by the feet of six boys, three being now at school. So Angela stepped into the nursery that was hung with pictures, littered with toys, full of charm for the little solitary girl.

'There!' she said coaxingly, leading him gently along as he pointed the way. 'I don't see a sofa, but s'pose you sit in this rocking-chair—and I'll sit beside you—and here's my hank'chief for your eyes.'

'That *beastly* bee!' he sobbed, as he violently rubbed each eye.

'Bees are dear good things, and I love them,' returned Angela.

'You wouldn't if they stung you,' he blubbered.

'Yes, I should,' she replied, with some warmth; ''cos Uncle Roger says everything must suffer, and Mrs. Raisins says we must love everything.'

'Not if it hurts you!'—sob.

'Yes, we *must*,' said the little nurse authoritatively; but at this crisis entered the two other sailor suits with a saucer of soda and some water. Angela, with the over-zeal of a novice, made a paste large enough for Jasper's entire forehead, pressing it on with her gentle little hands, and then came the crowning glory. The silk handkerchief round her throat was untied, folded, as she knew how, bound round his head, and secured by a pin. That it was not in the least necessary was not to be thought of, for Angela pronounced it indispensable, and all these three boys already believed in Angela. There followed a golden half-hour—a half-hour of heartburnings and revelations. Boyish possessions, from butterfly cases down to

carpentering tools, were exhibited. She shuddered at the impaled butterflies, and discomfited her hosts by saying softly—

‘I s’pose boys must always be cruel.’

To them she was a wonderful and rare apparition on their commonplace nursery-ground, known by sight to one another all their lives, but never, until now, brought face to face. They really did not know how to do her sufficient honour; they felt so shy and awkward and clumsy, with this graceful little self-possessed person, who always spoke softly, and would sit close beside fat Jasper as he lay quite still in the rocking-chair, staring, but obedient, wondering why he might not move, as he felt no pain. But Angela’s finger was held up warningly whenever the other two boys raised their voices, until Jasper began at last to fancy that he must indeed be in a high state of fever.

She was telling them one of her stories, a marvellous piece of mosaic-work! composed partly from the Arabian Nights, partly from the Arthurian Legends, and partly from Hans Andersen’s Tales, and they were all enthralled, when, into the middle of it came their mother. She stared, almost as much as her boys had done, in astonishment, at the unexpected visitor.

‘It is Angela Mohun, mother,’ they said. ‘She came in to do good to Jasper, because a bee stung him.’

‘I am a hospital nurse this afternoon,’ said Angela, as she slipped off her chair and held out her hand. ‘I am going to be one when I am grown up. Mr. Vyvyan was ill the other day, and I went to him—and Mr. Langford was there, and showed me how he had bandaged the sick soldiers. I don’t want to take my handkerchief away with me—he can keep it. But I must go now, because Uncle Roger will be wanting me, and perhaps Mrs. Raisins is looking for me. If they ever hurt themselves again, may I come in like this? I am not noisy, and I never break anything.’

Then Mrs. Peveril knelt down, and took her in her arms, and smothered her with kisses. And the boys stood by the door like a guard of honour, the wounded one with his bandage—oh, Angela!—across his nose and his eye peeping over it. And Mrs. Raisins came in weeping, and went away with her charge rejoicing.

‘I like a nursery *exceedingly* EXCEEDINGLY, Uncle Roger,’ said Angela, as she told him all about it, sitting at his feet by the fireside. ‘And had I a mother once who kissed me like *that*, as Mrs. Peveril kissed me? She smelt of violets, and felt so soft!’

‘Yes, darling—once.’

‘Was it very long ago?’

‘No, not so very long, my child—five, six, seven years ago almost.’

Then followed a long silence, not a sound broke it, except a coal falling in the grate as the fire glowed on steadily, and Angela, as

steadily, gazed into its magical depths. At last the fire grew dim and indistinct, and there was a little quaver in the voice that said—

‘I wish Mr. Vyvyan had a nursery like that!’

‘Why do you wish that, Angela?’ asked the old man, laying his hand gently on her head.

‘I don’t know why! ’cos he’s good to little children, I s’pose—and ’cos he’s all alone—and I wish he had a mother!’

‘You don’t wish it for yourself?’

‘I don’t know—I don’t know!’ She was sobbing now, with her arms on his knees and her face hidden on them. ‘I wish everybody knew everybody! and I wish nobody hurt nothing! and that friends all lived together and never said good-bye!’—It was the essence of that home, with its warm cheery nursery, and its cuddling mother-love, and its little children, that had entered into the very soul of the little hospital nurse.

Mr. Merton, distressed beyond measure, did his best to soothe her, as only a man can do, whose eyes are gradually opening to the possibility of having been wilfully blind, the possibility of having gone astray in the practical application of a narrowly-conceived theory.

What were all the legends and fairy tales? What were all the pet animals? What were all the garden-hospitals? Nay! in that moment of childish despair, what was even Uncle Roger himself, set against a nursery of living children?

END OF PART I.

ZOLTÁN BÁCSI.

BY TRÉFAY.

IX.

GIZELA NÉNI was by no means an early riser, and the sun was pretty high in the sky when the little party started on their day's excursion. The air was mild, the sky cloudless, and of that pale autumnal blue predicting a perfect day. A slight haze was covering the blue chains of the High Tatra and Fáttra, giving their outline the exquisite delicacy of a first-rate painting. Even those mountains against which the village was built had thrown over their natural fir-green a slight veil of the darkest blue, and the huge masses of rock, that always looked ready to tumble down and crush alike the picturesque old houses and the miserable Slovakian huts, were appearing more distant and softer in shape.

Javorovica was a kind of shooting-box of Zoltán Bácsi's, about two hours' drive from Tátrafalva. The road followed the course of a small mountain brook, that, having sprung up from several little sources in some wild place at the foot of the Djumbir, took its way through an almost ravine-like valley, and after jumping over no end of rocks and dashing by the sweet forget-me-nots and the pink bushes of epilobium and overspreading them with white froth, it came down to the village a madcap youth, and, without having done any manner of work, without knowing old age and slow dragging along, ended its youthful and happy existence in the waves of the Vág.

Mariska felt something of life and spirits return when they drove along in the light springless cart, drawn by a pair of small shaggy mountain horses that climbed up the rough road like chamois, Zoltán Bácsi driving as erect as a young man of thirty, with the Hungarian coachman beside him, a handsome fellow from the Alföld, wearing the becoming Hungarian coachman's dress—a short laced coat and a cap, from which the *Árva leány* (a feathery grass growing in the Alföld) was hanging down at least a yard long, and waving in the air like a lady's veil; it was all so gay and pretty to look at that she at times forgot her troubles, and only felt the spirits of her eighteen years rising high.

The way was full of beauty and variety. Now it led through ravines of such exceeding narrowness as to hardly allow room enough for the road and brook; now close to overhanging rocks with small rivulets trickling down from their mossy covering; now it crossed the water by the rudest possible bridge, and the huge masses of granite opposite were showing their gigantic height.

Every turning exhibited a new picture. Side-valleys opening alternately on either side laid bare a rough woodman's path leading up through a dark forest straight to the ridge of the mountain, or a perfect wilderness of rocks and loose stones accumulated in spring by the torrents of melting snow, and just above that rocky wilderness showed an alpine meadow of the loveliest green, where small short-coated sheep were nibbling sweet aromatic herbs, and the shepherd, with his broad-brimmed hat slouched on the long, sleek hair and a brown cloak thrown round his shoulders, stood leaning on his staff, dirty and picturesque.

In front of the valley road rose a wide-stretching mountain group of almost blackish green—the Djumbir, the highest mount of the Low Tatra; and on turning back, far down in the valley the cross of the Tátrafalú church-tower was seen glittering in the sun.

How peaceful the village looked, hiding between the mountains, sheltered from storms, lovely with the rays of the autumn sun, and the distant Kriván as a background of transparent blue! Mariska used to love it tenderly in former times—long, long ago, it seemed to her—and now she almost dreaded to return there again. She would have liked to go up to some lonely spot among the huge rocks and hide there, and never look again at the well-known faces and scenes that reminded her of past happiness and present misery.

Her passionate Hungarian nature, for a while kept down by a strong sense of duty, now rose alternately in joy and grief, and would have given vent to wild crying if her companions had not done their best to turn her thoughts. Zoltán Bácsi indefatigably pointed out beautiful spots, particularly picturesque bits of scenery, enjoying Mariska's sincere admiration, and teasing Gizela on her dulness.

'I don't deny it, Zoltán Bácsi,' she answered, good-humouredly. 'I should greatly prefer a drive in the Prater or the "Varos Liget" at Budapest to being dragged up to wild places, and getting shaken as if all my bones should come to pieces. I have known these mountains all my life, and I never could see anything but firwood and stone, and grass for the cows.'

'You are a thorough Hungarian, *kedves hugom!* Our nation in general have little love for forest and mountain scenery—the more is the pity! We came from the Asian plains, and settled in the plain and love it; and even our own great Petöfy says that he has nothing in common with the dark romance of the Karpathian mountains, which inspire him rather with awe than love, and that his fancy only feels unfettered in soaring above the endless plain. He shows bad taste, to my opinion; but then I have been living so much among nations appreciating beauty of scenery that I have given up my Asiatic notions.'

'Well, Zoltán Bácsi, all I hope is you will make up for leading me through these unwonted trials by giving us a splendid dinner. You know that is rather my foible.'

'You shall have all that my poor kitchen and cellar at Javorovica may produce. But no reward without trouble, *kedves hugom!* Do you see that little bower up there, perched at the top of the rock? We are going to dine there. The view is splendid, and I know my little girl will like it.'

'Oh, how delightful!' cried Mariska; while Gizela Néni uttered an exclamation of horror. 'This is Javorovica. Look, Gizela Néni, how lovely! I should like to spend all my life there!'

'It would be rather lonely in winter, when the snow is almost reaching to the roof,' said Zoltán Bácsi, pleased with the young girl's delight.

'It would be awful!' said Gizela Néni, shuddering.

The *vadászlak* (shooting-house) was a tiny cottage looking like a toy, built on a sloping meadow and commanding a splendid view at the surrounding mountains, and particularly at the towering mass of rock, on a protruding part of which a *gloriette* of rough wood had been erected.

While Gizela Néni rested herself in the well-furnished rooms of the *vadászlak*, Mariska was taken by Zoltán Bácsi all over the place. They went to the little forester's house just below the rocks of the *gloriette*, and talked over the dinner that was to be furnished by the forester's wife, a neat Slovakian woman; there was to be a *paprikás* of fowl and a lamb roasted at the spit, and *turóshaluska* (a kind of very big vermicelli,) boiled with a great deal of butter and mixed with the highly-spiced sheep-cheese for which the Tatra is particularly famous.

After that discussion the *Szallás* was visited—a large enclosure where the sheep are kept from May till September, the ewes milked, and the *džinsica* (sweet whey of sheep-milk) boiled in a large kettle by the shepherd in his dark, smoky hut.

While Zoltán Bácsi and Mariska were standing at the entrance of the hut, drinking *džinsica*, and talking to the old head-shepherd, a big fellow in a woodman's dress came down the path from the nearest wood-cutting place, carrying a large stone jug in his hand. On seeing Zoltán Bácsi he took off his hat, which had a wider brim than is common even among Slovakian peasants, scratched his long sleek hair, and stood irresolute what to do.

'Well, Palko,' said Zoltán Bácsi, 'how is the cutting of the trees going on? I shall perhaps visit the place in the afternoon. I hope you are sober, and have not come for brandy.'

The man grinned, shaking his head, and the old shepherd replied in his stead.

'*Jaj, pan velkomužni!* (gracious sir) we have not a drop of brandy ourselves, although it would do an old man good sometimes. The little my old woman sends us up on Sunday mornings, when the cheese is taken down to the village, will hardly last us till Monday, and we have to quench our thirst with *džinsica*.

'But those fellows,' remarked Zoltán Bácsi, pointing to the wood-

men, 'manage to have enough brandy to keep them tipsy all through the week; and there is a saying it was you, Palko, whose sledge upset the *kisazonka* (the young lady) last winter, while you coolly went on without minding the mischief you had done. What have you to say to it?'

'Well, *pan velkomužni*,' said the man, colouring violently, 'I don't deny it was I; but how could I know it was the *kisazonka* who walked about in the woods? I swear I had no thought of it, and I kiss the *kisazonka*'s hands a thousand times, and beg her pardon!'

'Never mind, Palko,' said Mariska, vainly endeavouring to withdraw her sleeve, which the man had caught hold of and kept on kissing; 'fortunately, no harm was done, and that accident made me find a true friend.'

She had turned towards Zoltán Bácsi, who, between the wish to hide his emotion and the anger of having left the criminal without punishment for so long a time, now began to work himself up into a rage.

'You tipsy rascal!' he screamed at Palko. 'Do you mind causing mischief? You know what you did some years ago on a similar occasion!'

Palko stood shyly without speaking; but the old shepherd stepped in for his defence.

'*Pan velkomužni* is speaking of old Omorik,' he said, 'who was struck dead by some pine-tree dragging after the sledge. Well, he certainly was as dead as a stone, and Palko drove the sledge; but then, that was only an old Jew—it did not matter so very much. I know his son well—he is the innkeeper at Bosztra, and he and his family have been called *Omorik** ever since, although their real name was Löbel. But a Jew or a gipsy, that is not like a noble *kisazonka*!'

'Where did you find that flower?' asked Mariska, who wished to change the subject, pointing to a sprig of edelweiss the woodman had fastened on his hat.

He took it off immediately and offered it to her, glad to make amends for his crime.

'How lovely!' she exclaimed. 'I should so like to pick some myself!'

'If the *kisazonka* does not mind climbing up that big stone over there, just above the funny little house *pan velkomužni* had built——'

'You mean that mass of rock about the *gloriette*?'

'Yes, *kisazonka*. There the *kisazonka* will find plenty of it; it is the only place where it grows in this neighbourhood.'

'I will go directly! May I, *édes Zoltán Bácsi*?'

'After dinner, *kedves leányom*!' (my dear girl) said the old gentleman, beginning to descend towards the *vadászlak*; 'after dinner you may fetch a cart-load full of them, if you like; but our roast-lamb is a serious affair—it must not be burnt!'

* Pine-tree.

X.

THE rural dinner had been most satisfactory ; and now the little party sat in the *gloriette*, Zoltán Bácsi smoking his 'tchibuk and Gizela Néni her cigarette, and all sipping strong black coffee, and talking lazily. By-and-by the subject of talk seemed to get exhausted ; Gizela Néni threw away the end of her cigarette, and, settling herself comfortably in a corner, declared she would have her nap. Zoltán Bácsi taunted her about her laziness, and kept on smoking violently ; but after a while, when Mariska sat dreamily, her eyes fixed at the Tátrafalú church-tower, she heard a loud snore, and, looking up, perceived that Zoltán Bácsi, with his mouth half open and tchibuk slowly slipping away from it, enjoyed what he used to call his '*his gondolkodás*' (his little meditation).

Now was the time for fetching the edelweiss. Mariska left the *gloriette*, and at a little distance discovered a narrow path leading uphill through underwood and bilberry bushes full of bright red berries, with a late blossom of pale pink here and there. The ascent was rough, and she had to use her hands as well as her feet frequently, in order to keep safe on the loose stones ; but after about ten minutes' hard climbing she stood at the foot of the rocks, in the fissures of which she discovered, to her intense delight, quantities of the white velvet-like flowers. She scrambled up the stones, gathered a whole bunchful, and sat down at the top of the highest rock, with the flowers in her lap, to rest a little.

The view from that rock was simply grand. There was nothing to be seen but firs, a perfect ocean of forest-green in slow wave-like motion, exhibiting the utmost variety of shades, from the light sunlit green of the larch-tree to the dark, almost black, colouring of the old weatherbeaten fir and pine. Even the rocky ridge of the Djumbir group only appeared as a narrow grey stripe separating that dark leafy ocean from the hazy blue sky.

It was strangely soothing to look at. That grand nature, sometimes so wild in the combat of its elements, hushed by the still small voice of Him who ruleth winds and waves !

The young girl felt a sweet peace creeping into her heart. Whatever might befall her, it would be well at last—it was His will ! She was so wrapped up in her thoughts, that she did not hear footsteps approaching ; she started wildly when the figure of a man became visible on the ascending path. The flowers fell from her lap ; she sprang heedlessly down the rocks, and, with a passionate cry, threw herself into the arms of Árpád.

'*Rozsám ! Csillagom !*' (my rose, my star) he murmured softly, kissing her dark hair and trying to soothe her violent sobbing. 'What have they been doing to you, *szegény galambom* (my poor dove), that you wrote me such a wild letter ! How could my clever little girl only listen for a moment to the spiteful talk of some

gossiping old Néni! I was away from Graz; your letter reached me late; besides, I could not get leave of absence. At last I managed to get it if only for two days. I started last night, arrived at Tátrafalu about noon, and was told Zoltán Bácsi had driven you up to the *vadászlak*. I took the liberty of borrowing one of his horses, and made the best of my time. The forester's wife showed me up to the *gloriette*; but a young fellow in a wood-cutter's hat, who stood by enjoying some remains of your dinner, seemed to understand directly, and told me the *kisaszonka* had gone up here to pick flowers. But now, *édes lelkem*, do not distress yourself any longer! I am a soldier and like straight ways, and we shall see whether I cannot cut that knot of intrigue which those wretched gossips have made.'

The young girl tried to stifle her sobs. The first excitement caused by the unexpected joy of seeing before her the man she idolised had uttered itself in true passionate Hungarian manner, making her forget everything except her love. But the reaction soon followed.

She gently freed herself from Árpád's embrace, and, with head drooping and half turning away from him, she said—

'All I wrote to you is quite true. Mamma will not have it. She says it will kill her. She has been unhappy all her life; she is deeply to be pitied. You know her—you understand. I would give my life to sweeten hers, to make her forget her misery! I cannot be your wife. It is very hard, and life will seem very dark—God will help me to get through it!'

'Mariska, *édesem*! let me reason with you——'

'Do not speak to me!' she cried. 'If you have some pity, go away and leave me! It hurts me to hear your voice and see you and think it cannot be!'

'If you really love me——'

'If I love you! I would die to make you happy—I would willingly share with you poverty, misery, and shame! Whatever you might do to me, I should not love you less! But yours I can never be. She says it would kill her—kill my poor unfortunate mother!'

'Your poor mother is ill, *szegény galambom*! Her mind is not sound enough to decide on the fate of her child.'

'She is my mother—and—and you know, *édesem*, she has not been a dutiful daughter herself, and has not well repaid her relation's kindness, and that is weighing on her mind. Do you think I could bear only for one hour to look back on such a life as she has been going through?'

'It is different to disobey parents that are well able to judge for their children—different to act against the capricious wishes of an invalid, who perhaps will change her mind to-morrow, and desire the very thing to be done she is forbidding to-day. She used to like me. Let me speak to her.'

‘No—that must not be! It might make her worse, poor dear!’

‘Listen to me for one moment longer,’ said the young man, taking Mariska’s hands in his own. ‘I came to say good-bye for a long time—perhaps for ever. My regiment is on its way to Bosnia; I am to join it on the day after to-morrow. It will be a long and tedious campaign, fighting on difficult ground—not against an enemy who will face us in open battle, but against conspirators and assassins. Will you let me go without the hope that, if I come back, I shall find my sweet rose waiting for me?’

Mariska drew a long breath.

‘You are going, perhaps to die!’ she said faintly. ‘I shall pray for you, and think of you always—every hour of my life! I cannot be yours; but I swear to God Almighty I shall never be another’s!’

Árpád did not say another word. He took one of the flowers that lay at her feet and put it to his lips. Then he went slowly down the path. She made a movement as if to call him back, but her voice failed. She threw herself on the ground, and put her lips to the cold stone on which he had been standing.

XI.

WHEN Zoltán Bácsi awoke from his ‘little meditation, he was surprised not to see Mariska.

‘What can have become of the girl?’ he muttered, displeased with himself. ‘She will be sitting somewhere dreaming and crying. We ought not to have left her to herself. Gizela, don’t you know where Mariska may have gone?’

Gizela Néni started and looked at him with dreamy eyes, unable as it seemed to understand his meaning. He walked off impatiently.

On turning into the path that led up to the rocks, he almost stumbled against a man walking with his head bent down, and evidently not looking about him.

‘*Teremtette! Bassama!* It is you, Árpád!’ Zoltán Bácsi exclaimed. ‘Where do you come from? And what has brought you here?’

‘I beg your pardon, Zoltán Bácsi!’ said the young man, endeavouring to get past him. ‘There is little to be said. It is all at an end. She will not have me. Let me go, please. We are marching to Bosnia, and I must catch the midnight train for Budapest.’

‘Nonsense, *Öcsém!* You will stay a day or two! I am glad you have come. That affair must be got clear, and that poor benighted woman brought to reason, if one can say that of her.’

‘I cannot stay longer than this evening.’

‘*Jaj, Istenem, Istenem!*’ cried a plaintive voice, and Gizela Néni was seen panting up the steep path.

‘What on earth are you screaming for?’ asked Zoltán Bácsi, out of patience with everybody.

'*Jaj*, Zoltán Bácsi, come and look! Fire must have broken out at Tátrafalu! You can see the flame and smoke as clear as possible!'

The gentlemen hastened to the *gloriette*, Gizela Néni slowly following, gasping for breath and '*jaj*'-ing by turns.

'It is indeed at Tátrafalu!' said Árpád, after having looked through his pocket spy-glass.

'So it is!' exclaimed Zoltán Bácsi.

'*Jaj*, my poor old mother! What will become of her all alone!' moaned Gizela Néni.

'You need not fear for her. The fire seems to be at the lower end of the village. Besides, Máli Néni is a sensible old lady, and will know what to do. But—poor Etel! It must be near her house. We will start directly. If only Mariska would come!'

'She is at the rocks up there,' said Árpád, leaving the *gloriette*. 'But I shall be at Tátrafalu before you, and I will look after the invalid lady.'

Mariska was called for, orders were given to get the cart ready, and soon the little party were on their way home in a state of sorrow and uneasiness, very different from the high spirits that had been enlivening their morning's drive.

Árpád, being a capital rider, reached Tátrafalu in less than an hour's time. The physical exercise, the prospect of having to assist in combating the destroying element, of saving people from actual danger, did him good in rousing his energy and making him forget his own troubles.

On arriving at the village, he found the confusion attendant on any similar event in out-of-the-way places, where at the utmost a primitive fire-engine is to be had, and everybody comes to stare and very few come to help.

The fire had broken out in a peasant's barn; the barn itself and several neighbouring peasants' houses, built of wood and clay, had been soon destroyed by the rapidly working element.

Árpád left his horse at Zoltán Bácsi's and hurried to the place. All the Tátrafaluszy gentlemen were there, working hard and trying to save the adjacent houses and huts. The Ablegate had taken the command, and actually managed to keep the unruly crowd in order. Seeing no immediate employment for himself, Árpád went to the *Kastély* to look after Etel. The house seemed empty. No servant was to be seen in the hall and kitchen, and Árpád now remembered having perceived at the fire an old woman's face strongly reminding him of Porubská. He knocked at the door of what he knew to be Etel's bedroom, and, hearing angry voices within, he softly pushed the door open.

The invalid lady was standing with flushed face, with one hand catching hold of the chaise longue, on which she had been resting, and speaking in an excited manner, while a gipsy woman, in

ragged clothes, retreated towards the door, evidently intent on hiding two large silver candlesticks under her dirty brown shawl.

Neither of the two remarked Árpád's entering the room, and they kept on screaming at each other in Slovakian, of which the young man knew enough to understand that the gipsy woman coolly meant to steal the candlesticks.

'I command you to put them down this instant!' cried Etel. 'You will be put to prison, *te feketé cigány kutya!*' (you black gipsy dog).

'If they will catch me,' sneered the woman. 'They are all at the fire; nobody is in this house. And what right has the high-born lady to these pretty glittering things? No more right than the poor gipsy. They are all *Pan velkomužni* Zoltán's. This house is his own—everything is his own. Not a pin is the high-born lady's own! The high-born lady need not look so astonished. It is quite true, and even the sparrows on the village roofs know it! The high-born lady and her beautiful daughter have not a kreuzer of their own, but what *Pan velkomužni* Zoltán allows them! He is a kind lord, and would not call a poor gipsy woman a black dog.'

Etel stared, her eyes got an unnatural wild look, her lips trembled, she put her hand to her head, uttered a piercing cry, and fell back.

Árpád was near her in an instant, catching her up in his arms, while the gipsy woman tried to sneak away.

'Get some water! There, in that bottle!' he said, in a commanding voice, and the woman timidly put down the candlesticks, did as she was ordered, and helped him to recall the invalid to life again.

When Etel opened her eyes, she looked round her bewilderedly. On seeing the gipsy woman, who tried to hide behind the young officer, she put her hand across her forehead as if she endeavoured to remember what had happened.

'You are here still, you gipsy thief!' she said, speaking with evident effort. 'You meant to rob me of the last bit of my family-plate—and you said it was not mine—it was—his! You spoke the truth perhaps—he always was a kind man; go away—do not let me see you any more!'

'Do not trouble yourself about the talk of that woman,' said Árpád, pushing a cushion under Etel's head, and putting a shawl over her feet. 'Can I do anything for you? Perhaps a little wine would do you good?'

'No,' she answered, looking intently at him. 'I know your face. You are that kind young officer who told me about my poor János. I remember it all—all the good and kind things you did to him. But why is my dear daughter not with you? She loves you so much—she told me. You will take care of her, will you not, although she is poor?'

She put her thin hand out to him, and he raised it to his lips.

‘It is the one great wish of my life,’ he said earnestly, ‘to show myself worthy of my own dear Mariska; and we shall both think it our chief happiness to make life easy and pleasant for you.’

She shook her head, with a faint smile.

‘Do not think of me,’ she said. ‘Joy and sorrow on earth will soon be over for me. I feel so different now—there is no longer that pain in my head. But where is Mariska? She went away with Gizela, and—Porubská said—with him—with Zoltán.’

‘She is on her way home, and must be here directly. I rode on before them, because they were all so uneasy about you—my dearest one and Gizela Néni, and—Zoltán Bácsi.’

‘Was he? But tell me the truth! Is it really as the gipsy woman said? Is he the master of it all?’

‘I do not know the particulars; I only know that he did all that is kind and generous for you and Mariska.’

He drew a chair near her, and talked on softly in his amiable, gracious way, as if he were talking to a sick child, and she listened eagerly, and asked a question now and then about his plans for the future, and he spoke about it as if it was to be all peace and quiet, although he thought all the while that he had to go to the war on the following day.

The door opened, and Mariska entered. She stood motionless for a moment at seeing her lover in friendly talk with her mother, and the latter looking at him with such a kind expression, as she used to look at her own child long, long ago.

Etel stretched out her arms towards her, and she knelt down at her mother’s feet, hiding her face in her hands, overpowered by violent emotion.

‘Here is a true and generous man, *galambom*,’ said the invalid faintly, ‘who will take care of you when I am gone. I believe I said something against him the other day—some foolish thing; I don’t distinctly recollect what it was. Do not think of it any more. I hope you will have a happier life than your poor mother had. You will—I feel certain of it, for you are a good girl and dutiful. I wish——’

She looked up. There was Gizela standing near the door with Zoltán Bácsi, and behind them the rueful face of old Porubská was peeping in.

At the sight of Zoltán Bácsi Etel started, but only for a moment. She tried to sit up and murmured—

‘It is you, Zoltán Bácsi! You have come to see me—I thank you! You have been very kind; I am glad you came, for I acted wickedly against you, and I humbly ask your forgiveness!’

Zoltán Bácsi stood by her side. He did not speak, but he took both her hands in his and pressed them tenderly, and then he turned away to hide his tears.

Etel put her hand to her heart, gave one kind look at those surrounding her, then her head sank back.

The proud unbending spirit of Tátrafalusy Etel had kept up through all her errors and troubles. Even when her mind had lost its clearness, her energy had remained unbroken; she had turned away from what she did not wish to own, had feigned to ignore what she was too haughty to believe. Only when she could no longer willingly close her eyes to it, when she had been made to see openly what had frequently begun to dawn upon her—that the man whom she had deeply wronged had been unceasingly and invariably kind and generous to her and hers, and that her whole life having been a failure to the end was nobody's fault but her own—when that certainty stood clear before her, then the clouds troubling her mind dispersed; but that proud heart was broken.

XII.

THE Bosnian campaign was ended.

Máli Néni sat in the open gallery, knitting, and grumbling at Gizela Néni, who, half-stretched on the cushioned bench, with a book in her hand, enjoyed a state between reading and dozing.

A cheerful '*Jó napot!*' (good-day) interrupted the ladies in their respective occupations. Zoltán Bácsi opened the garden-gate, and both hastened to meet him.

'Have you come back at last!' said Máli Néni, kissing him on both cheeks. 'I really thought you were going to stay away altogether! The idea of your travelling about at your age!'

'It has done me good, as you see, Máli Néni!' he said.

'And how are they?' cried Gizela Néni.

'Well and happy. Árpád's wound is as good as healed. He has got a six months' leave of absence, and they are coming to Tátrafalu to spend it at the old ancestral nest.'

'How delightful!'

'Well, well,' said Máli Néni, 'I am glad it has not turned out worse; but I must say, I think it was a mad idea of you, Zoltán, to allow their being married almost at the mother's funeral, one might say, and on the eve of his going to the war!'

'It was a fortunate thing, Máli Néni. Mariska could not have gone to Serajevo to nurse him when he was wounded, if she had not been his wife.'

'Never mind! She might have stayed comfortably at home till he returned from the war, and been married then.'

'But, mamma, the anxiety and the longing!' said Gizela Néni.

'Jaj, Gizela, don't be so tiresome!'

'Look here, Máli Néni,' said Zoltán Bácsi, diving into his pocket and producing a tiny paper parcel. 'This is for you. Mariska told me to kiss your hand and give you this.'

Máli Néni unfolded it and looked, and her eyes grew dim with tears. It was a little photograph of Mariska representing her as she used to go about at Tátrafalú, in her simple dress, with the Hungarian handkerchief thrown over her head and loosely tied under her chin.

‘She is a sweet little *mennyecske*!’ (young wife) said Máli Néni, wiping her eyes. ‘One of the true old Hungarian kind! I am glad they are coming.’

‘Yes,’ said Zoltán Bácsi; ‘it will be like sunshine!’

(Conclusion.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO COLIII.

THE KILLING TIME.

1679-1685.

WE are getting into the region made real and vivid to us by the scenes in 'Old Mortality,' and it is somewhat disappointing to find that much of what is true to life and nature is not also true to fact, although in many respects it will raise Scott's hero higher than he durst place him with the traditions and the partial histories before him.

Resistance to the hierarchy had seemed to be dying out in Scotland, though the more resolute Covenanters still kept up their secret meetings, and the officials of the law kept a strict watch upon them, and availed themselves of every excuse for oppression. One of these officials named William Carmichael, in Fifeshire, was particularly obnoxious, and was accused of citing before his court innocent persons who were known to have scruples about pleading or making oaths, and then fining them for their non-appearance.

A meeting of peasants was held on the 9th of April, 1679, at which a gentleman named William Hackston, of Rathillet, was invited to attend. After prayers, and some discussion, he asked why he had been sent for, and was answered by Robert Henderson and Alexander Balfour that it was anent the condition of the shire, the Gospel being quite extinguished there by the faintness of heart produced by Carmichael's violence; and it was agreed to do something that might scare him from his present course.

He was thought to be a favourite of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and something passed about seeking him in the palace, and hanging him over the West Port. There were several meetings for prayer for direction in the matter; but if the prayers were such as Sir James Turner had overheard, they seem rather to have directed the Almighty than to have asked direction from Him. However, finally, a godly weaver, named Alexander Smith, desired them to go forward, and if the Lord saw meet to deliver Carmichael into their hands, He would bring him in their way, and employ them in some work honourable to Heaven and themselves.

Another fast and prayer day was kept on the 1st of May, and they sought out two determined men, who were in hiding from the law, John Balfour of Burley, and John Henderson.

Twelve men, with horses and weapons, were collected, Hackston being the only one of rank above a peasant's or farmer's degree, their intention being apparently to frighten Carmichael out of the country, and a field meeting was fixed for the Sabbath after their attempt should have succeeded, to give thanks for the deliverance.

The twelve waited in a house, sending one of their number to Cupar to watch Carmichael, and at 7 A.M. he brought them word that the commissioner was gone out to hunt on Turrit Hill; but by the time they had gone out to intercept him, some alarm had reached him, and he had gone back to Cupar. Still, they believed that there was some work to be done, especially John Balfour, who said that he was pressed in spirit, and that the words, 'Go and prosper' were borne in upon him.

In this awful state of self-deception, when a boy came to tell them that the Archbishop's coach was on its way, these men believed that here was the victim to be delivered into their hands, and they resolved on lying in wait for him on Magus Moor, a wide, dreary flat district, far from any help.

Meantime, the Archbishop, with his daughter Isabel, was on his way. He had rested at the village of Ceres, and smoked a pipe with the parson; then driving on, as he passed the house of an enemy, he said, 'There lives an ill-natured man. God preserve us, my child.'

By-and-by a horseman galloped furiously up, looked in, and fired his pistol into the carriage. The coachman drove on hastily, but the whole party came up, firing volley after volley, till they thought they had done the deed, and were riding off, when they heard voices within, which showed them that their unpractised hands had done little harm in the great cumbrous coach. They turned back again, and commanded, 'Judas, come forth.' He did not move, but though he had a sword and pistols, the regular equipment of a coach, he did not try to use them, as he was forced out on the ground. Seeing Hackston sitting apart on horseback, with his cloak wrapped about his mouth, the old man crept to him, saying, 'You are a gentleman; you will save my life!'

'I will not lay a hand on you,' was all Hackston said, but he made no attempt to protect the suppliant, but sat motionless, while another party held the poor daughter, as she struggled to reach her father, during the dreadful forty-five minutes, while, with clumsy hands and blunt weapons, the murderers were hacking and hewing at their victim. When life was at length extinct, they rifled the carriage, not as robbers, but in search of tokens of his compact with Satan. They found some yellow-coloured thread, like parings of nails, that would not burn, probably belonging to his daughter's needle-work. Also, when they opened his tobacco-box, a bee flew out, and this they had no doubt was his familiar spirit.

No one had disturbed them, which they regarded as a special interposition of Providence, and they rode off to a house three miles

distant, called the Terebits, where they spent the evening in prayer, not for forgiveness, but of thanksgiving, for having been, as they thought, guided to a great work.

Then they rode off in the face of day. One of them, William Daniel, hid in an empty house, where a gentlewoman and her daughters brought him food at night, and where he lived in a rapture, in which he believed that it was revealed to him that the Indulgence was hatched in hell to ruin the kirk! Fifeshire was for the most part loyal, under good Bishop Leighton, and the object of the assassins was to reach their brethren in the west. They considered it an inspiration that they pretended to be a troop sent out in search of the murderers, and Hackston, who had been an officer, and a dissipated one, played the captain. At the hostel in Dumblane they called for brandy and the clerk of the peace, and actually made inquiries in a jesting tone on the appearance of the fugitives. The clerk, in his merriment, struck perhaps with the accordance of the description, said, 'You are one of them,' and added to John Balfour, 'You are he that fired the first shot.'

'If all Dumblane had been here, they could not have judged more right,' said Balfour, with a grim laugh.

The clerk found them such good company, that he ordered another gill of brandy, and whispered to them that he could put them on the track of some more Whigs; and they rode out of the city with the general good will of the inhabitants. At Kippen, in Stirlingshire, they were among Covenanters of their own description, and the Sunday saw an armed field meeting, ending in a skirmish—but not of importance.

A far more serious matter was at hand, however. The murder of the Archbishop was in the eyes of the loyal a horrible sacrilege, and it of course quickened the severity of the authorities. In one district it would have been very hard to have increased it. The steward of the town of Dumfries was Sir Robert Grierson of Lag the real original of the terrible Sir Robert Redgauntlet, of Wandering Willie's tale, and, like him, with the horse shoe on the brow. He was a man of education, but vicious and licentious to the last degree, and horribly savage. Legends survive of his hanging Covenanters to an iron hook, and rolling them down a hill like Regulus in a barrel stuck with knife blades. His wickedness, even authentically proved, is appalling.

The officer in command of the regular troops in this district was John Graham of Claverhouse, a kinsman of the Marquis of Montrose, at whose intercession he had received a commission and the command of a troop of dragoons, after having served under the Prince of Orange, whose life he had saved in the battle of Seneff. He was about thirty-five years old, of a singularly beautiful countenance, with delicate, almost boyish features and complexion, large dark eyes, and dark hair, curled—no doubt to avoid the hideous wig—by twisting his locks round lead weights at night, and with a small slight active figure.

His manners were unusually quiet, gentle, and courteous, his way of life, pure and blameless, and his habits so religious, that they were remarked by surprise by a Presbyterian lady who lodged in the same house at Edinburgh.

Under the orders of Grierson, or Lag, as he was more commonly called, and forced to be on civil terms with him, Claverhouse was supposed to be a sharer and approver of his atrocities, and has come in for an unmerited amount of popular execration. He was supposed to be proof against steel and leaden bullet, and to be possessed of a huge black horse, the gift of Satan, and able, like Douglas Tyneman, 'to charge perpendicularly up hill—and all the most horrible stories of cruelty were laid to his charge; whereas nothing is really proved, but that he carried out the orders of the authorities in an active, honourable, and seldom unflinching manner.

In the March before the murder of the Archbishop, he was appointed, together with Andrew Bruce of Earls Hall, to the deputy sheriffdom of Dumfries shire under the Duke of Queensberry, and had been already aware that some scheme was afloat among the Covenanters when the terrible tidings of the tragedy of Magus Moor arrived.

Activity was quickened, and on the 29th of May, Claverhouse was at Falkirk, and sent a despatch mentioning his intention of joining Lord Ross to break up a field meeting from eighteen parishes on the ensuing Sunday.

The spot was Loudon Hill, the place where the counties of Ayr, Lanark, and Renfrew meet; two miles to the east lay the farm of Drumclog, chiefly of swampy moorland, but sloping down to a marshy hollow, through which ran a stream edged with stunted alder bushes. Behind these were ranged the Covenanters, commanded by Hamilton, not as hitherto praying and preaching, and scattering at sight of the soldiers, but in order of battle, and with no women in sight. There were three lines, the first with guns or pistols, the second with pikes, the third with goads, pitchforks, or scythes set on poles, and with a few mounted men on either flank, commanded by Balfour of Burley.

How well we know the scene as Scott has drawn it, with Morton, Mause Headrigg, and Cuddie on the height above as captives, and Mause endeavouring to declaim, and vowing, 'I will not peace at the word of any clod of earth, though it be painted as red as a brick of Babylon and ca' itself a corporal,' and the gallant young Cornet Graham riding out with the white flag of truce, and shot down by the ruthless Covenanters.

The incident comes from the great magician's imagination. There was no nephew of Claverhouse's present, no flag of truce sent, only two troopers rode forward to reconnoitre. He seems to have had about 250 men, the Covenanters about 1000, with every advantage of ground. There was a sharp exchange of musquetry, and the troopers in parties tried to find a place fit for crossing the stream, but in vain;

and they were only picked off themselves by the farmers, who were fair marksmen, and had the advantage over horses entangled in boggy ground. There were crossings, however, known to the Covenanters, and over these Burley advanced on the one side with the horse, William Cleland, only sixteen years old, on the other, with the foot. Then there was a general *mêlée*, in which numbers told, and the heavy cavalry could do little. With great difficulty Claverhouse saved the colours; and his horse, though fatally wounded by a pitchfork, carried him out of the fight, when he had done all he could to retrieve the day and rally his men. He had lost two officers, and about ten men of the Life Guards, the dragoons enough to make the number amount to thirty-six.

The Covenanters found a body with a shirt marked R. Graham, and mangled it with the idea that it was Claverhouse's, and afterwards a story arose that the slain person had refused to feed his dog at breakfast at Strathaven, meaning to gorge it with Covenanters' flesh, but was instead himself torn by its fangs.

As the horsemen reached Strathaven, they heard their late prisoner, John King, leading a triumphant Psalm, which he interrupted to shout to them to 'stay the afternoon sermon.' His flock tried to make them do so by force; but they rallied, fell on the townspeople, and broke through, never halting till they reached the garrison at Glasgow, where Claverhouse wrote a hurried despatch, in spelling as bad as Lauderdale's, and ending, 'My Lord, I am so wearied and sleepy, that I have written this very confusedly. This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion in my opinion.'

He was right. The Covenanters were full of exultation. They had given no quarter, and there were but seven prisoners, five of whom had been allowed to depart, when Hamilton came up, and slew one of the others with his own hand, rating his men for allowing any of 'Babel's biests' to escape. The leaders spent the night at Lord London's house. He had absented himself, but they were hospitably entertained by the lady. Then they proceeded to Glasgow, their numbers swelling fast on the way as the news of their success spread, so that they amounted to 6000; but Claverhouse had had time to barricade the streets, and especially the Gallow-gate bridge, and beat them off, so that all that they could do was to take down the heads and limbs of their fellows, which were exposed on spikes, and bury them as those of martyrs.

Orders reached Claverhouse to take the garrison of Glasgow to Stirling, where Lord Linlithgow was in command, and the Council at Edinburgh called out the militia, guarded Edinburgh, and sent an urgent despatch to London to beg for more troops.

The Covenanters meanwhile moved aimlessly about from place to place, not exactly besieging Tillietudlem, but quarrelling quite as much among themselves, and as uncertain who was their leader as is represented in 'Old Mortality.' Robert Hamilton seems to have put

himself foremost, not through any military qualities, but as the most furious and violent in language; and viewing not only Papists and Prelatists, but moderate Presbyterians, as Amalekites, whom it was absolutely sinful to spare, and yet his '*Faithful Contendings Displayed*' show him to have been an earnestly devout and pious man. To add to the other divisions in the camp, a large party from Ayrshire was brought by a minister named John Welsh, great grandson to John Knox, and the first deprived pastor, who had held field preachings, as he had done constantly for twenty years in the parish of Irongray, so that he was obliged to be always guarded by men with swords and pistols. But he was a reasonable and moderate man, who held that it was wrong to denounce the wrath of Heaven upon indulged ministers until a General Assembly should have condemned their action. This roused hot opposition and anger, and was supposed to bring a curse upon the host, like the sin of Achan.

Meantime it had been decided by the Court that the true mercy was to send so large an army as effectually to crush all opposition. It numbered 15,000, and the command was given to the Duke of Monmouth, who was called in Scotland Duke of Buccleuch. He was deeply tainted with the licentiousness of the times, but he was very popular, having his mother's good looks, and his father's charm of manner and good nature; and in contrast to his uncle, he was called the Protestant Duke, while some sanguine persons entertained a hope that a valid marriage with his mother might be proved, and he might become heir to the throne.

On his arrival in Scotland, the Council thought him far too lenient and humane, and sent to beg that fierce old Dalziel might be joined with him; but the commission had not arrived when the troops set forth under Monmouth in the end of June, 1679.

Montrose commanded the cavalry, and his kinsman Claverhouse was with him, Linlithgow commanded the foot, and many Scottish nobles and gentlemen had joined the army, as they marched towards the Clyde. The Covenanters had crossed that river by Bothwell bridge, and were encamped on Hamilton Moss. There, in a barn, there had been a hot dispute on the subjects for humiliation on a fast day; and, moreover, some of the moderate mentioned that tidings had been sent from friends in Edinburgh that the Duke of Monmouth was prepared to treat and be merciful. This filled the fanatics with rage, Hamilton declared that he drew the sword as much against the curates and the minions of the Indulgence, as against the dragoons, and finding himself in a minority, went away with his friends in a rage, and employed himself in directing the erection of a monstrous gibbet, with cart-loads of coils of rope under it. Walsh, in the meantime, with two other reasonable men, Hume and Ferguson, had gone into the royal camp, and begged to see Monmouth. He received them courteously, and listened to a paper with a statement of their grievances and demands, all perfectly rational and moderate, as he

allowed ; but he told them that he could not treat with armed rebels. If they would lay down their arms, they might hope for present pardon and future toleration ; and he gave them half an hour to carry his message to their fellows, and return their answer.

They found confusion worse confounded, and Hamilton so far from listening to them, as to be ready to give them the first taste of his gibbet. Monmouth, after waiting the appointed time, sent the Foot Guards towards the bridge. This was only twelve feet wide, and the river was bordered with alder bushes on a rough bank, so that—

‘One hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight,’

would have perfectly secured the position, though they had but one gun.

Hackston had been a soldier, and Balfour had a little common sense. The first defended the gatehouse on the bridge, the second the alder bank, each with the very few men capable of seconding them. Hackston kept his post till his powder was exhausted, and when he sent for more, he only received orders to fall back ; and he then found the main body dismissing their leaders, and disputing as to who should succeed them. Of course the troops crossed the bridge at their leisure, while their cannon played upon the disordered masses of country folk. One party of Galloway men tried to draw into order and resist the Life Guards, but Hamilton ordered them back, and was foremost in taking flight, leaving the more reasonable men to wonder whether he were most coward, traitor, or fool.

Monmouth ordered quarter to be given whenever it was asked, but the more cruel and violent of his men struck and trampled, so that 400 or 500 rebels seem to have been slain ; 1200, however, surrendered, and a great many more fled, and were allowed by the Duke to escape. He recalled his cavalry when only half a mile from the field in pursuit, in mercy to the poor deluded folk. When General Dalziel arrived the next day, he was much displeased. ‘Had I been a day sooner,’ he said, ‘these rogues should never have troubled his Majesty or the kingdom any more.’

The 1200 were marched, roped together, to Edinburgh, and as no jail could hold them, were penned up in Grey Friars’ churchyard. There must have been much discomfort, but these were the longest days of summer, and the prisoners had been voluntarily camping out without tents or shelter for weeks past. Most of them were released in giving security to keep the peace, others were deported to the West Indies, and only seven suffered death, all ministers as prime movers of mischief, two at Edinburgh, five, by way of reprisals, at Magus Moor.

After this there was a lull, during which the Scottish Treasury complained that Claverhouse had not paid in the fines he had levied, and he went to London to justify himself, which he did so

completely that he was, by the King's command, restored to all his employments.

Meantime, the Duke of York had arrived, in fact, because the English mind had not recovered from the agitation of the Popish plot. He was far more harsh than Monmouth, and little liked. Moreover, his Romanism was offensive to almost all, and his young wife, Mary Beatrice of Modena, not unnaturally objected to the rude old Daziel being seated at her table.

'Madam,' said the veteran, 'I have sat at the Emperor of Austria's table where your father would have stood behind my chair,' alluding to his rank in the Austrian army being higher than that of the Duke of Modena.

While he was absent, Richard Cameron, a minister who had become the foremost of the extreme party, devised a Declaration, declaring that the wrath of Heaven had visited the nation for submitting to an ungodly tyrant like Charles Stewart, and going on solemnly to renounce and declare war upon the King and Duke of York. This was first produced publicly on the 22nd of June, 1680, at Sanquhar, whence it is known as the Sanquhar Declaration, and at the Torwood, near Stirling, Cameron further pronounced sentence of excommunication upon King Charles and his brother, delivering them up to Satan. After this a league for mutual defence was signed among these ardent spirits, who were thus marked men, outlaws who lived as wanderers amid the wilds and mosses, aided by the peasants who sympathised with them, even when they did not share their courage. At Aird's Moss, in Ayrshire, June 22nd, 1681, seventy of them were encountered by Claverhouse's Lieutenant, Bruce. Cameron prayed aloud, and declared, 'I see Heaven's gates open to receive all such as shall die this day.' Hackston was there and fought desperately; but was struck down and made prisoner, and Cameron had the happier fate of being killed on the spot. His head and hands were cut off and carried on pikes before Hackston into Edinburgh. He was honoured as a martyr with passionate veneration, and his name descended to his followers.

Hackston could have no hope of pardon, though he had not himself laid hands on the Archbishop, for he had not raised voice or finger for his protection. He showed himself undaunted at his trial. When reproached by the Chancellor with the dissipations of his youth, he answered, 'Then I was acceptable to your lordship. I lost your favour when I renounced my vices.'

As to the death of the Archbishop, he declared that Heaven was judge which was the greater murderer, himself or those who tried him. All the cruelty of executions for treason was wreaked on him. Strangely enough, the only other of the band who was seized and executed was the man who had held back the daughter, and this the Covenanters held to be punishment, because these two had not actually shed the blood of him who was viewed as Judas.

Donald Cargill became the Cameronian leader, but was soon betrayed by a Dumfries gentleman, and executed at Edinburgh. The Cameronians are said to have taken refuge among the old Moss troopers on the Border, some of whom were still Roman Catholic, and had hardly renounced their lawless habits. The Cameronians are said to have converted them, perhaps because their faith was the most adverse to the English, but they also made them pious men.

These wild fanatics became the saints of the popular Scottish calendar, because of their constancy and martyrlike death. Yet what did they protest against? It was simply the form of Church government, which in their madness they identified with the idolatry of Baal. It was no doubt severely enforced, and often by evil men. And they expected it to lead to the overthrow of Calvinism; but it was mere frenzy in some, mere ignorance and party spirit in others, that led them, even on their own ground, to die rather than own a Bishop, or even listen to a Presbyterian licensed by the State. The enthusiastic admiration lavished on them is surely misplaced when we analyse their cause.

The French and Dutch Calvinists died for witnessing against the absolute corruptions of Rome; but these men were not called on to accept any such thing. Even their fathers who framed the first Covenant had more reason, for they were prejudiced against the Prayer-book, but these were not even asked to accept the Liturgy. Their whole cause for rebellion was simply the appointment of Bishops, and the Indulgence of their own ministers! Noble qualities might be displayed, but in a cause hardly worthy of them, though the feeling of an imaginative people has surrounded them with a halo of romance. These latter years of Charles II. are known in history as 'the Killing-time,' and it is popularly believed that Claverhouse did nothing but ride over Scotland with his Life Guards like a sort of Nero, hunting out innocent martyrs, and torturing them to death.

Now, in the first place, it was only the wild west that was disaffected. The rest of the Lowlands were in no temper to peril life and goods, and kept their indulged ministers, or saw them replaced on their death by Episcopal clergy without obstruction. Next, torture does not seem to have been employed after the Pentland Rising, when there was good ground for suspecting treasonable practices with the Dutch. Lastly, Claverhouse only obeyed orders as an officer, and was never unnecessarily violent or unmerciful, nor did he ever practice extortion for his own profit like most of his contemporaries.

The law over his head was terrible, but still its enactments were not unprovoked. A declaration was put forth by the Camerons in 1684 of their intention to do to their enemies, both civil and military, as had been done to them, and they showed themselves in earnest by deliberately murdering two soldiers of the Life Guards who fell into their hands. An act was hastily passed, sentencing any person who

would not disown this treasonable declaration to instant death, whether he had arms or not.

One person who was shot on this Act was John Brown, called the Christian carrier, who had been in hiding on the hills. The despatch from Claverhouse to the Duke of Queensberry relates the having pursued two fellows across the mosses, till they were seized, when John Brown, the elder of the two, refused to take the oath, or to swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said he knew no King—'upon which, there being found bullets and match in his house and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead, which he suffered very unconcernedly.' The other man was his nephew, offered to take the oath, and, on promise of his life, confessed to having been with his uncle in a late affray, mentioning others likewise engaged, so that he was taken away as a prisoner.

A piteous story was current among the Covenanters, not always agreeing in the different versions, of the good man shot by his own door, in sight of his wife and child; which of course may have been too true; but it was added that Brown's last prayer was such that it ever after haunted the leader. One account, moreover, said that he was shot by a file of six soldiers, the other, that they refused and that Claverhouse pistolled him himself. No doubt it was a sad affair, and Brown was probably a pious man, but in the fanatical covenanting rebel fashion, and as the law stood, there was no choice but to execute him, and there is no evidence of additional brutality save in the later tradition.

Another story of cruelty is quite unjustly saddled on him, for he was far distant from the spot, and had no concern with it. The law had made it high treason to refuse to abjure the Covenant or to attend the parish church, and the mode of execution for women in Scotland was drowning. Two women, Margaret Maclauchan and Margaret Wilson, were brought before the magistrates, among whom was Claverhouse's brother, David Graham, the Deputy Sheriff, and the savage Robert Grierson, of Lag.

There was no choice but to sentence the women. However, the matter was sent to the Council at Edinburgh, and on the 30th of April a reprieve was prepared, but without stating how long it was to last. Either it never reached Wigton, or the period had elapsed by the 14th of May, for on that day the women were tied to stakes in the sands of the Solway Firth, so as to be drowned by the advancing tide.

It is said that they were entreated to save their lives by only saying 'God save the King,' and that their friends pleaded with them that there could be no sin in so doing. 'But not at the bidding of every profligate,' said the elder Margaret, and they sang Psalms together till the waves had washed over her. The younger one said something, and was dragged ashore; but she still held fast to her resolution, and was returned to the waves. Her body was recovered and buried, and later the inscription on her gravestone recorded that here lay the body

of Margaret Wilson, who was drowned in the water of the Bledmock on the 11th of May, by the Laird of Lag.

‘Murdered for owning Christ supreme,
Head of His Church, and no more crime
But her not owning Prelacy,
And not abjuring Presbytery.
Within the sea, tied to a stake,
She suffered for CHRIST JESUS sake.’

Kirk and stone are both gone, but an obelisk has been erected in their place. Some fifteen or sixteen persons altogether are said to have actually been put to death for refusing to bless the King. One woman to whom the Duke of York sent an offer of pardon if she would only say the words, declared she knew there was no blessing for him, and she would not take God’s Name in vain, and another that she would not bless that idol, nor own any King but Christ, and so she was hanged, but the Duke stopped this persecution.

The killing time was not entirely on the royal side. Peter Peirson, minister of Carnphairn, a somewhat surly man, was murdered by an armed party at his own door, and a week later the same men broke into Kirkcudbright, killed the sentinel and rescued the prisoners, going off beating the town drum in triumph. That when four of these men were taken at Auchenley at a prayer meeting, two were instantly shot, two hanged at Kirkcudbright, was scarcely an act of unusual cruelty. Taking all together, there was a fanatic and violent party, whom the Government repressed by harsh enactments, which were carried out sternly; but on the whole Claverhouse was more inclined to be merciful and just than were most of those concerned in this miserable state of affairs, when men and women suffered as martyrs for mistaken notions of the truth, and the cause of the Church was taken up by evil statesmen and a dissolute king.

In 1681, the Duke assembled the Scottish Parliament, which secured his succession to the throne, but prepared a Test Act, declaring attachment to Protestantism, but renouncing the Covenant. The terms were such that eighty Episcopal Clergy scrupled at them, and so did the Earl of Argyle; but he afterwards accepted it, with the reservation that he was not to be debarred from making improvements in Church or State. This was called by his enemies leasing making, and sowing discord, between King and people, he was tried before a jury, with Montrose, his hereditary enemy, as foreman, and condemned to death; but his daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, contrived his escape by an exchange of clothes with her footman. Some of the Council actually proposed that the lady should be whipped through Edinburgh, but James would not hear of such brutality.

The Bass rock, bearing a castle projecting into the sea, fearfully desolate and cold, became for many years the prison of the Covenanters.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XLVIII.

THE FORM OF MAKING OF DEACONS.

Aunt Anne. This order was compiled in 1549, chiefly by Cranmer, who, in spite of his errors, had an almost inspired liturgical instinct, and a wonderful power of language.

Susan. The Archdeacon presents the candidates 'decently habited.'

A. The original rubric was 'having upon him a plain albe,' which is equivalent to a surplice. Hostility to vestments in 1552 caused the rule to be omitted, and the present words are one of the compromises of 1661.

S. The Archdeacon presents the candidates, and answers for their being suitable persons. Is not the preparation much more attended to than it used to be?

A. Indeed it is. In Mediæval times, care as to Ordinations depended on the conscience of the individual Bishop; and there was far too little difficulty, so that very unworthy persons were often admitted. In the days of improvement after the Council of Trent, St. Vincent de Paul and Cardinal de Berulle instituted the first theological seminaries, and the example was followed throughout the Roman Catholic Church. These generally begin the training at a very early age, so that the youth has not the experience of mixing with men of all kinds afforded by our universities. Perhaps I should have said that the first intention of New College at Oxford, and King's College at Cambridge, with others in their track, was to train up clergymen, and outsiders only came by favour to share their education; and thus to hold a fellowship was, down to the last generation, reckoned as proof of qualification, and fellows were not examined, even in the very insufficient manner that others were.

S. What is a title for Orders?

A. Proof that there is immediate employment for the candidate, such as to afford him maintenance and prevent the scandals that arose from excessive poverty and want of occupation among the clergy. But to return to the preparation. Among ourselves much laxity prevailed, as we see from memoirs. Henry Martyn, when going to Ely for the diaconate, was horrified at the profaneness of one of his fellow candidates, and stories are told of the examination consisting of a question or two asked in a tent in a cricket-field. Then about 1830 a better feeling grew up; one by one Bishops began to require

proofs of study, and specimen sermons, and to show that 'learning and godly conversation' were not a dead letter. Then Bishop Samuel Wilberforce founded the first English theological college, and the example has been followed in many other dioceses, and of late several Bishops have thought it well to arrange that the intellectual examination should not take place in the final Ember days, so that the uncertainty and agitation as to success may be over, and the candidates may spend the last days in devotion, and listening to spiritual and practical exhortations and instructions.

S. So it is with as thorough knowledge of their fitness as man can have that the Archdeacon presents the candidates.

A. The reply in the Sacramentary of St. Gregory was, 'As far as human frailty suffers it to be known, I know and testify that they are worthy of the weight of this office.' And the final summons, as in the Marriage Service, is given to 'declare any cause against the office being proceeded with.

S. Notable in the whole sense of known, as 'for indeed a notable miracle hath been done of them,' in the Acts.

A. The commendation to the prayers of the people before the Litany was in St. Gregory's Sacramentary in a set form.

S. I see there is a special petition in the Litany for the Ordinands, adding priests in case of there being any—as of course at most Ordinations there are both Priests and Deacons to be ordained. Then follows the Holy Communion Service, with a special Collect, Epistle, and Gospel. The Collect is like one of the Ember week prayers, only with the example of St. Stephen added. The Epistle may be either St. Paul's directions about Deacons, or else the institution of the first seven.

A. Deacons are ordained after the Epistle, Priests after the Gospel, Bishops consecrated after the Nicene Creed. From the Reformation to 1865 the Oath of Supremacy was here administered.

S. What is it? Not making the Sovereign head of the Church, like Henry VIII.'s claim?

A. No. This is the form it used to take: 'I, A. B., do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whatsoever. And I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm. So help me God.'

S. That need not have hurt any one's conscience, and I suppose it really was wanted in the days of Elizabeth and James.

A. Yes; but the memory of such past disputes did not need to be brought up in the midst of a solemn service, so after the revival of convocation the oath was shortened to, 'I, A. B., do swear that I will

be faithful to, and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors.'

S. That is not in the Service here.

A. No; the oath is now administered before the service begins, so as not to interrupt it. It used to be a sort of preface to what are called the ordination vows.

S. Questions asked by the Bishop. The first is a very solemn one. Surely it cannot mean that the young Deacons should be called especially, as Saul and Barnabas were?

A. No; but that the bent of their minds and the purpose of their lives should be directed to self-dedication, truly and conscientiously, as is certainly the silent work of God the Holy Ghost. It is what is termed 'the inward call.'

S. And it must have been meant to prevent men from entering the ministry from any worldly motive, but I do not quite see the force of the next question.

A. That relates to the outward call, and is explained as meaning that force of circumstances, and the approval of lawful authorities are not wanting.

S. The answers are very humble, 'I trust so' and 'I think so.' Next follows a question as to faith in the Canonical Scriptures. Of course I know that this means the Books that are not apocryphal, but what is the reason of the term?

A. The Greek *Kanón*, a reed, came to be used as a rule, thence as a model. The superior ancient classical works were called Canones as being models, and thence the term passed to the Scriptural Books of undoubted inspiration.

S. The candidate promises to read these, and then the Bishop makes an exhortation on the duties of a deacon—to assist the priest in his offices, to read sermons and homilies. What is a homily, exactly?

A. It comes from the Greek *homilia*, meaning an assembly or discourse, and has been an ecclesiastical word for a sermon in all European languages from the first. Our two English books of homilies were put forth, one under Edward VI., one under Elizabeth, to be used by the many clergy untrained in preaching.

S. To teach the catechism, to baptise in the priest's absence, to preach if licensed, and especially to seek out the sick and poor—the deacon promises this. Then he has to vow that he and his family will set a good example, and that he will be obedient to his Ordinary. Does that mean the Bishop of the diocese?

A. Now it does, but in the times when the Archdeacon was the chief practical authority and administrator of all the mechanical arrangements of the diocese, he was meant by the Ordinary.

S. Then comes the actual Ordination, by the Bishop laying his hands on them severally as they kneel.

A. The Bishop alone, observe, not the Priests present.

S. 'Take thou authority,' the Bishop says, but nothing about receiving the power of the Holy Spirit.

A. The Sarum and the Bangor Pontificals did say '*Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*,' but the words were not universally used in England, and I suppose it was thought better to reserve them for the dedication to the priesthood.

S. And the New Testament is given with authority to preach and teach from it.

A. An especial peculiarity of our own English Church from very early times, having apparently come from the Eastern Church. All the English and some of the old French Pontificals make this delivery of the Gospels a point immediately after the Ordination, and there is proof of the practice here in the eighth century in the office used, and probably arranged, by Archbishop Egbert of York.

S. I am glad it is such an ancient custom of our Church. Then one of our deacons reads the Gospel for the Communion Service.

A. Usually the Bishop selects one as a special mark of approbation of the results of his examination.

S. The Gospel is that special injunction to be ever ready and watchful, which always reminds me of that verse of Bishop Cleveland Cox's—

'O ye that in these latter days
The citadel defend,
Perchance for you the Saviour said,
"I'm with you to the end."

Stand therefore, girt about, and hold
Your burning lamps in hand,
And standing, listen for your Lord,
And till His coming—stand.'

A. Words that suit us all as well as the Deacons. It is not often that Deacons alone are ordained at one time. The vows of the priests, and the invocation of God the Holy Ghost, in the hymn *Veni Creator*, generally follow the Gospel before the celebration of the Holy Communion is proceeded with.

S. That of course is as usual, with one especial prayer added for the deacons, and 'Prevent us always' read. That is indeed most suitable.

A. For indeed they need the grace of God to go before them, and His glory to be their rearward. And let me say that I think young ladies do much to make the time of their diaconate more trying and full of temptation.

S. Do you mean by the foolish mocking tone about curates?

A. That is one extreme. I think once in the early days of church revival, there was a certain reverence and enthusiasm about young clergymen which degenerated into romance and then into silliness. Now there is a reaction, and, catching the fashionable tone of contempt towards spiritual claims, women as well as men are apt to talk as if curates were fair game for satire.

S. Quite as much Priests as Deacons, though that is worse.

A. I suppose much goes to the feeling—there is the incongruity of a very young man becoming a preacher and teacher, a certain jealousy on men's part of his claim to a higher position and a notion of unmanliness. They laugh at women for respecting the office, and women follow suit, and are ashamed to respect it.

S. It is not only bad taste, but irreverence towards the office.

A. And again, the wives and even the daughters of beneficed clergy get into very undesirable habits of talking of the curates as a sort of appendage, and ordering them about, as only the real head of the parish has a right to do.

S. It is disgusting.

A. And worst of all for the curate himself is—when he is the only youthful gentleman available—distracting him from work and study for the sake of amusements, and involving him in idle unmeaning flirtations. These newly-ordained men are at the most susceptible age, they have all the cravings of youth for diversion, and it is a fearful thing to know how a little selfishness, thoughtlessness, and triviality in a girl may lower their tone, shake their good resolutions, and mar the whole course of their ministry.

AFTER PENTECOST.

‘Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word can ne’er be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.

See! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows, their thirst to assuage?
 Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails, from age to age.’

‘THERE is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her.’ ‘When He ascended up on high, He received gifts for men . . . that the Lord God might dwell among them.’ He ‘gave gifts unto men.’ ‘And He gave some (men), apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers. For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.’ ‘And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and came into four heads.’ *

The garden of Eden being a type of that other ‘garden of the Lord,’ the Church, we are naturally led to connect the fourfold stream by which it was watered, with the four ministries by which the Living Water is conveyed to her. This leads us to think of the four evangelists, who, according to the tradition of the Church, were representative of these four ministries; and when we recall the symbols appropriated to them from time immemorial—the lion of the Apostle, S. Matthew; the man of the Evangelist, S. Mark; the ox of S. Luke the Pastor; and the eagle of S. John, the Prophet—we are further reminded, not only of the cherubim seen in vision by Ezekiel, and the four living creatures ‘in the midst of the throne and round about the throne’ seen by S. John, but also of the four banners or standards, under which the twelve tribes of the earthly Israel journeyed through the wilderness. For these too, as all expositors, Hebrew and Christian alike, agree, were—the lion for Judah; the man for Reuben; the ox for Ephraim; the eagle for Dan. † These, again,

* Ps. xlv. 4; lxvii. 18; Eph. iv. 8, 11–13; Gen. ii. 10. † Num. ii.

reappear in the cherubim worked on the veil which hung before the four pillared entrance into the Holy of Holies, and are further represented by the four tabernacle colours, purple, scarlet, white, and blue.

But we are to consider now what was that great gift, given at Pentecost and including all the rest, by which the Lord would rule, guide, build up, and perfect His Church. For the work is *His* work still, the continuation of the work which He began upon earth.

True, He said upon the cross, 'It is finished,' and also before He suffered, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do;' but these words applied only to that part of His work which He could and did fulfil during His life on earth. He had yet to enter upon His work of intercession in heaven, and to send down the Holy Ghost by Whom He would carry on the work on earth. And therefore, S. Luke writes: 'The former treatise have I made. . . of all that Jesus *began* both to do and teach, until the day in which He was taken up.' For the Acts of Apostles are the acts of the Head of the Church;* the utterance of prophets is the utterance of the Prophet like unto Moses; the preaching of evangelists is the preaching of Him Whose Feet are 'beautiful upon the mountains,' bringing 'good tidings;' and the care of pastors and teachers is the care of the Good Shepherd, Who feeds His flock in green pastures, and by still waters.

'Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.' And S. John adds: 'This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive; for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified.' 'Not yet given,' and yet He, 'the Lord and Giver of life,' had been working in the world from the beginning. He had 'moved upon the face of the waters' while yet the earth was 'without form and void;' and when the Lord God created man, He breathed into his nostrils the breath or spirit of life. 'By the Word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth.'

He had wrought in men, sanctified men, and spoken by men. Human nature had become corrupt through the fall, so corrupt that in it, as S. Paul declares, 'is no good thing.' It is not in man naturally to love or fear God, for his mind is enmity against Him,† and such fear as he does feel is the fear of the slave, leading him to hide himself; not that of the child fearing to grieve the Father Whom he loves.

Polluted and diseased, human nature, *left to itself*, could, like a corrupt tree, only bring forth evil fruit; as it is written, 'There is none righteous, no not one.'

But man was not left to himself. God's Spirit strove with him, and thus Abel by faith could offer acceptable sacrifice, and 'Enoch walked with God,' 'and was translated that he should not see death,' for 'he pleased God.'

* 'The Apostle and High Priest of our profession,' Heb. iii. 1. † Rom. viii. 7.

In all ages there have been those who have striven to please Him, according to their knowledge and light, and in *every* nation, he that feared Him and worked righteousness was accepted of Him, of His infinite mercy in Jesus Christ.* Great was the corruption of the heathen world; but even there, among those who knew Him not, or worshipped ignorantly,† were there not some nobler spirits? Were there not some deeds done, some lives lived, which, however imperfect, God might look upon with pleasure?

And when the time arrives when He shall come, 'Who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts', and 'each man shall have his praise of God,' ‡ can we suppose for one moment that the justice of an Aristides, or the faith-keeping and self-devotion of a Regulus, will be overlooked? Surely He will acknowledge the work in them of His own Holy Spirit, and they will say, 'Thou hast wrought all our works in us.'

Certainly we do not honour the Holy Spirit by thinking little of His work in other ages and outside the ranks of the chosen people.

It was among these, indeed, that He could work most effectually; and for the work of the tabernacle—the type of the Church—God filled Bezaleel with the Spirit of God, as he afterwards gave David the pattern of the temple.

The Spirit came upon the rulers of God's people—upon Moses directly, and *through him*, upon the seventy elders and upon Joshua; upon the judges, Othniel, Gideon, Jephthah, Samson; and upon Saul, David, and Solomon. David said, 'the Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue;' and all the prophets, 'spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'

Yet still, the Holy Ghost *had not been given*. He had come down upon man, He had dwelt with man, he had moved man to righteousness, He had moved him to speak the words of God; and yet there was to be a coming down, an indwelling, an internal moving and inspiring of men, so totally differing from, so vastly exceeding His previous work, that in anticipation of it, the Word of God declares that 'the Holy Ghost was not yet given'—literally, was not yet.

'He dwelleth with you and shall be in you,' are our Lord's words, and it is this fact which makes the whole peculiarity of the covenant of grace in Christ's Church.

'The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.' 'He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' § He is the Saviour of all men, *specially* of those that believe. || 'The benefits of His Passion are not only offered but in some sort extended to all,' and for His sake, because He is the 'Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' the Holy Spirit has

* Acts x. 35.

† Acts xvii. 23.

‡ 1 Cor. iv. 5, *New version*.

§ 1 S. John iv. 14; ii. 2.

|| 1 Tim. iv. 10.

striven with them. Nor can we suppose that He has ceased to strive with all, now when Christ has died for all !

But the grace in which the Christian stands, and the gift of the Holy Ghost received on the day of Pentecost and since then ministered to the Church, these are the portion of those only who, being 'chosen out of the world,' are made denizens of the Jerusalem which is above and of the number of the true spiritual Israel.

What then is this gift of the Holy Spirit, distinguishing it from His former and other operations ?

First we have our Lord's own words, and then the teaching of the Apostles.

To the woman of Samaria, He said 'whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life;' and in these words, as well as those spoken at the Feast of Tabernacles, there is evident reference to the words of Isaiah, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.'

But there is something in our Lord's words which we do not find in those of the prophet. In them it is declared that the water of life, the Holy Ghost, shall be free to all who thirst; but in these it is added that He is to abide in Christ,* that all who would receive Him must receive Him from Christ, and that He is given, not merely for the satisfying of spiritual thirst after God, but to be the source of spiritual life in those who abide in Christ. Further and fuller teaching concerning the future dispensation of the Holy Ghost was given by our Lord in His last words spoken on the night before He suffered.

'The glory of the Man Christ Jesus is the sealing and anointing of the Holy Ghost,' Who is the power and the glory of God, as says S. Peter, 'the Spirit of glory and of God.' This 'glory of God,' our Lord had with the Father before the world was, for He is one with Him from all eternity, one in the unity of the Holy Ghost, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son. But in becoming man, He 'emptied Himself' and laid aside His glory. True that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, that 'He waxed strong in spirit and increased in wisdom,' and that, when He was to enter upon His special ministry, the Holy Ghost descended upon Him in bodily shape; true that after this he was 'full of the Holy Ghost,' 'anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power,' and then first began to manifest His glory by working miracles; true that He could take to Himself the words spoken of Him by Isaiah and say, 'the Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor.' 'Full of grace and truth,' all the time that 'He dwelt among us'; 'speaking the words of God,' receiving the Holy Spirit at all times, and 'not by measure,' but in all the fulness of which His human nature was then capable—still there was a glory of the Holy Ghost

* See 1 S. John v. 11-13.

which He had not received, and 'the Holy Ghost was not yet given,' because He was not yet glorified. For 'flesh and blood' * of which He 'took part,' † cannot, in its mortal condition, 'inherit the kingdom of God.' But when, raised from the dead, the second Adam, the Head and Beginning of a new creation, He ascended into heaven and was 'by the right hand of God exalted,' He, as Christ, the God-Man, 'received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost,' and then entered upon His office as the 'quickening Spirit,' ‡ dispensing that new life, resurrection-life, which He had Himself received.

And the first effect of that new life upon the disciples was to unite them spiritually to Him, their Head, and to one another in Him; as He had said, 'At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you.' 'And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one, even as We are one: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.'

As Easter-day was the birthday of the second Adam, Who then became the First-born from the dead, to die no more, so Pentecost was the birthday of His Church, to whom He then imparted the new life over which death has no power. Till that day the disciples had been a community united by a common faith and hope, now they became a *body*; the separate branches were grafted into the Vine, and one life-blood flowed through all. Into this Body, those who afterwards believed were engrafted by baptism. 'For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all one baptised into one body.' 'And whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.' It is not said only that they *ought* to do so, but that as a matter of fact, they *do*, consciously or not. 'Members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones: '§ 'Your bodies are the members of Christ: ' 'your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you'; that is to say, the bodies of those who are 'in Christ'—born again in baptism of water and the Spirit, || 'baptised into Jesus Christ'—are members of that Body which is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

But it is in 1 Cor. xii. that the Apostle most fully explains this union, and tells us that each member, set by God in his own place, has his own functions to perform. No one, however humble and apparently insignificant, is useless; he has been placed just where he is, he is *wanted* just where he is. And one member *cannot*, any more than in the natural body, perform the functions of another. ¶ They who see in the Church only a society or association of individuals bound together by common aims and interests, miss the meaning of the day of Pentecost.

* 1 Cor. xv. 50.

† Heb. ii. 14.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 45.

§ Eph. v. 30.

|| S. John iii. 5; Rom. vi. 3.

¶ 1 Cor. xii. 15-22, 27-30.

No language can declare more explicitly than that of St. Paul that the Church, the Body of Christ, the company of the baptised, is not a confused assemblage of members, each and all equally capable of filling any place, discharging any functions. It is a highly organised *body*, in a very real sense, the parts of which are fitted one to the other, and 'have not the same office.' One may indeed perform the outward act pertaining to the office of another, but the spiritual function is not discharged.

And Christ is the Head of this Body, which is, spiritually, as much a part of Himself, as a man's body is of himself; and by the Holy Ghost, He personally lives, and should be able to rule, speak, and act, in every part, using His hands, His feet, *all* His members, as He will, to carry on His work.

Now indeed, as we see her, the Church is rent with schisms and unhappy divisions, and never, since the first, has the world therefore seen the full testimony to the truth. 'That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' But this prayer of our Lord's cannot for ever remain unanswered, and surely the first step towards unity is the recognition by all of their own share in the sin (as being the sin of the *whole* body), and of the fact that, though outwardly divided, the baptised *are* still actually one, living, so far as they are living at all, by the same Life, for there is 'one body and one Spirit.'

Some of the members may indeed be more or less diseased, maimed, even paralysed; but if the life-blood flows at all in them, however feebly, they are still 'of the body'; and let us remember too that 'when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it,' all are concerned, all share the burthen. Christ looks upon His Church, His Body, as a whole; as a body He will present it to Himself, as a body He will present it to the Father.

In these pages we have dwelt upon the Holy Ghost, as He is the Life of the Church, the living water. In the last chapter of the Revelation we read, 'And He showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb;' and in Ezekiel xlvii., 'Behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward. . . . These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea; which being brought forth into the sea' (the *Dead Sea*) 'the waters shall be healed . . . and everything shall live whither the river cometh.' 'If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.'*

By Him, as the Spirit of life, we have received in our spirits a new principle of life; but we have the 'treasure' as yet 'in earthen vessels,' for while our spirits are thus born again, regenerated, our

* Rom. viii. 11.

bodies are still mortal, 'waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body.' But they *are* waiting, and waiting in hope; and the 'hope of glory' is *Christ in us*,* by His Spirit. As yet indeed,

'The radiant glories of our second birth
Are hidden from our eyes.
And Thou hast left us in this world of strife,
To witness in Thy Name till Thou appear,
Thy chosen records of a better life,
Thy faithful remnant here.'

But the resurrection, begun in our spirits, shall not end there. 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,' are S. Paul's words;† and again, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.'‡

'And if Christ be truly living in us, He will live His own life there,' and men will 'behold Christ risen indeed, in the new life lived by His Church,' shining already through the earthen vessels until at last they too are transformed, 'according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.'§

In the Eastern Church the octave of Pentecost is called the 'Sunday of all Saints'; in the Western, 'Trinity Sunday'; but in both the Roman and Greek calendars the Sundays following are 'Sundays after Pentecost.' And the appropriateness of this is obvious, if we consider the Church's calendar; for it is a miniature representation of the whole Christian dispensation, beginning with the Nativity and preparatory season of Advent, and then following the Lord's life on earth, His public ministry, His Death, Resurrection and Ascension, and the consequent giving of the Holy Ghost; this is succeeded by the life of the Church, corresponding with the unmarked weeks after Pentecost, and lasting until the Second Advent. It corresponds also with the New Testament Canon. First we have the ministry of the Lord's forerunner, and then the history of His Life, Death, and Resurrection, as told in the Gospels. The book of the Acts tells of the birth and growth of the Church; the Epistles show us the manner of her life, and are followed by the Book of the Revelation, the keynote of which is: 'Behold! I come quickly.'

* Col. i. 27.

† Gal. ii. 20.

‡ Col. iii. 1-4.

§ Phil. iii. 21; Eph. i. 19.

THE MANOR FARM.

THE farmhouse is not far from the river—a small, one-storied house, whitewashed, with outside shutters painted chocolate, and attic windows in the roof, a wooden porch before the door, and the whole front covered with a thick growing vine, which trails round the windows, and lets its straggling tendrils fall across them. It is very pleasant in summer to wake up early in the long mornings, and look out through the vine leaves at the pale blue sky, and see the sun shine on the fresh elm leaves. Through the open windows the swallows fly in and out with their sharp tweet-tweet, and overhead in the roof the young starlings keep up an incessant clamouring. In front of the house is a grass patch, and two great elms growing close together, so close that you can easily swing a hammock from bough to bough, and defy the hottest sun. Across the grass patch you look out on to the allotment gardens, and then across hedges and cornfields to a few cottages on the outskirts of the village, then more fields, and low chalk hills with scanty trees upon them which stand out against the sky. To the right is a fruit and vegetable garden, with a few standard rose bushes, and a row of elms which divide it from the meadows. Apricots, peaches, and nectarines are trained against the wall of the cart-shed, which abuts on the garden, and faces towards the south.

The yard is at the back of the house, populous with turkeys, geese, and poultry, ducks and guineafowl, and resonant with all the noises of a farm. The tabby cat sunning herself on the ridge of the cowsheds is an undoubted poacher, as her shortened tail, clipped by a mowing machine among the barley far from the homestead, declares too surely. Now she is lazily watching the sparrows fluttering about their ragged nests in the chinks of the barn, whose high-pitched roof, irregular with age, its red tiles overgrown with moss and yellow lichens, shows brightly in the sunshine above the tarred woodwork of its walls. The great doors swing uneasily on their rusted hinges, and from inside you look upwards to the dim twilight of the roof, broken by rays of light streaming through the chinks, and crossed with rough oaken beams. Here, from the door that opens on the orchard, the sound of the flail comes across the meadows as they thresh out the corn that is raked up too late for the stacks after the wheat is carried.

The orchard is finely sheltered from all the rough quarters. On the north is a tall, unclipped hedge, with two large spindle bushes in it, behind this is a row of oaks, then a plantation, which belongs to

the Manor House, a paradise for birds, and, in the spring, full of snowdrops and daffodils; to the east are the barn and farm buildings, and again, on the south side, a long clunch wall, tiled at the top, and whitewashed, which forms one side of the stackyard.

At the corner of the wall is a pond, where moorhens build in the spring, and where, in winter, you may see an occasional snipe. Between this and the hedge is a scattered row of chestnut trees and sycamores. In this sheltered orchard are several aged apple trees, twisted into uncouth shapes, but still bearing good fruit. Long-eared bats hide in their hollow trunks during the daytime. I once, out of curiosity, extracted over forty from one tree with the help of a bent stick and a landing net. The farm labourers say that they suck the cows' breath, and kill them when they get a chance. In the early mornings you may sometimes see a great green woodpecker, crimson-crested, flying among the trees, but I have never found his nest. Besides the ancient apple trees, there are damson bushes, and rows of young trees newly planted, and of newer stocks, but the glory of the orchard are five great walnut trees which stand together in the corner near the house, and throw a pleasant shade in summer. They are splashed twice a year in accordance with the ancient jingle—

A woman, a whelp, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.

The first splashing is of the green nuts in summer for pickling, the second in October when the fruit is ripe. The farm boys climb into the trees with long poles, and thresh the nuts down. It is certainly great fun, but as many of next year's buds are knocked off in the process, it is not clear how the tree is benefited. However, the farmer assured me that when he first came to the farm, the trees bore no nuts, so he set to one autumn, and splashed them thoroughly, and next year had a wonderful crop.

A wicket gate between the hedge and the plantation lets you into the long meadow, a splendid sight in early summer when it is a blaze of golden buttercups. The meadow is a mile long if you follow the pollard willows along the windings of the river, and about three quarters in a straight line from end to end, where it narrows down and joins a plantation of larches. In June, when the buttercups have faded, and the grass is three parts grown, the roses bloom. In the hedges, and beside the river bank, and along the ditch which crosses the meadow, the wild briars clamber in the hawthorns and about the willow-stems, or stand by themselves in ragged thickets, their straggling, thorny sprays made beautiful with thousands of wild roses. When the dew is on them, there is no bud or flower that is so fresh or delicate. There is nothing prettier, at this time, than to see a long briar trailing downwards to the water from a slanting pollard. You stand in the deep meadow grass, and look down the vista of the river. Along the banks, a belt of rushes and all kinds

of water-loving plants, docks and arrowheads, water-plantains, delicate meadowsweet, dense willow herbs and loosestrife not yet in blossom, the broad-ribbed leaves of the butter-burr, tall nettles, square stalked fig-worts, and close by a bunch of blue forget-me-nots, these wreath the wizened trunks of the old pollards, which stretch towards one another from either bank, and build a long-drawn aisle, vaulted with the tracery of their grey green leaves. At your feet is a pool, and on the opposite side, a dark hawthorn grows across the water, paved along the edge with lily leaves. In the hawthorn, a moorhen has her nest, and the cock is coasting outside the lily pads, he moves his quick head to and fro, and cocks his tail at every stroke, glancing about him with his bright eye. In the shallows below the pool the slender reeds keep nodding with the motion of the stream, the flies are on the water, dace and chub are lazily feeding as they bask in the sun, and there, shrined in these green leaves against the shadow of the hawthorn, hangs from the crown of a grey pollard a briar starred with freshest roses.

There is an old boat on the river built one winter in the carpenter's shop, by an American who was out of work, on the lines of a scow. It is exactly like a small Thames punt, with a dry well in the centre, and slightly tapering towards the ends. Punting is an art which requires much time to learn; when acquired it seems the perfection of simplicity. The river is narrow, and never straight for more than a hundred yards. In places it bends almost at an acute angle to itself. The hawthorns stretch across the water from either bank, here and there is a fallen willow or an old snag, half embedded in the mud. The reaches vary in depth, at the sharper corners the river widens into deep pools which you cannot bottom with the pole, and in summer the shallows are choked with weeds, with only a narrow channel left in the centre or along the banks. There is always sufficient current to complicate the steering, or a wind to blow the boat's head round. Among these difficulties of navigation, the skilful punter is at his ease, he knows the river, every inch, and can place his pole on the exact spot; the punt obeys his slightest movement, he shaves the corners without grazing the banks, and in the holes knows how to use his punt pole as a paddle. With the novice, it is different. All that he can do at first, is to make the boat go round and round, then he drives the nose on to the low banks or swings broadside across the stream. The water runs up his sleeves off the pole, he gets scratched in every hawthorn, and scrapes acquaintance with every dangling briar; presently he leaves the pole sticking in the mud, and stern-foremost drifts helplessly down the current. This is not all; in the holes he gets caught in the eddy, and stays there unable to move among the water lilies, till he extricates himself by hauling on the willow branches; presently, when he reaches the shallows he shoves his hardest, loses his balance, and pitches head first into the water. Those who persevere are well

repaid for their troubles. You may drift noiselessly down the stream with hardly a ripple, so that you do not disturb the moorhen in the rushes, or the water-rats along the bank. Everywhere is strong life made beautiful. There is a hum of life in the air, bees droning in the comfrey blossoms, willow wrens twittering in the branches, a splash in the stream, a corn-crake crying in the meadow, suddenly a sharp note repeated and a kingfisher like a falling star flashes down the river.

Some way down stream a pair of swans nest every year, beside a little brook that runs into the river. When the hen is sitting, the cock bird is very solicitous for her welfare, and greatly resents the intrusion of the punt into his domain. Sometimes he sails after it with ruffled plumage, his head thrown back between his wings, his neck puffed out in front, making great ripples as he comes. Sometimes he does not follow for a time, but presently comes flying over the willows and settles grandly on the water some way behind and follows on again. If you splash the water with the pole, he will make a counter demonstration. Arching his neck he dives his head into the water three times, then raises himself majestically to his full height, his neck straightened out, and flaps his wings three times prodigiously, uttering three derisive cries, which done he composes himself and watches what will happen.

Wherever a dead willow has fallen into the stream, especially if the water is deep and quiet, you will find a shoal of roach. They lie there all day long, sometimes quite motionless, or more often swimming lazily in and out of the dead branches and surrounding weeds, or rising gently to the flies. Perhaps they find here a safe harbour from the pike, but curiously enough you will sometimes see a pike lying unheeded among the shoal. The roach swim all round him without any sign of terror; probably they know that he does not mean mischief then. When a pike intends to make a meal, he lies in ambush in the weeds. I was once watching a shoal of dace feeding quietly and unsuspecting of danger. Suddenly a long pike swooped upon them. The dace scooted in a panic, the surface of the water was immediately covered with the scales of the victim, and as the ripples calmed, there was the pike lying in the centre of the pool with the largest fish crunched between his teeth. Presently he turned slowly round and moved off leisurely to his retreat. In a few minutes the dace were back in the pool feeding as though nothing had happened. How a pike can start with the impetus he does, and how he can stop dead when he has reached his aim, are unsolved mysteries in the art of locomotion.

In the summer you may see baby pickerel as long as your finger, but thinner and almost transparent, lying at the mouths of the ditches, and if you throw them a worm they will show you a ludicrous picture of their parent's savagery on a minute scale. In every reach there are jack from a quarter of a pound to three quarters,

but many of them must come to an untimely end, unless they grow very slowly or escape through the mills. Fish of two pounds are fairly common, though four and five-pounders are scarce, and occasionally you will find pike of eight, ten, or even twelve pounds. The millers cut the weeds every year, which would otherwise choke the stream and make it difficult in dry weather to get a good head of water. On one occasion they gashed a pike over ten pounds with their scythes. He had just gorged his last meal, a full-grown water-rat, and had doubtless gone to his retreat to digest his dinner comfortably when he was thus foully murdered. A water-rat, however, is a small mouthful for a big pike. I once caught a three-pounder who had been seized across the back by an elder brother. The ring of his teeth was plainly marked, and there must have been a fine struggle before he let go his hold. Cannibalism is probably common where the small fish are so numerous. The villagers tell of a mighty fish, who is supposed to haunt the old mill pit. Years ago, when I first fished here in summer holidays, his rumoured presence added a further charm of mystery to the river, and the shepherd's tales of his fabulous size and prowess gave a thrill to every fling. The mill-pit is at the end of the larch-plantation, and from the opposite bank an ancient sycamore throws its shady branches across the water. The pool has silted up under the right bank, and here grows a dense bed of rushes, where moorhens build, and willow wrens continually chatter. The mill has long since disappeared even from the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but the foundations of solid masonry still remain, and the backwater, just navigable for the punt, makes an island, which from its shape is well named 'The Boot.' I once picked up a broken mill-stone near the bank made of concrete, and worn smooth with constant grinding. It is here that the roach breed every year. They crowd into the pool about the middle of May, and stay there for a fortnight or more till they have finished spawning; then they disappear and I have never found out what becomes of them, for though the water is quite clear you will see hardly a roach in the holes till July at the earliest. Below the pit is the ford, where the farm horses come for coolness in the hot weather, especially on Sundays, when they are turned out into the meadows. They stand there quietly blinking their eyes, and lazily flicking the flies away with their tails, or sometimes roll in the water and then scamper out through the larches and gallop whinnying up the long meadow.

In these quiet meadows the stillness and hush of living nature fascinate us with a kind of charm. We learn to move noiselessly, and tune ourselves to the harmony of the landscape. Above our heads the sky is an unbroken arch, around us an untold harmony of colour, and an untainted atmosphere. There is a simpler and more subtle recreation than we find in the rugged grandeur of mountains. I have stood quietly beside the river bank and watched the king-

fisher 'on the bent spray's edge,' intent upon a dive; presently he falls, and then shoots up stream to feed his nestlings in the roots of the hawthorn. There is a rustle in the grass: it is a tiny shrew that haunts the bank, or a field-mouse running up the bents. A weasel comes from the wood and harries the water-rats among the rushes. In the early morning I have watched the grey heron standing still and solitary, while the light mist is still curling over the meadows, and the last bat is hawking for flies in the daylight. Once a squirrel ran down a willow trunk and stayed drinking at my feet, another time an old fox who was lying in an ivied pollard jumped down and trotted across the fields. In the evening the pigeons fly to the tall oaks, and the rooks return to the elms. Just as the sun sets, thrushes and blackbirds sing their evening concert, and partridges are clucking in the cornfields. As the twilight deepens, the ghostly owls sweep noiselessly along the hedgerows, and then the nightingale in the Manor garden makes the deep silence felt.

Between the larch and ash plantations there is a slight dip in the ground; frequent floods have washed away the soil, and left the surface stony and useless to the farmer. Three years ago this piece of land was fenced off, and planted with oak and ash, and a fringe of spruce firs on the side away from the river. Part of the larch plantation was felled, and the whole trenched deeply before the young trees were put in. It was curious to see how quickly the new ground was tenanted with all kinds of weeds and wild flowers, and how several plants which had been strangers to the farm now made their first appearance. Where the larches had stood, a colony of mulleins spread out their great grey leaves, covered with thick down, and, later in the year, their yellow spikes, the tallest eight feet high, were conspicuous from half a mile away. In the first year I did not notice the mullein caterpillar among the leaves, but in the following summer the plants were covered with them. No doubt the parent plants flowered here when the larches were young, and as the trees grew larger and shut out the light the seed remained in the ground, unfruitful until the clearance came. Besides the mulleins there was a welcome sprinkling of foxgloves, and a few teasels, twitch grass showed itself everywhere, and the fumitory, with its finely-divided leaf and scarlet flower. Docks and thistles, nettles in abundance, goosegrass, purple and yellow vetches and burrs speedily made a tangled cover, and suggested forcibly in how short a time the trim cornlands and meadows would relapse into a wilderness if deserted by the plough and harrow.

The undergrowth in the two plantations is very different. The larches and elms shut out the light and the ground is drier. Here there are few flowering plants, but hazels grow freely, though they seldom bear, and there are impenetrable blackthorn bushes and dense masses of brambles. A few elms on the outskirts have thrown up suckers which are remarkable for the great size of their leaves—

one of which measured nine inches in length. The ground is covered with deep moss, rank grass, and chervils. In a blackthorn bush close to the drift-way by the river bank a pair of bullfinches build every year; the nest is made of moss laid on a mattress of closely-woven twigs. Ringdoves, too, build carelessly among the blackthorns, but not so close to the path. Between the tall ash stems the sunlight streams down easily and makes a glorious wilderness. A broad ditch runs through the plantation from end to end, and the ground is damp and marshy. Along the river is a broad belt of nettles, closely packed, and full six feet high. Then comes long cool grass, sedges, and feathered rush, and in the first full growth of early summer here grow the finest of all marsh marigolds, in great masses burnished by the sun, the golden petals contrasting finely with the glossy green of their own leaves and the paler tints of fresh sedges and silvery cuckoo flowers. Here, too, a little later, the shapely iris breaks into blossom beside the alder bush, and is outlined against its pointed leaves, which shoot up in thick clusters from the root, and show a deep purple in the shadow. Later still the full-scented meadow-sweet rises delicately among the rushes, and when the reeds are already tipped with brown, great banks of willow herb, pale pink against a softer green, show that autumn is already approaching. One solitary maple grows among the rushes, conspicuous in its autumn colouring, brionies and wild hops clamber in the alder bushes and the thick hedge that marks the boundary of the farm.

The sunsets here are glorious, as they always are in the unbroken sky of a flat country, and the golden light in summer evenings makes an atmosphere of colour very different to the cool grey tints of morning. The air is so still that you can hear every sound in the country for miles round. Sitting on the fence by the new plantation I have heard the curfew tolling in the market town four miles away. There is a dog barking in a distant homestead, and a cart rumbling along the dusty road. Presently it stops at the gate and the driver dismounts to open it: you hear the gate swing to, and then the rumbling begins again. There is some one whistling in the village. A water-rat splashes in the river; from the elms about the Manor House comes the long-drawn hoot of the barn owl; close by, the bats are wheeling in the twilight with their piercing squeak, and frogs croaking in the ditch, great moths zig-zag to and fro among the young trees, and now the drone of beetles rises in quick crescendo and then diminishes as they whizz past in their clumsy flight. In the river bank there is the curious suck, suck, of eels feeding in the mud, and occasionally the cry of waterfowl. A hare rustles in the thick grass at the edge of the larches, then stops still, then trots a little way beside the standing corn and stops again, and soon trots away lightly out of sight and hearing. Presently a great white owl sweeps noiselessly along the hedge, skirts the ash plantation and passes on its beat across the river.

The summer passes away too quickly and merges imperceptibly in autumn. The corn is cut and we feel the coming bareness of winter. It is worth while to walk the stubbles and turnips once or twice. There are usually four or five coveys, half a dozen hares, and some rabbits in the hedges. There should be more birds, but the mowers in the hay harvest have destroyed several nests with the scythes. Scores of rats steal out of the hedges at dusk to feed on the fallen ears. As the weather gets colder they leave the fields and go to the barns and stackyards for the winter. Flocks of fieldfares gather, and hundreds of larks, which are snared with horsehair nooses in the snow and sold in the market or sent up to the London shops. The wood-pigeons too have packed; starlings crowd among the sheep, penned in the clover where the barley stood. Great clouds of plover show high up over the fields, changing in size and colour as they wheel different ways in their long flapping flight. The first frost brings out the brightest colours in the leaves, the walnuts are splashed in the orchard, and the ground littered with husks and broken twigs. At last the rains come and colder winds blow the dead leaves down and scatter them over the fields. The willows change least, and keep their leaves longer than other trees, but soon they too fall and are carried quickly down the stream, which flows fast and discoloured between its banks. Only in the eddies and against the fallen trunks they gather thickly on the surface and gradually become sodden and settle in deep layers on the bottom. The weeds die down slowly and all the thick vegetation in bank and wood and field shrinks and wastes away. The tough stems of mullein and hemlock and draggled rushes stand up desolate beneath bare poles and interlacing boughs and the deserted nests of birds conspicuous in the leafless branches.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

THE charming pictures of Scottish child-life which have appeared in 'Good Words,' tempt me to put in writing some recollections of a school in the Western Highlands, long, long ago.

It is just sixty-four years since I saw the place of which I am going to speak. A steamer landed us within twenty miles of it, and, as there was no carriage road, the twenty miles had to be travelled in carts; my cart containing, besides myself, two women servants, three large dogs, bundles of fishing-rods, two guns, and a few extras.

Each cart was led by a man who walked at the horse's head, so we had no upsets or overturns, but it fell dark two hours before we completed our journey. I had by this time become both tired and cross, and thought dogs and fishing-rods most unpleasant companions for a young lady; and as we were all cold and stiff, we stopped at a cabin by the road-side, attracted by the blaze of a turf fire.

Dazzled and half-asleep, I stumbled into the entrance, and struck against a dead sheep, just killed and hung up near the door, as is common in such abodes, and no doubt I returned to my cart quicker than I had left it, not without some unsightly marks of the encounter. Cold and dreary and weary was the darksome road; but at length we came in sight of the house, which a friend who preceded us had illuminated to give us welcome, and soon 'food and fire' refreshed our bodies as his kindness had cheered our spirits.

The house was a handsome modern one, lying between the sea and a wide district famous for game; the proprietor was absent, leaving the place in charge of his butler, who lived in an old castle, once the family residence.

Next morning we awoke to a white world; a snow wreath was spread as far as the eye could reach, sparkling in a bright sunshine, concealing every unpleasant object, and giving to the sloping ground with its gentle undulations, and to the rocks standing up in their rugged independence, that dignity which can only be bestowed by the calm purity of the 'untrodden snow.' There was a little clackan near the gate consisting of a mill and a few hovels, from which I have often heard the voice of praise ascending, and in which the scene of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' was realised. There was no church, kirk, or place for public worship for many miles, and it was soon made known to the cottagers that every one who wished to join our family prayer on Sunday would be welcome; the invitation was gratefully accepted, and our large hall was filled with a congregation as reverent as could be found with all the advantages of

our best ritual. The prayers were those of the Anglican service, but the hymns were from their own paraphrases, and heartily did they join in their Scottish 'Martyrdom.' The children had come at an earlier hour to what they liked to call the Sabbath School; and as there was no school or class within ten miles, I proposed to have them twice a week to prepare their Sunday lessons.

My brother-in-law gave up to me the servants' hall for my pupils, and very soon it turned into the daily school, of which the memory is so dear to my aged heart.

There were about thirty in daily attendance, boys and girls, in age varying from eight to eighteen. The oldest lad was a cripple, named Angus McKinlay, with a sweet pale face on which patience and suffering were marked, and I soon found him so much above and beyond me that I transferred him, as a single pupil, to my mother Lady M., who delighted in cultivating his mind, for she said that everything he learned of the works or ways of God seemed at once to turn in his heart to worship of the Creator.

Angus died soon after, so that his time of patient waiting was not long.

My teaching consisted of reading, writing, geography, and the very small portion of arithmetic that I knew, but the great object was the Bible, which we studied daily, and on which I gave such simple questions as I could ask and they could answer.

Of course the great difficulty arose from their ignorance of English, and mine of Gaelic. Gaelic was the language of their homes and their thoughts, though they did not read it at all, and English was to all a foreign and acquired tongue, though in it alone they attempted to read or to write; but their intelligence and application were so great, that in a few months all could make themselves understood in English, while many spoke it as well as any English present. However, many ludicrous mistakes occurred in the process. A girl named Barbara Maconochie came to me and said, 'Sister Ann sick—come.' I asked a few questions in vain, for Barbara had exhausted her store of English and could say no more; so, as she made signs of conducting me to the house, I agreed, and set off with my three dogs in attendance, Barbara's little figure flitting before us, bare-legged, with scanty covering except her long yellow hair covering her shoulders, and occasionally, as the wind blew it about, acting the part of a veil.

We went up and up the hill-side where there was not a human habitation in sight, till we came to a miserable hovel, where she again said, 'Sister Ann sick,' and I entered. To my horror I beheld, instead of a sick girl, a great strong man, with rough black beard and bushy whiskers, tossing on a bed on the floor! All I had heard of Italian bandits rushed into my mind, and I fled down the hill, never feeling safe till I was in my mother's room. Probably the poor man was in fever, and I might have been of some use; but abject terror

cannot reason, and has no compassion ; and all this was because poor Barbara thought that Brother and Sister and Ann and Andrew meant the same in that strange English tongue !

As soon as the bonnets and plaids were laid aside, and I had received my morning greeting of most courteous respect, the first lesson was for each child to repeat a verse of Scripture, chosen by himself or by his people at home, and very interesting were these selections ; the only disagreeable one I must tell first. There was a boy named Dugald Stewart, older and much taller than myself ; I had reproved him one day, and the next morning he brought as his text, ' I suffer not a woman to teach, or to usurp authority over the men, but to be in silence.' I answered with my best air of dignity, ' Then, Dugald, a man or a big boy must not come where I am the only teacher.' A frequent verse was, ' The rich and poor meet together, God is the Maker of them all.'

A dear little boy, Donald McCallum, who was afterwards drowned, brought as his text one morning, ' If any man will come after Me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' I asked, ' What is it to deny himself?' ' Weel, it's just to leave ourselves behind altogether and go after the Lord Jesus wherever He bids.' It still seems to me that little Donald's was the best commentary I have ever met upon the sacred words.

Our festivals were very different from the banquets now presented to similar parties. The first was rather stiff and formal, much like such gatherings in our own class, where there is nothing to do but to make talk ; but they enjoyed it, as we do, when it was over, the dulness being past and the kindness remembered ; but the children's parties in the open air were delightful, especially one on May day.

All my pupils arrived that morning with offerings of primroses and daisies, and were kindly invited to return with their friends at three o'clock, bringing fresh flowers and green boughs ; and meanwhile we spread tents and tables on the lawn and prepared the entertainment. There was not a loaf of ' white bread ' within ten miles, so we had to make our feast as best we could ; the few loaves that were in the house turned into buttered slices, oaten meal and barley meal scones were spread with treacle, and there were a few sweet cakes, nearly fossilized antiquities ; plenty of griddle cakes completed the feast, with the aid of the never-failing friend of social life, the Tea-pot ! (What *did* people do before ' the cups that cheer but not inebriate ' began to ' wait on each ' class of society and every phase of human life ?)

Our party consisted of men, women, and children, including some babies in their mothers' arms ; we had sundry games, in which I confess modern society is much more expert than we were in old times ; but if there was not much wit there was plenty of mirth and laughter, and variety soon appeared in an unexpected form.

A missionary (a sort of Scripture reader) on his way to one of the

western islands, joined our party with his fiddle, and soon set Scotch reels and jigs a going, and finally a hornpipe, Highland fling and all, was performed in the limits of a kitchen table by the very same 'Sister Ann' (now 'Brother Andrew'), who gave the prettiest specimen possible of what feet can do in time to music. When all was over, and the shades of evening coming on, all drew quietly round our family group; a hymn was sung, and a parting benediction given, and cordially reiterated in return.

There was a charming tone among these people of old world romance.

During the winter I was shut up for some days with feverish cold, and no visitors were admitted. One day I saw two little faces peeping in at my door—they were two little girls of eight years old, both named Margaret. Finding that I was alone, they crept into the room, and each took possession of a hand, which they held and fondled in silence; then one said to the other, 'Now we'll go—we've got it.'

'Got what?' I asked.

'Just your sickness,' they said. 'Maybe we'd tak what ye had, and we maun stay awa'; but now we've got it, and we'll come when ye're ready for us.'

It is hard to remember that, if still alive, my pretty wee Margarets are withered old women!

Several of the men were engaged in illicit distillation, and it was impossible to convince them that it was wrong. Barley was the only crop their poor soil would yield, and by distillation they made it maintain their families. This they did at the risk of their lives, for many a life was lost in conflict with the gaugers, and they rather gloried in the danger they encountered, and the self-sacrifice it demanded; and they justified their disobedience to the law by saying, and believing, that the very men who condemned them bought and used their distilled spirit at their own tables, one of them being the highest in the land. Perhaps, indeed doubtless, 'their honour rooted in dishonour stood,' but a high sense of honour there certainly was, as Dr. Chalmers recognised in one of his noble sermons, and they prided themselves on their fidelity one to another. I am half ashamed to tell the chivalrous compliment I received from them, but I give it as a trait of their character. A deputation of fathers of my pupils waited on me to invite me to visit the hiding place of their stills, where their machinery was concealed, which if discovered would endanger their lives in defending it. When I refused to see it, they said, 'We only wished to show you that we would trust our lives in your hands; we thought you would like to know how we would trust in a bit lassie! And indeed, we would like ourselves to know you have us in your power.'

During our stay at this place we never saw a lady or gentleman; the solitude of the highlands was then intense. It was at a still wilder shooting lodge in the north that a stately old lady came to

visit us, bringing in her coach sundry offerings as a welcome to the territory of her clan; she spoke of Prince Charlie's escapes, and the cruelties of 'the Butcher,' as matters of recent occurrence. Meanwhile her young grandchild kept her eyes fixed on me, watching every movement, and after a long gaze she said in her sweet Highland accent, 'Pardon me for staring so—it's very rude, but I never saw a young lady before, never one of my own sort.'

We did not meet again, as next morning we were called with tidings that a snowstorm had begun, which might shut us up for weeks if we did not get down the mountain side at once. This was the winter before we went to the west, of which I have been speaking. That happy residence continued for nearly a year, and what that year had been to us and to them was shown in the parting scene. The steamer on its way to Glasgow was to take us up at an early hour; fifty of these dear people sat up all night lest they should miss the farewell. A group was assembled on the point from which the steamer was first seen, and its appearance was announced by a wail, like the Coronack or the Irish cry. Fifteen (I think there were fifteen) boats were ready with oars and rowers to convey us to the vessel. We had to divide ourselves, one in each boat, and even then some were disappointed, but all found something to carry for us; even the dogs were regarded as friends. As we moved away many of the little children ran into the sea for a last word or touch, and one woman flung herself on her knees in the water, holding up her baby with the cry, 'You saved his life;' and so they accompanied us to the ship, and we saw them no more. They lay still on their oars as long as we could see them.

Some of the passengers on the steamer remarked such a sight was never seen, a whole country side in tears, and ladies shaking hands with blacksmiths!

I cannot wonder at, but I can truly sympathise with, the royal partiality for Highlanders and Highlands.

C. A. W. B.

THE 'ONE GRIEF,' OR, ANNALS OF AN IRISH STRAWBERRY GIRL.

THE accompanying details were given to me by the two ladies who exerted themselves so kindly for the poor girl who is the subject of the little memoir given at their request below.

A poor Irish girl of eighteen, alone in London, Kathleen first attracted the notice of my sister and myself by coming under our window, and offering strawberries for sale. We bought of her fruit and stayed to chat, for there was something very winning in her upright carriage, and honest, fearless face; and in her gratitude at being noticed, she one day procured a flower in a pot, and to our surprise, brought it to us as a present. We cherished the plant, and perhaps it set us thinking whether there was not some solid benefit that we could introduce into her life, by way of making it less precarious.

By this time she had told us her simple story.

Kathleen had a cousin somewhere in London, and although she had been supplied with no more definite idea of the whereabouts of this cousin, than that she would be sure to meet her on London Bridge—which it is needless to say she never did—it was probably the cause of her seeking the metropolis on leaving Ireland, in the hope of finding some way of earning her living. Her father, she said, had died of famine fever, and she left her mother then and there, 'that she might make "the one grief" of it.'

Disappointed of finding her cousin on London Bridge, Kathleen walked on as far as Camden Town, where she met with an old Irish woman, in whom she confided, and who agreed to give her a share of her bed. She procured work, though it was only picking peas in Brompton Gardens, and returned regularly to Camden Town every night. She laid by nothing for herself, 'But shure I made my rint, and my twopence a day,' she remarked contentedly, when she saw that we were pitiful over her. By excessive frugality, she contrived to save enough money to enable her to buy a little fruit, and began selling pennyworths of chestnuts, going on to strawberries in their season.

Kathleen was a fervent Roman Catholic, and what made her attend an English Church meeting, I cannot tell; but on one occasion she did so, and grieved I am to think that her feelings of intense reverence for the Blessed Virgin Mary were sorely wounded by the thought-

lessness and ignorance of a certain very low Church Admiral, who, forgetting the 'Blessed art thou among women' of the Angel, dared to affirm that she was no better than others. Kathleen's own account of the story is that, in her indignation, she took the shoe off her foot to throw it at the Admiral's head, but as in the public prints of the time there is no mention of any assault of the kind having been committed, I suspect that her resolution failed her, and she returned the shoe to her foot, leaving the Admiral to go unrebuked for that time.

It marked another era in her life when we persuaded her to give up Sunday trading. At first it seemed hard, as her Sunday earnings were apparently wanted for her rent, and she feared therefore that it would lead to grievous loss; but with her usual sweetness she allowed herself to be convinced by our arguments, and made some trial of the new plan. To her astonishment, hardly perhaps to ours, she soon found that she did as well as ever, more people being moved to buy of her on week days.

Kathleen had for some time intrusted us with all her savings. As Christmas approached, in place of giving a thought to any comfort for herself, she proposed drawing on her store for a present to her mother. When we showed her half-a-sovereign, and told her she could spare that, she, who had never imagined that such small sums as those she had put by could ever grow into a piece of gold, was overwhelmed with astonishment and delight.

With no warmer clothing than an old print dress and half a shawl, it was rather cold work for Kathleen standing for hours in the fall of a winter's day, and through the long evening, with a heavy basket of oranges and nuts, soliciting passers-by to purchase. On our noticing this, and asking if she were not very cold, her reply was, 'Just a little *shilly*, ma'am,' but however she might neglect herself, we did not intend that she should be without new clothes at Christmas. Accordingly we got what was suitable for her, and dressed up a broomstick in gown, shawl, and bonnet, so successfully, that when we sent for her to come and see us, having curtsied to my sister and me, she bestowed a third reverence upon the extra lady!

When we laughed, and took the articles one by one, and told her they were for her, she was as happy and grateful as a child.

At this time we had got so far in our friendship that we had her always to spend her Sunday evenings in our kitchen.

Handsome, stately, pure, upright, she passed the ordeal of the London streets, unscathed, and yet we were not quite content that she should go on in the old way without any prospect of change, so we got her a temporary situation as servant in a family during a time of illness. She was so very happy there, that it was a grievous wrench when the servant, whose place she had taken, recovered, and she had to leave the house.

Short as was her period of service, it spoilt her for hawking fruit in

the streets. Her reply to our remonstrances on this head was characteristic.

‘Shure she couldn’t demean the family that had nurtured her, by going about with a basket any more.’

This objection gave way when we supplied her with other wares, laces, buttons, and the like, sending her to Dorking with a letter addressed to a kind friend of ours who lived there, and who honoured our introduction, ordering dinner for Kathleen in the servants’ hall, and afterwards sending for her to come and be spoken with in the drawing-room.

The immediate and elevating effect of this interview was that she could not rest where she was, and although we had intended her to remain, until at any rate she had emptied her basket, and realised a good sum, she straightway walked from Dorking to London, merely to tell us that everything in our friend’s drawing-room looked ‘like alabaster,’ that she herself had been gentle and encouraging, and had given Kathleen money, and that the warm Irish heart was overflowing with joy at its good fortune!

Truly her simplicity was touching.

One of the Chelsea pensioners saw her and made her an offer of marriage, but her answer was not very sympathising or appreciative of the heroic part of his destiny.

‘Shure she couldn’t take a man like that, who was all to pieces with the wars, and receiving charity!’

After a time, Kathleen worked her way to Dartford and obtained employment at the mills. One day she made her appearance at Torquay, where we were nursing a sick sister, bringing beautiful fruit for our dear invalid, at whose death she put on a suit of mourning.

A second offer of marriage, and one that promised equality and happiness, came to Kathleen, but before she would accept it she wrote to ask our leave. We gave it, rather alarmed at the responsibility thus forced upon us.

When our intercourse had been broken through for some time, Kathleen was on one occasion told that we had gone to the south of France. I suppose she must have been wishing to see us very much just then, for she actually set out to follow us there, daunted by no such trifling difficulties as unfamiliar language, or long distances. Mercifully, before she had gone very far, she met some one who told her truly that we had returned to our home.

During her many years of exile from her native land, Kathleen was led seriously to reflect upon the form of religion which she professed, comparing its tenets with those of that branch of the Church which had now been around her path for so long. She at length came to the conclusion that the faith in which she had been reared was in some points erroneous, and that she must give it up for ours, to which she was now ready to turn with all her heart and soul.

What she did must be done openly, so she went to her priest and explained her change of conviction, before taking any other steps. The priest told her she was going to the devil, and held many arguments with her, but unlearned though she was, she would not let herself be talked down, and all his persuasions and explanations failing to convince her that she was falling into error, she joined the English branch of the Church Catholic.

After Kathleen's marriage we lost sight of her, I am sorry to say. We often think of her, and we fancy this little record of an unusual character may interest others beside ourselves. If it meets her eye, she will rejoice that her ladies have remembered her; but so long a silence and absence on her part, rather suggests the conclusion that she has left us for ever, and gone to be with Him Who endowed her with singular graces, and kept her spotless in the midst of a miserable and naughty world.

EUPHEMIA E. G. BUSSELL.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Do the advantages of a reserved temperament counterbalance the evils?

Alys speaks strongly of the suffering endured by a reserved nature. 'Her only hope is to find some kindred soul even more reserved than herself, in which case a bond of sympathy is created at once.' (But which would begin to *express* the sympathy? Chelsea China thinks that what *Alys* describes is really shyness.)

Elcaam thinks that reserved characters often get the credit of hiding deep feelings, when really they are reserved, because they have nothing particular to express. She also makes reserve reside much in manner; but people of the frankest manners are often the most really reticent.

Crocus gives it against reserve on the whole, as leading to selfishness, and says that the open nature 'brings countless treasures of light-heartedness to those it comes across.'

Alma goes strongly against reserve, and thinks that reserved people are wanting in tact and incapable of showing sympathy.

Ivy Leaf cannot find any advantages in reserve, which she thinks causes the sufferer double misery, and generally springs from repression in childhood.

Dragon-fly, in a paper which Chelsea China wishes that she could insert, does great justice to both sides of the question, and concludes with, 'But both natures are wanted in this world, so let us make the best of ourselves as *God made us*.'

Yorkshire Maiden takes quite a different view, and thinks that reserve springs from depth and reverence, quoting the well-known poem in the 'Christian Year' on the Rosebud.

Magdalene also thinks that the inner depths that cannot be got at easily have a peculiar value. But the votes are on the whole in favour of openness.

Constantine thinks that the advantages of a reserved temperament certainly do *not* counterbalance its evils. A reserved temperament, doubtless, is preferable for many reasons, which, however, seem few in comparison with its difficulties. It has this advantage over a demonstrative nature, in that it can be more easily silent when necessary, and that it is not constantly telling to all the world its

own, as well as other people's affairs. To a demonstrative person it is generally most difficult to be silent about anything in which he is interested; a thought no sooner enters the mind than it is known to all around, and even a secret entrusted to one is not easily, if at all, kept. But, on the other hand, a reserved temperament shuts its owner off from the sympathy of others, both in joy and sorrow; it may feel deeply, it may love deeply, but thoughts will not express themselves in words. Thus it keeps all to itself, and the outside world cannot sympathise even if it would, as there is apparently no need. And as it cannot obtain sympathy, so it is most difficult to bestow sympathy, even upon those one loves the best. Words will not come without the greatest effort, and then what are they? cold, hard, and of little use to comfort or soothe, while a more demonstrative temperament will cheer with its own brightness and loving words, and find ready sympathisers in its own time of grief. A reserved nature, also, unaccustomed to exchange thoughts with others, often gets shut up, as it were, within its own ideas, and in some cases 'hides its light under a bushel,' self becomes the chief object in the mind, round which all else seems to revolve, and the owner becomes narrow, proud, and selfish; without great effort it will almost cease to care for or take much interest in the concerns of others, and thus while an opposite nature will make happiness for itself, and win many friends by its openness and unreserve, the close and silent will be, to a certain extent, shunned by the world on account of its hardness.

Much more might of course be said on both sides of the question, but these few considerations alone seem to show that the advantages of a reserved temperament do not counterbalance its evils.

West Penwith.—In speaking of a reserved temperament and the reverse I always think of the comparison between a mountain and a valley. One sees at once the utility and the need of the valley, with its streams, its houses, its manufactories, its cornfields, whilst one does not so immediately see the use of the mountain. It is bleak and barren, and all the winds rush over it; but it is on the mountain top, is it not, that the first and last rays of the sun alight?

Climb the mountain and rest at the summit, what an expansive view. How blue the sky is with the white fleecy clouds coursing over it. And how sweet and refreshing the breeze is; but what strikes us most is the intense stillness, not the stillness of a dungeon, which is, I believe, the most intense stillness on earth, for there is the rush of the breeze over the mountain side, there is, maybe, the hum of insects, but everything is still, peaceful. Then in sheltered warm nooks are to be found the most wonderful and beautiful of botanical treasures, and a small lakelet faithfully reflecting every little cloud that crosses the sky.

Can any one go away from such a scene as this without feeling better braced to his daily work again, with memories to carry him

through 'dull days of labour, and nights devoid of ease?' The mountain has made a much greater impression than the valley where he has lodged.

So I imagine is the reserved character, oftentimes, nay, I think usually, of a very sensitive disposition; there is something most refreshing in meeting with a reserved character. First of all, perhaps, we are struck at finding out so little about them, which piques us to try and overcome the reserve, when we shall find the most beautiful character under the cloud of reserve, though only by glimpses, for as we gaze, the cloud may at any time return and hide what we were looking at from our view, as a fog might do when we are gazing at a landscape.

Known, in the true sense of the word, and loved but by a few, but by those few far more intensely than the more open-disposed characters, for there is something which assures us of their constancy, slow to give their friendship, they will never fail you; they may be more lonely than others, but this is often a matter of indifference to them, for the chief evil of a reserved temperament, in my opinion, is a certain self-centralisation and disregard of the opinions of others; but this is not the case with all, for some reserved characters are always longing for universal popularity, and hurt at any mere seeming neglect of them or of their wishes, quite forgetting that, slow as they are to show their feelings, people are unable to always guess at their thoughts, and do the right thing to please them.

Their joys are greater than others, so also are their griefs, but to others there is a more even mixture of joy and grief; if they do not feel happiness, neither are they so much overwhelmed when sorrow comes, so in this case there is not so much inequality as in other ways.

And now, what is this reserve, concerning which there are such different opinions? and from what does it spring?

It does not consist, as some seem to think, in an *incapacity* for self-expression; but in a desire to withhold something which there is reluctance to express, or else of which the expression does not seem worth while. Reserved people have often the frankest manners, and the most impenetrable are never even called reserved until circumstances cause their friends to realise how little they have revealed of their inner selves. Reserved people can also *show* kindness and even sympathy, but they do not ask it in return. Reserve is, to use a homely expression, 'keeping one self to one self' on purpose.

Reserve may spring from diffidence, from caution, from indifference to others, from pride, or from the dread and dislike of emotion, from *defect*, not from excess of self-control. This last is the refuge of natures at once passionate and weak, and is never consistently maintained. It also is sometimes due really to unselfishness. A person who is always thinking of others does not want to talk about his or

herself. Reserve as to *facts* usually springs from caution, and is a useful quality, when it does not degenerate into a habit of making small mysteries; a practice unutterably tiresome.

Reserve as to *opinion* and *ideas* is very much a matter of habit, and of the circle in which a person moves; except in the case of people who only think through their feelings and personal experiences.

Reserve as to *feelings* is, of course, however, what is commonly meant by the expression, and here, it seems to Chelsea China, that the question is most difficult to decide. It has been said by some that talking about feelings leads to unreality. This is true; but it is also probable that English girls, at any rate, tell a great many more falsehoods, with a view to concealing their feelings, than for the sake of expressing them, and often pose as quite unlike their real selves, solely with a view to self-concealment. It does seem, however, that the instinct of reserve, where feeling is true and deep, is natural to our race, and to the age in which we live. But should we not ask for what or for whom we *reserve* ourselves and our feelings? To whom are they *due*? Does not this decide the question between a selfish and a delicate reticence. And it may seem to us that the knowledge of our deepest experiences, our highest feelings, is due to no one on earth. And yet there are those to whom it is given, even on these points, to tell the truth. There is an unreserve which is the noblest charity.

SUBJECT FOR JUNE.

Is amusement and secular occupation lawful, and if lawful, expedient, on Sunday?

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Questions for June.

21. What was the state of the Empire and the attitude of the Pagan world towards religion at the beginning of the Tenth Persecution, and what causes immediately led up to it?

22. Mention the districts in which we know the Persecution prevailed, with the name and manner of death of at least one martyr in each place. (A few words only on each.)

23. A history of the Martyrdom of St. Agnes.

24. Give briefly the chief steps which freed and settled the Church under Constantine previous to the Council of Nicæa.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by July 1st.

*February Class List.**First Class.*

Edina						Vorwärts					
Thistle						Francesca					
Hedge Sparrow					38	Verena					31
Sycorax					37	Katholikos					
Malacoda						Papaver					
Speranza					36	Rudge					
Erica					34	Evangeline					30
Budgerigar						Charissa					
Bluebell					32	Violets					
Red-deer						Frideswide					

Second Class.

Etheldreda						Cecilia					
Portia						Marjoram					
Excelsior					29	Ierne					24
De Maura						Wyliecote					
Water-wagtail						Mouse					
Hegesippus						Dummie					23
Pet Lamb						Snapdragon					
Dorothy					28	Golden Saxifrage					
Epsilon						J. Pen					22
Holland					27	Irene					
Kappa						Quintin					
Millstone					26	Foolscap					
Dog Violet						Ima					21
Fidelia					25	Veritas					
Mu Sigma						West Penwith					
King Cole					24	Buttered Toast					20
Mac						Countess					

Third Class.

Gwladys	{ 19	Dormouse	17
Hazelnut			Bracken	} 16
Atramentum			Butterfly	
Dobbin			P. P. C. 15
Ivy			Nero	12
Carlotta	{ 18	Marguerite	8
Hoffnung				
Regina				
Sewing Machine				



REMARKS.

5. *Verena*: St. Paul's preaching in Rome was not A.D. 56-58. Festus was not even made Procurator of Judea till 60. *Pet Lamb* and *Charissa* confuse St. Paul's first imprisonment with the First Persecution, but he was set free at least a year before. *Holland*, *Blue Bell*, *Marjoram*, *Hegesippus*, and many others: It seems unlikely that Nero's Persecution lasted over the year in its fury. The Edict remained in force, and single martyrs may have suffered here and there; but the descriptions of Tacitus and St. Clement do not agree with a lengthened Persecution. *Etheldreda*, *King Cole*, *Mac*, *Regina*, and others: There is no certainty that the Two Apostles did not suffer with the other martyrs A.D. 64 (St. Clement indicates that they did). But 66 or 67 seems the latest date possible; still it is not probable that St. Paul was, as *Epsilon* says, among the *first* victims, as he had some sort of second trial, which the great mass of martyrs under Nero had not. *Holland* includes Nero's mother among the victims of the Persecution. But she was murdered before this. *Mouse*, *Portia*, *Buttered Toast*, *Gwladys*, *J. Pen*, *Bracken*, *Mu Sigma*, *Butterfly*, and many others: It is not certain that Nero set fire to Rome. Bog-Oak would like to know on whose authority *Veritas* says, 'Nero wept because he had no more Romes to burn.'

6. *King Cole's* answer is excellent, but why does she begin by saying, 'there is no very definite authority for St. Peter's presence in Rome?' She proceeds to give good authority, and St. Clement of Rome's alone would suffice for his *presence*, though not for length of time. *Fidelia* says there is no 'written statement that he *went to Rome*,' and yet quotes St. Irenæus as distinctly mentioning 'his presence in Rome.' While yet in the flesh, St. Peter could not be present in a place to which he never went! *Dog-violet*, *Cecilia*, *Snap-dragon*, *Dormouse*, *Kappa*, *Vorwärts*, *P. P. C.*, *Wyliecote*, and many others, do not name St. Clement of Rome, who is the earliest authority (Epistle to the Corinthians, *not* the Homilies, which are not genuine). *Rudge* should not say St. Peter had charge of 'the Judaizing Communities.' The *Jewish Churches* would be more correct. Jewish and Gentile Churches existed side by side in many places at this time. The Jewish Christian thought it a grand thing to be a Christian, but grander still to be at once a Jew and Christian; and

no doubt wished his Gentile brother to share this by submitting to Circumcision. The Judaizers went beyond this, being those Jews at heart against whom St. Paul so often warns his converts who compelled others to keep the whole Law, and were the bitter enemies (and often the accusers) of Christians in every city.

Portia and *West Penwith* say 'the first account of all' of St. Peter's visiting Rome is given by Eusebius—and forthwith they quote Origen, SS. Clement and Ignatius with other far earlier authorities. *Dobbin*: 'Most of the ancients' cannot be accepted. Four or five names should have been given. *Violets*: Tillemont who died in 1698 can hardly be counted among *ancient* authorities.

Marjoram should not say SS. Peter and Paul made their *second* journey to Rome 'in the dawn of Nero's reign.' Both St. Paul's visits fell in Nero's reign—the second certainly not in the 'dawn.' As to St. Peter, Roman Catholic authorities would say he had paid Rome many visits before Nero's time; and modern criticism inclines to think he came but once, shortly before his martyrdom.

7. *Edina*, *Καθολικος*, *Papaver*, *Hoffnung*: The forms of Gnosticism were as the heads of Hydra; but all, directly or indirectly, seem to have borrowed from Simon's teaching; so that we can hardly say he 'fell in with Gnosticism.' The Nicolaitans and others were contemporary with and independent of him, but he did not borrow from them, and well merits the title 'Father of Heresy.' *Sewing Machine*: It was in Samaria, not Decapolis, Simon first met the Apostles. *King Cole*, *Dormouse*, and others: A great deal more than the Bible account is known of him; SS. Irenæus and Hippolytus both speak of him and his heresy. *Portia*, *Buttered Toast*, and others: The inscription *Simoni Deo Sancto* is supposed to be a mistake for *Semoni Sanco Deo*. Semo Sancus was an old Italian deity. St. Clement's episcopate was about A.D. 91–100.

Rudge, *Buttered Toast*, *Evangeline*, *West Penwith*, and *Wyliecote*, give Flavius Clemens of Alexandria, who does not belong to this period, instead of Flavius Clemens, the martyr, who does. *Foolscap*: Flavius Clemens was cousin to *Domitian*, and his two sons would not have been *Vespasian's* heirs, as the latter had two of his own. *Countess* wrongly calls him Domitian's brother.

Frideswide: Domitian died A.D. 96, Trajan succeeded Nerva A.D. 98. If St. Symeon died under Trajan, his nephews could not *afterwards* come before Domitian. *Regina*: It was St. James the Less, not the Great, who had been Bishop of Jerusalem. *Veritas*: Symeon was not the son of Salome, and Tacitus was not a Roman Emperor at this time; there was one of that name A.D. 275.

King Cole, *Erica*, *Millstone*, etc.: Symeon was Bishop *before* as well as after the fall of Jerusalem. *Καθολικος* and *Gwladys* should not call St. Symeon 'Brother of SS. Simon and Jude,' of the four 'Brethren of the Lord,' enumerated in St. Matt. xiii. 55; one is 'Simon' (*not* Zelotes), but he was this Saint himself, not a brother. The Hebrew

Simeon and Greek Simon were confused by this time. *Hoffnung*, and others: No chronology can make Symeon survive to Hadrian's time, i.e. A.D. 117.

Edina, and others: It is not certain that St. Clement of Rome was a freedman of the martyr Flavius Clemens, though just possible that he was.

King Cole, *Dorothy*, and others: The legend of his martyrdom is apocryphal. Irenæus does not reckon him among martyred Popes, and he probably died in the course of nature. *Mouse*: He certainly was not Bishop 'between Linus and St. Peter' (by the bye, which of these does *Mouse* place first?), neither of the latter lived after Domitian, in whose reign she dates St. Clement's Epistle. *Kappa*: 'The Corinthians rebuked in this Epistle were rather schismatics than heretics. Through jealousy of the priestly office they had tried to suppress it.

8. The order in which St. John probably wrote his works is not given in many papers, and vaguely put in others. Internal evidence points to the Apocalypse having been the earliest—the style of the Greek in the Gospel being that of a more advanced Greek scholar. Probably the former was written not later than the reign of Vespasian, though this cannot be insisted on. One tradition makes St. John suffer Persecution under Nero, another under Domitian. Both are probably true. So important a person would hardly escape. If the exile to Patmos succeeded the first Persecution, the Apocalypse may have been written soon after. The best authorities place the First Epistle and Gospel together near the close of his life, and the other two Epistles (supposing them to be his, and not John the Elder's) still nearer the end. To Bog-Oak it seems a most tempting solution of chronology to put the story of the cauldron of boiling oil under Domitian indeed, but not as Emperor. He was Prætor of Rome in A.D. 69, and the only Flavius in office at Rome, as his father and brother were absent. This would allow an early date for the Apocalypse, and not interfere with Irenæus' story. Tertullian gives no date for the story. This idea is worked out in Mr. Simcox's book.

Buttered Toast: St. John did not found all the Seven Churches, e.g. Ephesus and Thyatira. *Charissa*: We have no record of any Council of the Church appointing St. John to the care of the Asiatic Churches. *J. Pen*, *Water-wagtail*, and *Mu Sigma* confuse the *Porta Latina*, one of the gates of Rome, with the Lateran Basilica built on the estate of *Plautius Lateranus*.

Foolscap, *Butterfly*, *J. Pen*, *Ierne*, *Violets*, *Quintin*, and *P. P. C.*, must take more pains with their spelling. The same remark applies in a lesser degree to *Carlotta*, *Snapdragon*, *Portia*, *Veritas*, *West Penwith*, *Mu Sigma*, and fifteen others, who shall be nameless this time.

De Maura is informed that there is no necessity to answer every

question, but every one so unanswered loses marks. The longest answers are not always the best.

Probable historical facts should not be given as certainties. Legends are welcomed, but should be referred to as such.

Bog-Oak with great diffidence ventures some remarks on style of writing. It is said that such Societies as this are a cause of slipshod English. Will the Members be on their guard? Bog-Oak may not always set a good example, but she does admire careful writing, good grammar, and even prettily-turned sentences. She is sorry to see such phrases as 'The Church at Parthia,' or again the following—

'Before his banishment he ordered St. John to be put into a cauldron of boiling oil. This was done, but he emerged unhurt.' Here 'his' refers to St. John; the first 'he' to Domitian, the second to St. John again. It is only by a series of mental jerks that one can follow such a sentence.

Again: 'St. John returned to Ephesus for being the great seaport of Asia he was able.' Literally construed, St. John is here a seaport.

On the other hand, a caution is needed against such fine writing as results in saying that Nero's Persecution was 'bristling with glories.'

Will the members kindly help Bog-Oak by writing their *noms-de-plume* on every sheet.
